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**THE**  
**HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**MR. JOHN DECASTRO, &c.**



**THE**  
**HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**MR. JOHN DECASTRO**  
**AND HIS**  
**BROTHER BAT, COMMONLY CALLED OLD CRAB.**

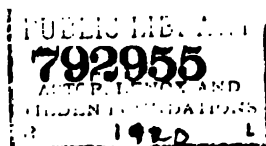
**THE MERRY MATTER WRITTEN BY JOHN MATHERS ;**  
**THE GRAVE BY A SOLID GENTLEMAN.**

**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

**=====**

**BOSTON :**  
**PRINTED BY WELLS AND LILLY.**  
**1815.**



## HISTORY, &c.



### CHAPTER I.

*Genevieve's Lovers continued.*

THIS saucy letter, as it were like, put Baron Rump into a terrible passion ; and, what made matters worse, in order to see if there were not a compliment in it, he looked the word ‘lumber’ out in an English dictionary. He then ran to his mother, for he put all his secrets into the old lady’s hand, and told her, that his mistress used him like a dog. ‘Dabby,’ said the old lady, the baron’s name was Aminadab, ‘you are much to blame to give yourself any further trouble about Miss De Roma : be advised by me and quit her for another ; do what you will you can get nothing but scorn for your pains : a woman cannot look for a better proof of a man’s affection for her than to venture his life, as you have done, for her sake. I took you to have a better spirit, Dabby, than to put up with so much contempt from any woman.’ ‘Spirit !’ quoth Baron Rump, ‘why, a barrel of water with one drop of brandy in it, would have more spirit than to put up with such a letter as this is ! Look at the meaning and signification of the word Lumber here in the English dictionary—’

bersome household stuff of little or no use'—is it not enough to make a man go mad? And look you here again, the meaning of the word 'stuff' is 'furniture, coarse cloth, kitchen stuff, dripping, mutto nor beef fat,' look, mother, 'common grease:' see how I am abused! all this comes of my being a fat man, for 'fat,' you see here, in another part of this dictionary, means 'grease,' and here it goes on to say, that 'fat is a white oily sulphureous part of the blood'—and that is as much as to say that I am a sulphureous fellow!—I will not bear this—by heavens I'll be revenged!—You see what a devil of a word this 'lumber' is! we have not a word in our language that carries so much abuse in it! Upon that Baron Rump flung down the dictionary, and stamped about the room like a bedlamite.—After a turn or two, the baron said now his hand were in he were determined to know the worst of it, and again taking up the dictionary, the old lady caught him by the arm and begged of him to let the English dictionary alone, for if he went on to search for more meanings she did not know what might be the consequence; and as for Miss De Roma, she had used such language as to bring her beneath the notice of any gentleman. Upon which Baron Rump shut up the dictionary, and swore a great oath in his own tongue, that he would have no more to say to her, and he kept his word.

Genevieve was now in full reputation for a first-rate beauty, and her person had found its way into the several exhibitions, sometimes in one attitude, and sometimes in another; sometimes with, and sometimes without shoes and stockings; one painter took the liberty to pull

off a great many of her clothes, and, in a very beautiful picture, had the face to show more of her person to the publick than any had ever seen besides herself: one of her lovers bought the picture however, and had the modesty to conceal his mistress's nakedness from the eye of the world. The painters are certainly a set of men who take more liberties with the ladies' shoes and stockings, gowns and petticoats, to go no further, than any else, but such freedoms, it is like, would not be suffered, if the ladies were not willing to take fair occasion to show as many beauties as they can, and will not quarrel with the painter for exposing any thing which they would be glad to show themselves if it were worth seeing; but clothes are come so much into fashion, since Eve began with her fig-leaf, a little spot has spread over half the female body, that a straight leg, if it were not for the painter, would no more be seen than a crooked one. To return to Genevieve: the gay world had never many charms for her, though the general admiration she met withal were enough to have won the heart of many; and it may be said, sensible women; for why may not a woman be pleased in pleasing others? But Genevieve really felt, what Mr. Decastro gave his wife credit for, to answer his own ends with her, a hearty contempt of the pomps and vanities of the world. She had long been used to hear on all sides when she came into company, '*Here she is,*' '*That is she,*' '*Here she comes,*' and the like notes of admiration, without receiving any injury, if the mortification be not one upon finding that a celebrated beauty rarely attracts a man of good sense: some such indeed she knew; but found that they



took pains to avoid her, and make room for beaux; fools, coxcombs, petit-maitres, and other the like rubbish of human nature; with an halo of such matter was this peerless beauty ever encompassed, at all publick places especially: and we omit, for the sake of brevity, to name many who made proposals, were refused, and heard no more of. No woman ever admired more, or was better accomplished for, the conversation of men of sense, but as the sun draws up fogs out of the mud, even so the radiance of Genevieve's beauty attracted a cloud of tawdry wretches out of the scum of the earth, that hung about her like mist that blots the sun out of heaven. She grew alarmed at the reputation she was like to hazard of being pleased with what disgusted others, and having a bad taste, rolling, like a pig, amidst the mire of mankind, avoiding the conversation of men of sense and worth; and she found that some such suspicion had gone forth. She and her aunt dined one day at Dr. Masters's house, a reverend dean, and an old friend of Mr. Decastro's; where the goddess was not so much in her temple as in some other houses. The good dean had heard a great deal of Genevieve and had a wish to see her, so he invited her and Mrs. Decastro one day to dine with him at the deanery. She and her aunt, and a maiden sister of the dean's, were the only ladies who made their appearance at this reverend gentleman's table; his wife was laid down with the gout: a world of doctors with great wigs on their heads were there, and, among others, a handsome young clergyman, named Smith, much admired on the score of his virtues and learning. Genevieve and her aunt made their entré, and casting their

eyes around them, felt their blood run cold at the sight of so many great wigs on all hands : what all this hair has to do with religion is a matter of wonder, especially false hair, which must needs belong to the devil as all false things do. Genevieve fixed her bright eyes on this handsome young clergyman, who had not as yet run his head into a great wig, however a great wig might run in his head ; she saw him stare at her, but presently to take his eyes off, and, though he had a fair opportunity of sitting next her, and she gave him one of her sweet glances to coax him to her side, she had the mortification to see him file off, and take a chair close by the old maid on the other side of the table. She felt this very sensibly, but took no notice. Mr. Smith was related to the dean, and he had introduced him to her. At this reverend table, Genevieve seemed to be unusually alone, and actually sat silent for want of one to converse with her, after a little talk, and a glass of wine, with the good old dean. On each side of her sat two great wigs, full of powder and very terrible ; and Genevieve looked at one, and then at the other, and was sure there must be a great deal in them if she knew how to get it out. The talk, as far as she could hear, ran upon very grave matters, which the Reverend Doctor Blow, who sat on her left, kept pretty much in his own hands, conversing directly across her nose with the Reverend Doctor Boarcole, who sat on her right : now Doctor Boarcole was a little hard of hearing, and Doctor Blow was fain to lean towards him when he spoke, who, out of politeness, met him half way, which inclination on both parts brought their great wigs over Genevieve's face in such a manner as to cast her

under a total eclipse of hair, during a great part of the time she sat at the table ; for Doctor Blow and Doctor Boarcole presently fell into an argument upon the divine right of tithes, which waxed so warm, that the two doctors, during the heat thereof, frequently gave Genevieve a brush on either cheek with the eaves of their wigs : which, mixing their white powder with her jetty locks on both sides, might induce a belief on one who knew nothing of the matter, that Genevieve had got kissed by both the doctors at once to keep her face steady, for the ladies have a trick of turning their faces away when they are kissed, a thing very well known to all doctors in divinity, who may wear great wigs to hide the ladies' blushes, else what use can they be of ? Now if Doctor Blow had fixed his lips on one cheek, and Doctor Boarcole on the other, their wigs would have met over Genevieve's nose ! No such fun for Genevieve, however ; who, during the argument, came in for a very small share of attention. It has been said, when there is a contest between two, nobody can long stand neuter, that is, without siding with one or the other of the combatants : Doctor Blow had cast his eyes twice on Genevieve, and Doctor Boarcole four times during the discussion, whereupon Doctor Boarcole was Genevieve's man, and she felt pleased whenever he gave Doctor Blow a shrewd turn ; and whether her smiles of applause upon Doctor Boarcole invigorated the doctor's wit and genius, or the loss of them discouraged Doctor Blow, Doctor Boarcole certainly overturned Doctor Blow, who, converting his attention to a slice of plum-pudding and Madeira sauce, put such a great bit into his mouth at once as might very

well make it a doubt whether it had been stopt by argument or by pudding.

*The Solid Gentleman taketh the quill from out of Old Comical's wig, where he had stuck it, and fallen asleep.*

The story which follows is a very sad one, and sets the fatal effects of female beauty in so strong a light as to make it a question whether it might not be better for the world if the fair sex came out at the hands of nature without any such dangerous embellishment : or, if the women must needs come with so much ornament into the world, if beauty were put into safer hands than it too often is, and not to be given to such as are glad to do all the mischief they can with it. We do not mean, however, to insinuate, by this little preface to our story, that Genevieve ever committed any wilful murders with this terrible weapon, or abused the power which nature gave her ; by no means : so little pains, indeed, did she take to make a conquest of poor Mr. Smith, that she had not a guess that any harm were done until he wrote to her. When the gentlemen who dined that day at the deanery came into the drawing-room, Genevieve still saw Mr. Smith avoided her, which made her a little anxious to engage him in conversation, and took an opportunity, in making way for a servant, to edge her chair up close to him ; poor Mr. Smith could not make his escape, for Mrs. Deborah Masters sat on the other side of him, with whom he was talking ; Genevieve listened a little to their conversation, and soon found room to put in a word, for she was a ready speaker, and, by degrees, drew Mr. Smith entirely to herself ; but we must abridge this story, or it will run us too far : Be

it known then that Genevieve made a conquest of Mr. Smith, who not only paid his addresses to a lady whom Genevieve knew, but matters had gone so far that the day was fixed for the marriage : Genevieve herself did not come off without a wound on her side, and she went so far as to say that if her affections had not been deeply engaged, she could have been glad to have chosen Mr. Smith for her husband ; but she loved another too well to suffer much on her part. In the course of a few days after she dined at Doctor Masters's house, she received a letter from Mr. Smith, full of wildness and extravagancies, and another from Miss May to whom he was engaged ; the first we shall suppress out of tenderness to Mr. Smith, the last we shall give the reader.

THE LETTER WRITTEN BY MISS MAY TO GENEVIEVE.

MY DEAR MISS DE ROMA,

I SHOULD not deserve the kind attention of so excellent a young man as Mr. Smith, if I had not a heart to pity him in his present situation : before Mr. Smith saw you, my dear madam, Mr. Smith was mine, but he now is yours, your superior charms and merits have taken him from me, and that upon the eve of our nuptials ; knowing Mr. Smith as you do, I need not tell you how much regard I have for him ; too much to see him in such a sad distracted state on my account ; if I do not see him happy I shall never be so myself—I have told him this, and given up all my claims to him : you must add, that he has my leave to address you : I could not do so, lest this little act of generosity, as some may think it,

might overcome him. I speak as if I knew you loved him as well as I do—it is impossible, if you have any feelings of a woman in you, but you must love him:—think not too highly of me for what I have done, it is done for my own sake, for I could never live long and see Mr. Smith miserable : tell him this, and add, that if he has any wish to prolong my life he must let me see him happy.

I remain, my dear madam,  
Yours, &c.

LOUISA MAY.

As soon as Genevieve had read this letter, she wept like a child ; getting a little composed, she asked her aunt for her carriage, and paid Miss May a visit. Miss May received her with great kindness, which threw poor Genevieve into a sad fit of grief, and it was some time before she could get power to say a word. She began by telling her that she had no heart to lose, for it was already another's, or Mr. Smith was quite the kind of person to make the deepest impression upon her mind, so that she could take no merit in declaring that she would never see Mr. Smith again, begged by all means that their marriage might take place, and asked Miss May to give her leave to enclose her letter to Mr. Smith, for, she said, if any charm on earth could call her lover back to her that letter must do it : after much entreaty it was allowed ; when Genevieve wrote the following note to Mr. Smith, and enclosed Miss May's letter.

TO THE REV. THOMAS SMITH.

SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter, which has given me much vexation : I have robbed a young woman of your heart, who well deserves even such a heart as yours, and could tear my unlucky face to pieces for having done so much mischief. If you knew me, sir, as well as you know Miss May, there could be but little harm done ; my temper is not a good one, I am violent and fond of rule—you would be terrified if you knew what a bosom I have—what furious passions inhabit it ; if you gave up your sweet Louisa, you would go distracted as soon as you found what an exchange you had made. For heaven's sake, sir, think not on me : what you now feel is the least of the matter ; if you felt ten times as much, it would be a paradise compared to what you would feel if you had me : sooner than marry you, I would hang myself out of charity to you. I wish in my heart I had never seen you : marry your sweet Louisa, and it will be no little addition to your happiness to talk over your escape together : as to your letter it is full of downright falsties, every thing you say of me is untrue ; you are cheated, sir, by my cursed glaring outside—my beauty is my greatest misfortune. I could have been glad of you as a friend, and of your charming Louisa as an example to copy after ; my beauty has deprived me of both, many thanks to it. Take notice, sir,—my affections are engaged ; it may be of some use to tell you this ; just such another young man as yourself has my whole heart, who, I am sure, has too much good sense ever to give such a termagant as I am any

encouragement ; but I will tear myself out of myself, but I will try every thing to engage him ! Read the enclosed letter, and if you do not fold your sweet Louisa to your heart, I wish you may marry such another as myself.

I am, sir, your humble servant,  
GENEVIEVE DE ROMA.

Poor Mr. Smith, soon after the receipt of this note, married Miss May, but died of a broken heart in the second year after his marriage, and his sad Louisa soon followed him to his tomb, leaving an infant daughter to the care of their disconsolate parents.

Amongst others that paid their addresses to Genevieve, her cousin Frederick was one ; and if she detested one man more than another, Frederick was he : this offer took place before he returned to Oxford the last time : we must give some particulars of it in this place. Frederick's attachment to Genevieve was no sudden thing ; he fell in love with her while he was a school-boy, and had often told her so, and she him in return, that there was no offensive reptile that crawled on the face of the earth that she felt so much disgust at the sight of. Genevieve usually took up her abode at the castle, and this by the advice of Old Crab, who said, he did not see what such a woman, as she were like to be, had to do in a farm-house. During the holidays and vacations, however, when Frederick was at home, she always went there to get out of Frederick's way, and told her guardian, Old Crab, her reason for coming ; who said, Frederick was a good-for-nothing young dog, and it was his duty as her



guardian to keep her at a distance. Finding Frederick one day in his house, he laid his stick upon his bones, and asked him how often he was to forbid him coming there? Acerbus, the philosopher, was Old Crab's favourite; as to Frederick, he always said he would come to the gal-  
lows, and the sooner he were hanged the better. Whatever faults Frederick might have, he was always constant in his attachment to Genevieve; by 'constant,' we do not mean to say that he forsook the rest of the sex for her sake, for he was extremely vicious, and, amongst other the like exploits, seduced one of Old Crab's maid servants, if seduced he not too light an expression, for the poor girl received so much injury from him that she died in consequence of it: and this it was, amongst other inferiour merits, that brought Old Crab's oaken towel and Frederick's bones together, as aforesaid, when he found him where he had forbidden him ever to come; for, after the affair just mentioned, Old Crab told him what he had to expect if he ever found him again in, or near, his premises. We truly think that it would be doing Frederick much injustice to say, that he was not attached to Genevieve's person; her money, however, had but little weight with him; and then, more especially, when his father stopt his allowance at the university; after which, with much difficulty, he got an interview with her by concealing himself in a ditch, and leaping upon her, as she passed, like a tiger; what took place at this interview left an ulcer on Frederick's heart that rankled in it to the day of his death. He began by renewing his addresses to her in the most earnest manner. She told him that she would marry the common hang-

man sooner than she would <sup>do</sup> him, and other the like scornful and provoking taunts. Frederick, finding all entreaties vain, vowed revenge on the spot: it was a lonely place where they met, close by a wood; he seized Genevieve round her waist, who, not expecting such an attack, was thrown to the ground; she was not likely long to lie there, however, nor had fallen, but for a bush that got between her legs—she soon disengaged herself at the expense of some of her clothes which were torn off her back, leaped from the ground, seized Frederick, who made a second attempt on her person, and flung him by main force into a muddy ditch, where he had certainly got suffocated if she had not pulled him out by one of his legs: Frederick had now got enough of it, and sneaked home as black as if he had been dipt over head and ears in an ink-bottle. Old Crab met him on his way, and asked him how he came to be in such a pickle? but he hurried off without speaking one word, and so did Old Crab, for Frederick stunk of mud a man might have smelled him a mile. Getting over a gate into another enclosure, he saw Genevieve coming with the remains of her gown and a petticoat in her hand, her stockings torn and legs bleeding, and her bosom bare. ‘Why, Jenny,’ quoth Old Crab, ‘what the devil is the matter with you?’—Upon which she told her guardian the shocking attempt which Frederick had made on her person.

## CHAPTER II.

Some Account of Lord Budemere's Matters—on what foot Old Comical was received at the Castle—Mr, Decastro's Pride.

No,—no love in this chapter, there was enough of that in the last. There will be a great deal presently, if the reader will have a little patience ; but the ladies are so fond of sweet things that they can scarce keep their fingers out of a sugar dish ! No wit were a matter worth forty shillings, to tell them that a sweet thing coming now and then, comes all the sweeter for coming seldom : no lady or gentleman, whatever some may think, was ever made on purpose to live in a honey-pot : it is temperance that gives folks pleasure ; run into excess and there's an end of it at once. Yes, sweet ladies, sweet lovers of the sweetest things, you miss the matter even in love itself by taking too much of it ; if you could swallow a gallon of honey, a twentieth part is better than the whole : a kiss and away is better than all day ; sweet is the lover's lip if rarely touched ; too much is worse than grutch : it is the frugal use of pleasure that gives us pleasure. But who can comb all the errours out of people's heads ? and what are errours but the vermin of the brains ? Now if Old Crab had combed Lord Budemere's head with a three-legged stool, and combed out brains and all, pouring milk, eggs and sugar in the place of them to serve for understanding, it would have altered his lordship's intellects a world for the better, and his soul would have sat much more at her ease in the middle of a custard ! As

it was, the seat of his soul was the stool of repentance : what a confusion in his house ! what a hunt's-up ! no man knew who was cook and who was butler ! Old Crab, as hath been said, took the chaos in hand to reduce things to order : there was a good ten years' work ! 'What the devil have you been at,' quoth Old Crab, 'what in the devil's name have you been at ? You must get into lodgings, you blockhead, and there lie, you and your wife together, until I can disembroil matters for you : ' and it took Old Crab a world of pains, time, and labour to put his house to rights, aye, ten times the labour his brother John's cost him :—so Mrs. Decastro occupied that in town, and the jackdaws that in the country, though they did not pay quite so much rent for it.

Cæsar, when he speaketh of himself in his Commentaries, most nobly putteth himself into the third person singular ; why may not Old Comical do the like after so great an example, and put himself in like number and person in Old Comical's Commentaries ?—Mr. Decastro, heaven bless him ! put Old Comical upon the foot of honour, always invited him to dine at his sumptuous table at the castle amongst the great folks, where he cracked his jokes, filled his belly, and talked to the lords and ladies : and 'Squire Grove, as worthy a gentleman as ever walked between sized felt and neat's leather, always did the same. 'Ah Beauty,' quoth Old Comical one day to Genevieve, for so he always called her Radiance, 'who is to come in at last for all that's between your cap and pattens ?' 'Why, John,' said she, 'what's between my cap and pattens is the least of the matter, if the

men could get hold of my money, the sooner I were thrown, cap and pattens, into the next ditch, the better, it is what they are all after ; how is such a rich gipsy as I am to know who is sincere ? and who will offer, after all, that is worth having, while all this money lies in my lap ?' ' Ah, Beauty,' quoth Old Comical, as ' musick is the *capersauce* to a country-dance, so it is the chiming of the guineas in a woman's apron that sets the men a prancing about her—who would look at an angel, if one of the seraphim came down from heaven with empty pockets ?—A woman cannot get on in the water without money, she had as good be a fish without any fins in it, Beauty.' ' I hate the men,' said Genevieve ; ' they only court me because they want to put their hands into my pocket ; hanging will never keep them honest as long as there is a man left to come to the gallows !' ' O fie ! Beauty,' quoth Old Comical, ' hang your great bag upon the devil's horn, and if I will not marry you to-morrow kiss me till I pinch you !' ' O I hate warts, and your face is full of gooseberries ; you shall hear further,' said she, ' if I set my heart upon a cock turkey, and want a husband with a red face, that can spread his tail and strut.' ' Beauty !' quoth he. ' What now, Old Comical ?' said she. ' Ha-ha !' quoth he, ' how came you to think I spoke to you ?' ' Why, you comical old toad, you always call me so,' said she.—' Well, I say, Beauty,—pull that bottle of Madeira this way, (they were at dinner at the castle,) and, come, let us have a touch at it together, and then, if you tumble under the table you can't blame me if I tumble after you ; and let what will happen the fault will be all in the wine—but here it breaks again—it cannot be

bad wine that brings good folks together, so come, Beauty, let's have t'other touch at it, and then I'll sing you one of my best ballads.'—'None but an ass can have an ear for your musick,' said she. 'None but an Orpheus can attract the beasts,' quoth Old Comical. At table were the Earl and Countess of Budemere, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, Lord Thomas and his cousin Mr. L. Lady Charlotte Orby, Acerbus the Philosopher, Old Crab, Mrs. B. Decastro, George Grove, and Julia the pretty milk-maid. Hearing Old Comical quaver, Lord Thomas called for a song, whereupon Old Comical mounted a chair, for he had left his three-legged stool at the farm, and sung 'My Lady Cannee,'\* as it stands in the margin ; and was

\* OLD COMICAL'S BALLAD.

'MY LADY CAN YE ?'

*Old Comical takes up a large Pair of Bellows.*

I.

Poor Lady Bounce, my grandmother !  
 Ah she was troubled so in  
 Her maw with wind, that waters strong  
 She scarce knew what to throw in.

CHORUS.

My lady can ye ?  
 My lady can ye ?  
 O my lady ! ah my lady !  
 Now my lady can ye ?

[*Old Comical puffs hard with the bellows after every*  
 'Can ye.']

II.

Douce take the wind ! quoth Lady Bounce,  
 Bring me a glass of water,

made to sing it three times over. As soon as the laughing was done, for much laughter followed the ballad, 'Brother John,' quoth Old Crab, 'you have got a house in London again, folks say, what the devil is the matter now?' 'Mat-

Hot-spice'd with noble cinnamon,  
And clove to make it hotter.  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ? &c.

## III.

While blasts of air in pockets shut  
Within my bowels so rage,  
Hot bricks and plates, quoth Lady Bounce,  
And tiles, are chips in porrage !  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ? &c.

## IV.

Bring me a glass of stiff Old Tom,  
'Tis a choice wind exploder,  
Makes colick'd stomachs snap and crack  
As if charg'd with gun-powder !  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ? &c.

## V.

Bring me a gill of scorched port-  
Wine all on fire with spices,  
Who would not for her ease get drunk,  
A lady over nice is !  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ? &c.

## VI.

Now bring me pepper'd gingerbread  
All burning like the devil,  
'Tis good for rumbling grumbling winds,  
That work the guts such evil !  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ? &c.

ter ! brother Bat, there's nothing the matter, it is Lord Budemere's house ; I have hired it for my wife, why should I beg or borrow when I can pay for the use of a thing ? But I go no more to London, if you mean so, brother Bat.'—' No,' quoth Old Crab, ' but your pride does, and that is a pity ; why can't Madam Crincum Crankum be content in a lodging ? or at Master Grove's

## VII.

Marsh-mallows, bark, and chamomile,  
Bring orange skins and nitre,  
Bring carroway, and cinnabar  
Of old a stought wind fighter.  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ? &c.

## VIII.

Bring me a pint of anniseed,  
And now a pint of brandy,  
Fire them and pour them flaming in,  
Or I shall lay down and die !  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ? &c.

## IX.

Bravo ! at that, quoth Lady Bounce,  
The wind that made me rave oh !  
Begins to move !—it breaks ! there ! there !

[N. B. *The old lady breaketh the wind in this place.*]

Ah bravo ! bravo ! bravo !  
My lady can ye ?  
My lady can ye ?  
Ah my lady ! oh my lady !  
Now my lady can ye.

[*Old Comical makes frequent use of the bellows during this last staff.*]



house where she used to be ? I have let the house for ten years, she must turn out.' ' Let the house for ten years, brother Bat !' ' Let the house for ten years, brother Bat,' quoth Old Crab, singing in his nose, ' yes,—and your old hen sha'nt roost there, you may take my word for it : I don't see what the plague she has to do in London at all, feeding the common abscess of the land with her bad humours : the gathering is rank enough already, what need she add to the imposthume ?—She must turn out, brother John, I have let the house at a good rent for ten years, I tell ye, she must turn out—she has played the devil with the furniture already, with her confounded routs, there was scarce a chair that had not its bones broken by her last gang ; what the plague she has to-do to invite so many waggon loads of people at once, I can't think—she must turn out, I tell ye.' ' Well, well, brother Bat, if the house is let at a good rent for ten years that's another matter,' said Mr. Decastro, ' and I am very glad to hear it, I will not stand in the way of a better tenant.' ' Let for ten years !' said Lord Budemere, ' I was in great hopes, sir, you could have made up my matters before that time.' ' Made up your matters !' quoth Old Crab, ' 'tis no such easy work—you set your estate on fire in fifty places, and expect me to stop the conflagration in a moment, I warrant ; it were a fool's question to ask how such a man can be such a fool ! You will never be the man you were, you must not expect that, you can't have your candle and burn your candle ; the Parsinore estates and Rabbins farms are gone for ever ; ten thousand a-year bled to death at that gash.' ' I expect cold news from

that quarter,' said Lord Budemere; 'but, sir, you have not said what you can allow me to live upon while matters are a-mending?' 'Six thousand pounds a-year,' quoth Old Crab; 'there are only you and your wife and your daughter, six thousand a-year will find you in bread and cheese, I warrant, with only three heads in the cupboard.' Lord Budemere raised his eyes to the ceiling and said he should be starved to death! —At that moment Old Comical burst into a loud laugh—just then a little ill-timed—Lord Budemere asked him what he laughed at? Old Comical humbly begged his lordship's pardon, and said he could not help it—while Old Crab's simile ran in his head, who had compared London to a great scab upon the face of the earth: (Old Comical usually had a side slit to crawl out at) —'And there it is like to stick until the devil scratches it off,' quoth Old Comical; 'he will carry it home in his nail, some day.' 'Aye,' quoth Old Crab, 'tis a sign of foul blood in the land when it breaks out into such blotches.' 'When it throws the humours out,' quoth Old Comical, 'tis a sign of the strength of the constitution.' 'Better in than out,' quoth Old Crab, 'as far as contagion goes, for vice is worse than the plague; the plague indeed may send now and then a soul to heaven, which vice never did since the devil laid his paws upon the world.' 'Ah, master,' quoth Old Comical, 'tell it the people out of the pulpit next Sunday that the devil's a cat, and the world is a mouse, tell them how he plays with it, and tosses it from one claw to the other, now lets it go, and then hooks it back, and, if we don't take care to watch him, we shall all be snapt up at last.' 'You would have more sense if you

had less wit, John,' quoth Old Crab; 'you will have your jest if you go to the devil for it.'— 'That joke would be rather too far fetched, master,' quoth Old Comical; 'for, look ye, master, I'll be—' 'You chattering scoundrel!' quoth Old Crab, 'if you don't hold your tongue I'll throw you out at the window: In regard to this house, brother John,' continued he, 'it must be cleared as soon as it is possible, my tenant comes into it at Lady-day.' 'Well, but, my good brother Bat,' said Mr. Decastro, 'where can I put my wife, she must have some place to receive her friends.'— 'The devil is in it,' quoth Old Crab, 'if she can't see friends enough at Master Grove's, he has a house as big as an hospital, he may let her a few rooms in it.' 'O fie, Mr. Bartholomew Decastro,' whispered Mr. Grove, laying his finger all along one side of his nose—'O fie, Mr. Bartholomew Decastro, do you suppose we should let lodgings? Mrs. Decastro never gives more than one party in a season, and she will do us a great favour if she will use our house and our servants when she wants them.' 'We thank you as much as if we did, my friend,' said Mr. Decastro: 'why need we put you and your people to any trouble? money will find a house in town for my wife, money will find servants, money entertainments, money every thing, and she shall have enough to let folks know whose wife she is too.'— 'What a cursed vice this pride is,' roared Old Crab; 'thou hast a thread of the old hank, brother John, and to get it once fairly out of thy fabrick a man must e'en pull the old cloth all to pieces! Look you, brother John, as far as a man is proud he is sure to be a fool, to say no worse of him; suppose Master Grove lends your wife a room,

or two, to give her friends a good ~~scolding~~, and takes nothing for it, what needs that stir your monkey, brother John ? ' Why, the world will talk.' ' Aye, there lies the very itch of it—can the tongue of the world lick a bear into shape ? if it could, you had long since been a gentleman of very curious proportions !—They that are too proud to borrow may some day be glad to beg ; take Master Grove's offer, and if your wife's gang break his chairs, or throw the tables at one another's head, which is like enough if they get to gambling, pay the damage, brother John, if the constables can't keep the peace in the bear-garden. A house in town ! the devil is in it if you have not had enough of houses in town ! I'll unkennel your wife in this, however—I made the vermin bolt once and will again, I'll warrant her !—If she hangs back, out go all her bones at the first window—if I don't play Old Jezebel with her—'—' Well, well, brother Bat,' said Mr. Decastro, ' she shall come out if you wish it, I am glad it is let, with all my heart.'—' Come out, aye !' quoth Old Crab ; ' what the plague has she to do to sit swelling in such a great house as that ? I hate the sight of a great house, for my part ; a man is sure either to find a great fool or a great scoundrel in it, nine times in ten : if a man knew his enemy he would throw himself neck and heels out of these great houses, as if they were on fire, to save himself from flames unquenchable ! The devil keeps his shop and counter in them and takes men's souls in pay for every thing that hell imports—you noisy scoundrel,' quoth he to Old Comical, who kept the rest of the table in a peal of laughter, ' a man had as good speak in a thunder-storm—silence,

you wide-mouthed rascal !' ' Look ye, master,' quoth Old Comical ; ' you are the rector of the parish, and I am clerk thereof, put in authority under you—and, say whatever you please, it is my duty, in virtue of my office, to say Amen to it, that is all one as if a man should say "so be it."'

—Now, Beauty says here,—but I should first of all tell you what wine she has drank—she drank ten glasses of his honour's neat Madeira at dinner to lay the meat even in her stomach, to keep the hogs and the poultry, the neat and other horned cattle quiet in her bowels—that is as good as to say to drown them, for that is one way to keep such things quiet, or, as your honour very well knows, they might be for running about in her belly and breeding a disturbance amongst the jellies and the sillabubs, tarts, sausages, and puddings, and turn her stomach out at the window, as your honour, being rector of the parish, very well knows—very good—so Beauty drank ten glasses of his honour's neat Madeira at dinner for the purposes aforesaid, and to good end, forasmuch as I have not heard a hen cackle, a sheep bleat, an ox bellow, or a duck quack in her stomach—Adsbobs ! she would have given them enough of it if any of them had spoken one word, for, as soon as she let the servants take away the residue of the dinner, which she did without biting or scratching, down went seventeen more glasses of rare old stuff, port, claret, burgundy, and champaigne, to make sure work of it, and now her stomach is as quiet as Noah's Ark at midnight, with almost as great a variety of beasts and birds, and creeping things stowed in its hold !—Now, to pick up the thread of my discourse, Beauty says'—at that moment

the ladies were retiring into the drawing-room, and Genevieve, turning round to Old Comical, flung half an orange, which she was sucking, slap-dash into his mouth, and stopped it up in a moment.



### CHAPTER III.

More Love and more Kissing, and other the like savoury Meats—of Genevieve and the Philosopher—of George Grove and Julia—and other matter by way of a Tail to the Chapter.

Love pounceth upon a lady's heart with beak and talons like a vulture on a tender dove!—there is a pretty simile! it puts us in mind of Horace's red rag, his *purpureus pannus*, to begin with: adzooks! but we must not talk Latin to the ladies, they will say directly that it is something wicked, something that is not fit to eat—for it is impossible to speak one word with two meanings but they take the worst! but if we have not a care we shall burn our fingers in this fiery chapter—it is like to be very hot—the ladies had best skip it—or lay in store of lettuces and camphor before they get into it: in the first place here is Genevieve in flames, rolling on the grass under a monstrous weeping willow on the margin of the lake, torn like a mountain with imprisoned fires before the flame bursts forth—'My dear Jenny,' said her friend Lady Charlotte Orby, who came behind her unawares, 'what in the world ails you?'

Genevieve, in her fury, had torn her hat off and flung it from her to cool her head, and her coal-black hair, dishevelled, fell in wild disorder about her snowy bosom, any one who had seen her would have thought her a mad thing: willing to cool both ends, she had also kicked her shoes off her feet, and in this situation she lay sprawling under a tree when Lady Charlotte came suddenly upon her:—‘My dear Jenny,’ said she, ‘what in the world is the matter with you?’ ‘Who sent for you, you plague?’ said Genevieve, ‘who called you?’ ‘Well,’ said Lady Charlotte, ‘I will go away, Jenny; I am glad nothing’s the matter, but John Mathers ran to me in the shrubbery, and said that you were in a fit, and was afraid you would roll into the water.’ ‘That old devil is always lurking about,’ said Genevieve: ‘but stay, Charlotte—I have something to tell you—sit down by me here on the grass: bless me! my feet are so ticklish I can scarce ever put my own shoes on without squealing,’ said Genevieve, putting her shoes on. ‘You are in a very odd sort of a way,’ said Lady Charlotte; ‘what in the world ails you, Jenny?’ ‘O my dear Charlotte,’ said Genevieve, ‘I am, I am in love, I am indeed! I wish the men had all been hanged before I was born!’ saying which Genevieve hid her face in Lady Charlotte’s lap and fell a-crying. ‘My dear Jenny,’ said she, composing her jetty locks with her white fingers as they lay scattered on her neck, ‘My dear Jenny, I am sure you have nothing to cry for—give but the least hint, and you may have any body—give him but one smile, and any man is your own.’ ‘Ah, Charlotte,’ said Genevieve, ‘but the jackanapes that I am grown, I scarce know how, so fond of, is no

common thing; he is so very sensible, so very good, so very handsome and so very odd.—O Charlotte, Charlotte!—my heart feels as if it were a coal of fire within me!’—‘My dearest Jenny,’ said Lady Charlotte, ‘don’t talk so loud, you will bring people about you: will you make me still more your confidant, and tell me who it is that has so bewitched you?’ ‘O Charlotte, I cannot get his nasty name out of my mouth—I cannot tell you—I cannot get courage—but I will tell you before I tell any body else; you shall know first—you shall indeed: O, I could tear him to pieces, as folks have torn tyrants oftentimes, for seizing thus upon the empire of my bosom! O dearest—most cursed—blessed—charming devilish angel! what would I give if thou wert on the rack, and I but thy tormentor! O but these arms should be thy rack and these fingers the buckles’—saying which she seized on Lady Charlotte, and gave her a squeeze that made her eyes water. ‘For heaven’s sake, Jenny,’ said her ladyship, panting, ‘you will squeeze the breath out of me!’—‘O my dear Charlotte,’ said Genevieve, ‘I scarce know what I do.’—‘If you don’t I do,’ said Lady Charlotte, ‘for I am sure you have made my sides ache; you don’t consider how strong you are! you must govern yourself, or you will frighten the man whom you love, out of his wits; if he is a sensible man he will choose a woman in her senses.’—‘I could tear out my tongue, Charlotte, for having told you what, I think, notwithstanding, has eased my heart in the telling; but there are moments in every woman’s life when she will turn her heart inside out like a purse to a friend, and pour forth all its contents.’—‘My dearest Jenny,



did I ever betray any thing in my life that you entrusted to my keeping?" said Lady Charlotte, 'could my tongue ever be more silent if you had put it into a box and kept it in your pocket?'—'My dear girl,' said Genevieve, 'I know I can trust you—I have often blamed your silence, never quarrelled with you for talking—do advise me in this matter, for of all things about me I have the least of a rational creature—I am getting worse and worse every day, and shall do some foolish thing—if you burned as I burn,' said she, laughing, 'you would run about and cry, Fire! Fire!' Poor Genevieve! and then she fell a-weeping again, and so, between fire and water, she was in a comical taking. Lady Charlotte comforted her all she could, and pressed her to tell the name of her sweetheart, but Genevieve could not bring herself to tell it for her heart; she promised, however, to tell it to her ladyship first, and that soon, but again begged for her advice with tears, for death, she said, were better than to live without him she loved. 'I could advise you better,' said Lady Charlotte, 'if I knew the person; but as you cannot get courage to tell me his name, I will do the best I can at a guess—you say he is an odd sort of a man—and sensible—suppose we put down the Philosopher, who is both—and consider what were best to be done if he were the very man.'—Genevieve, at the naming of Acerbus, fell into too great a pucker not to tell her secret in almost every possible way but by word of mouth,—and the crafty Lady Charlotte got what she wanted, making countenance all the while that she knew nothing of the matter, and went on as follows:—'Well, my dear Jenny, I will not press you any further to tell me the name

of your love, and will advise you just as if I knew nothing about the matter—in the first place, then, you must moderate your passions, for though a sensible man would not marry a woman without passions, he would be loth to put up the banns of marriage between himself and Mount Vesuvius for instance, and live in constant dread of the overflowings of matrimonial lava—no sensible man can be expected to do that, Jenny.’ ‘O Charlotte, Charlotte! who can disembowel *Ætna*’s bosom, and change it into frosty Caucasus!’— ‘What! heroicks, Jenny! you must be far gone indeed!’—‘You toad,’ said Genevieve, ‘I will throw you into the lake—come, tell me what I am to do—O what a fool have I been to let this devil get the dominion over me!’—‘Take care, Jenny,’ said Lady Charlotte, ‘love makes sad havock in a proud heart; you must come down, or love will bring you down, or burn you down, take my word for it; otherwise all I ever heard or read of him are downright lies :—whoever this odd mortal is who has pinned your heart in his sleeve’——‘I will tear it off and go and live at my estate in Berkshire,’ said Genevieve.—‘You must be in a tearing humour indeed if you do,’ said her ladyship; ‘for I am sure no poor maiden’s heart was ever pinned faster to any man’s sleeve than your’s seems to be!’ ‘You saucy little devil,’ said Genevieve, ‘I will throw you into the water!’ saying which, Genevieve caught up Lady Charlotte in her arms, and ran to the bank with her, and made her squall out. ‘You frighten me out of my senses, you are so violent, Jenny,’ said she; ‘love makes some animals mad, I am told; I am sure it has driven you out of your wits!—I will not trust myself any longer with

you.'—'My dearest Charlotte,' said Genevieve, kissing her cheek, 'pray stay with me and comfort me, and advise with me, what can I, what shall I do?' 'Will you promise to be quiet then?' 'I will indeed,' said she.—'Come, sit down again, then, and hear me: we all wish to marry the man we love, Jenny, and in that there can be no harm if he be an unexceptionable person, and we all wish to let him know, in an honest way, that he may come and take us as soon as he will for any thing we care about the matter; but the greatest plagues are your sensible men, and such a one, it seems, you have to deal with, for they are sure to be very modest men, and to think lowly of their own merits, so that a poor girl may hint her heart out, before she can make them understand it to be possible, that they can be worthy her attention, while a good-for-nothing impudent coxcomb will take the most distant inuendo to his precious self in a moment, and, indeed, will set it down for granted that we are all equally in love with him if we could but find it in our hearts to speak. But if the man whom you love, Jenny, is of the first class, he is worth all your pains, and I will put you in a way to catch him if he is not in your net already.'—'My dearest, sweetest Charlotte!' said Genevieve.—'No more of your ecstasies,' said Lady Charlotte, 'for they absolutely terrify me; to conquer a sensible man you must conquer yourself, Jenny; men love to be loved, and warmly loved too, but not to be seized by a tiger.'—'Come,' said Genevieve, 'put me in the way, I want to be put in the way, for I fear I have not got this fish in my net, who is worth all I ever caught put together.' 'It is a good rule, Jenny,' said she, 'in running after

any thing to take care not to make a false step by the way, and, to tell you the truth, Jenny, I must say that I think your neck is as much in danger as any neck in the world.' 'You be hanged,' said Genevieve, 'come to the point; the worst of advice is, that it deals so much in generals: come to my particular case—you are a sly gipsy, and I dare say can be of use to me:—tell me how I am to act, for I declare solemnly to you, Charlotte, that I cannot, will not live without this angelick devil—O, I love him! dearly, dearly love him!—sure no fond heart was half so fond as mine!—If I don't wish you were as much in love as I am, Charlotte, I wish I may be hanged—why don't you go on?'—'Go on!' said her ladyship, 'who can speak a word while you are raving in this manner? you will not give the echoes time to say after you, or I am sure the walls of the castle, though they are half a mile off, would repeat every word you said!—attend to me—I will suppose for a moment, just to keep some one in my eye, that Acerbus, our philosopher, were the man of your heart. (Genevieve fluttered.) What ails you, Jenny?' continued her ladyship; 'are you cold that you shudder so?'—'No,' said she, 'cold! no; I am very far from being cold indeed at this moment.'—'Well then,' said her ladyship, 'we will just suppose for argument sake, that Acerbus was the very man of your heart—now the first thing you must do is to study the temper, habits, inclinations and pursuits of the philosopher: Acerbus is fond of reading, and it is like would be fond of one who was fond of reading too; he is much engaged in natural history, and would be more taken with a new lizard, a new beetle, or a new butterfly than

a hundred other things which would catch the fancies of others ; now you must like, or seem to like the things which he likes, but be sure you let him find it out by chance : now he has a large collection of caterpillars which he feeds in a glass case to see the changes of these curious animals, put your hand to the same thing, and get some too, and let him see you by mere chance gathering leaves for your caterpillars, it will take his attention, he will press you to shew him your caterpillars ; then do you make a favour of it, refuse him, and let him entreat before you yield to his desires : but you must so manage the thing as to get detected in it, not make any show of it, lest he suspect a trap.—The philosopher is very busy in making a collection of natural curiosities, as far as his narrow resources will permit, you are able to do the same in a far more costly way, and I suppose you had as lief put your money to this use as any other, do so, the thing will catch his attention, and be a means to catch something else at the same time : Acerbus is fond of shooting, remember never let any game leave the table without eating of it and commending it : make his dogs fond of you by taking a bit of bread with you, when you are like to meet with them, he will be pleased to see his dogs fond of you and you of his dogs, and if you are taken by surprise in giving a pointer a bit of bread, or a kiss, for there is no immodesty in kissing a pointer's forehead, try to make your escape as if you did not wish to be seen in it. I am afraid matters are too far gone with you, or you might use, at times, some little scorn and contempt, for we should never let the person know whom we wish to catch, that we are hunting for him.' 'O my

dear Charlotte,' said Genevieve with a sigh, 'this is all such a roundabout way to come at what one ardently desires; one that loves as I do, if these things could be done as you say, cannot have the patience to do them!' 'What can we poor women do,' returned her ladyship, 'but sit like a spider in a corner, and watch and wait till the fly rushes into our toils? The person must come of his own accord, we cannot dart out and seize on our prey, and, indeed, it would not be worth our having if we could.' 'A plague take the jackanapes!' said Genevieve; 'I wish he had been hanged for sheep-stealing before he had stolen my sheepish heart, then I might have wrapped myself quietly in my wool and slept soundly o' nights! O Charlotte, Charlotte! I hate the thoughts of night! did you ever hear of any who ran mad in her dreams?' 'No,' said her ladyship, 'I think it is quite enough for people to run mad with their eyes open: I have heard of such folks before now.' 'And you need not go far for an instance your sauciness would insinuate,' said Genevieve, 'meaning me, however, you need not go far to find a fool, or I had kept this folly to myself,' added she, and wept. 'Come, my dear Jenny,' said her ladyship, 'you cannot be in safer hands, though I must contradict you in this, and beg to say, that to feel a regard for a young man of merit is not a folly; so far otherwise, I think it is no very common mark of wisdom in our sex, so apt as they are to have false appetites for the veriest trash of mankind: alas, my dearest Jenny, how seldom do we see a beauty in the arms of a worthy man! But to return to our philosopher'— 'Return to our philosopher!' said Genevieve with a start, 'why, you speak as if Acerbus

was'—here she hesitated :—'Don't put yourself into a flutter,' said her ladyship; 'we have put him for your heart-stealer, your charming thief, all the while, because Acerbus is very odd, and very sensible, and very good, and to say the truth, I think, if you are so fond of odd things that are sensible things and good things, yes, and handsome things too, for I think the philosopher a very handsome man'—'You great fool,' said Genevieve, 'how you talk!' 'Yes, I say,' continued she, 'for I will not be beaten off; I think, if you are so fond of all those odd things, that Acerbus the philosopher would not go against your stomach.' 'What do you mean, you plague?' said Genevieve; 'I'd as lief marry the wonderful fish that was shown in Piccadilly for a shilling.—I shall be afraid of you, Charlotte, after what I have told you, I have put myself, like a great fool, so much in your power: tell me that you are in love directly that I may be even with you.'—'O that I am,' said she, 'and not such a fool to make any secret of it, and want to be married so bad that I sometimes fall a-crying about it!'—'You are a queer toad, Charlotte,' said Genevieve; 'but, seriously, you would not have me tell people so?' 'Yes, but I would though,' said her ladyship, 'for it might get round to the ears of my love, and then he might take compassion and send me a letter.—But come, Jenny, tell me when you saw your wonderful fish last, and if you think he is like to bite at you? I think if you do as I bid you, that you will soon find him a-nibbling: but, remember, not a bit of the hook must be seen; he must feel that before he sees it.' The ladies were now disturbed by voices, and hurried away.

A few days after this, and some more of the like advice, Genevieve began to open a new plan of works against the philosopher, and it came to pass that he dropt upon her unawares under a hedge in one of Old Crab's meadows: She had a little basket in her hand, and his favourite pointer Ponto was lying by her side as she sat upon the grass. The philosopher saw her very busy with her fingers in her basket, and felt some curiosity to see what she was doing; and presently she gave Ponto a bit of sweet cake out of it, who put his two paws directly into her lap, and fell to licking her face as if it were something very savoury. She did not seem to take Ponto's kisses much in anger, however, for she caught him in her arms and gave him some in return, and another piece of sweet cake, when the pointer curled himself round and lay down at her feet. Love me, love my dog, quoth the philosopher to himself, and, plucking a leaf, put it between the pages of a folio edition of Aristotle to keep his place, and then laid the old Stagirite down under an oak: having so done, he crept round the bush under which Genevieve sat, and saw her pick a great caterpillar off it and put it into her basket. Ponto, smelling his master, jumped up at that moment and began to whine and wag his tail; Genevieve jumped up too, and saw the philosopher standing behind the bush. 'You great blockhead,' said she, 'what are you come for?' 'Come for!' said Acerbus, 'why, this is the way I usually walk in an evening—what makes Ponto and you so fond of one another all on a sudden? what have you got in that basket, Jenny?' 'What's that to you, you fool,' said she, 'nothing at all.' 'I see some



leaves in it,' said he, poking his finger under its lid. 'Keep your nasty fingers out of my basket, or I'll beat it about your stupid pate,' said she. 'You are very cross this evening, Jenny,' said he—'come, I know what is in it, there is some cake in it, for I saw you give Ponto a bit of cake out of it—and I saw you put some leaves and a caterpillar into it.' 'Then, if you know, why d'ye ask, ye great ass?' said she. 'To see if you made any secret of what it had in it,' said he; 'let me just look at your caterpillar, Jenny.' 'You shall not see it, so get along,' said she. 'I lost a very curious one in that very bush yesterday, it made its escape among the leaves—pray tell me, cousin, has it got a horn upon its tail?' The philosopher, a little too eager to see Genevieve's caterpillar, laid hold on her basket, upon which she gave him a great push and rolled him upon the grass. Lady Charlotte, who had wandered from her friend in search of wild flowers, came round some trees just as the philosopher was tumbled upon the ground—she ran to him, and asked him kindly if he was hurt?—seeing him laugh, she said, 'I declare, if I were you, cousin, I would go and tumble her down out of pure revenge!' 'If the blockhead comes near me again,' said Genevieve with a haughty frown, 'I will break his neck.' Upon this Acerbus walked away. 'Call your dog,' said Genevieve, driving poor Ponto from her, 'I can't think what the brute comes after me for?' Poor Ponto turned his head round as he went from her, and gave her a look that cut her to the heart. 'Jenny,' said Lady Charlotte, as soon as Acerbus had walked a good distance, 'if you drive the men away in this manner, you had

best drive them out of your thoughts too ; for you may take my word for it you will get such a name, if you have it not already, that not a man of them all will come within an acre's length of you.' Genevieve threw herself at the foot of a tree and wept. 'I vow,' said Lady Charlotte, 'I will call Acerbus back and you shall beg his pardon. I saw what passed—he only wanted to look into your basket—what have you got in it?' said she. 'Let the basket alone, Charlotte,' said Genevieve, 'or I shall be very angry with you! stay, Charlotte, you shall not call him back: I beg his pardon! I'll beg him a halter! He has been watching me about all the evening, what can the coxcomb want?' 'Come, Jenny, don't abuse my cousin, he is no coxcomb—I wish I could catch him watching me about, as you say, he should not ask twice to look into my basket, I assure you.'—'I declare I'll tell him what you say the next time I meet him,' said Genevieve. 'I wish you would,' said her ladyship, 'I don't care how soon he knows it; but you'll bite your tongue off before you will tell him so, I know very well.' 'Do you think I care whose basket he looks into, Charlotte?' 'Well, my dear Jenny, don't be so angry; my cousin is an odd mortal, but he is a very handsome, and, what is better, a very worthy young man; there is as much difference between him and other young men of these fine days, as there is between men and monkeys.' 'George Grove is as good every bit and as handsome without his oddities,' said Genevieve. 'High ho!' said Lady Charlotte, 'there you have hit upon my true love!—the next time I meet Julia I'll tear her cap. O, Jenny, Jenny, what a nice young man George

Grove is ! I wish the law allowed us two husbands, I should like to have George and Acerbus, and take one for summer and the other for winter.' 'You gipsy, you don't care a farthing for either, or any body else, you would not be so merry if you did.' 'I declare I will look into your basket,' said her ladyship, and, pulling open its lid, turned it bottom upwards, when out tumbled twenty caterpillars and a great luncheon of sweet cake. Up jumped Genevieve, and away ran Lady Charlotte and she after her ; it would have done any man's heart good to have seen the race. Were there any tumbles ? Yes—Lady Charlotte fell twice and Genevieve three times.—Were there any shows ?—yes—exhibitions, rather, worth all the shows at Somerset-house, for whoever saw a lady tumble down in a picture and get up again ? What's a picture good for when not a figure in it can set one foot before the other ?

*Segnius irritant animos dimissa per aurem  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*      HOR.

What a sad loss it is to ladies and gentlemen, their ignorance of the Latin tongue ! Now it came to pass that the race aforesaid ran by Old Crab's garden, where Old Comical was digging up some potatoes—he saw them coming afar off, Lady Charlotte scouring along and Genevieve pouring after her ! frightened, at first, he looked to see if any dog or other animal was in pursuit, but as soon as he found all was in fun, Old Comical whipt a chemise off a clothes line, and, jumping upon a great horse-block, displayed the Holland at arm's length by way of prize to the winner :

seeing which Genevieve stopt short, and Lady Charlotte ran laughing into Old Crab's garden.

Although these things happened sometime afterwards, we must add a word or two in this place before we go back to bring George and Julia's love affair along with us:—A turkey, upon occasion, will just put its head into a little hole, and think, like a fool, that no part of its body can be seen; now Genevieve's regard for the philosopher was quite as much hid, and she quite as much a fool to think that nobody could see the very thing that was apparent to every body's eyes!—But why conceal any thing from her friend when she had confessed so much?—Why not shew the turkey's head as well as the turkey's tail? this is one of those nice shades of complexion, reader, which colour Genevieve, one of those fine cracks in her character which serve to show how her joinery differs from other women; one of those delicate juncturæ, as Horace calls them, invisible to all but the judicious eye—and it would have been unpardonable in the historian not to have brought the reader's nose close enough to discover it. But why did she run after Lady Charlotte? Why she was in love, which is one reason for doing any thing; but here we own, which is a great deal more than many historians will do, we own we cannot tell—we can guess, however, with the best of them, and own it too, which is also more than many will do—she might run after her ladyship to beg of her to keep to herself what suspicions came into her head upon seeing the pointer, the cake, and the caterpillars, aye, and the philosopher too, all so near together, that there certainly seemed to be some secret connexion which Ge-

Genevieve had no mind should be seen; or she might run after Lady Charlotte to stretch her legs after sitting so long upon the ground at play with the philosopher's dog; or she might wish to know which could run the fastest; or she might want to whip Lady Charlotte; or she might have an I-don't-know-howishness about her which no lady can run away from unless she runs one way—this is all very foolish!—you are right, reader, it is made so on purpose to please the fools, which are nine parts in ten of the world, and therefore best worth a writer's pleasing, for if all the fools will buy a book, as for reading it they may just do as they please about that, the writer were a fool too for his pains if he cared a farthing for a few wise folks in a corner.

When we came to the word 'corner,' we grew so dull, notwithstanding the brilliancy of our genius, that we could not write another for half an hour; and we dare say that there have been certain times and seasons when the divine Plato himself had not a word to throw at a dog, and Aristotle could not say 'βοη!' to a goose.—When a man talks to the wise he should fill his sentences full of shining sparks; when he writes, he should set his page with diamonds. But what is become of Genevieve?—well put in, we had as much forgot her as if no such star e'er shone in beauty's heaven. Let us just peep into her—What a raree-show a beautiful woman is! what a number of pretty things she carries about with her which it rejoiceth the heart of man to look at! and yet how little is seen in comparison to what is not seen! What if a man could go over new ground?—[*The Solid Gentleman gave Old Comical a jog at the elbow here, and made him*

*blot where he did not intend it.*]—Well, well, we have done, we have done; but what needs a woman to hide what she never stole? If she hath a handsome leg, why may not a man ask to look at it? If every thing that is made is a good thing, what hinders but a good thing may be seen? If a thing be a bad thing, why, the more it were hid, and the less it were seen, the better, if a good thing, what else were worth the looking at? A good thing can do no good, nor get any credit, if it be for ever hid, the beauty of its workmanship is thrown away upon it, the admiration of the world is lost! The children of the brush, and the children of the chisel, the noble works of the painter and the statuary, what would it boot the world if all were locked up in the closets of the artist? What would a man say if any body put Venus a Medicis into petticoats? and, if a man wanted to look at her legs, make a great outcry, and say, it were indecent to touch her clothes? What the devil, is not a fine woman to have the advantage of a stone statue? Must all those beauties be hidden which are the divine originals of these marble excellencies? The ladies are fools to submit to any such dishonour: clothes are a disgrace to a beauty! the finest limbs in the world ought not to be kept in the dark, it is an insult upon the most beautiful part of the sex to wear any clothes at all!—let the old and the ugly, the halt and the deformed hide themselves, and welcome, from the eyes of the world, but be beauty's heaven no longer overcast with clothes; let every pretty woman disrobe by all means, and pour her glories upon the world like the sun without a cloud!—Hollo! who can show us the way back into the high road? Right,

very right ! aye, aye, we were just going to look into Genevieve's bosom ; now, we suppose, notwithstanding its exquisite beauty, some may think a man had better look into an ulcer ; a man had best keep his eyes out of dangerous places, certainly, so we will turn our's another way : Genevieve had told her friend that she was in love, but would not, for some reason, name her sweetheart to her ;—now the circumstantial evidence which had just arisen, cast, like the sun, such a blaze of light upon the philosopher, that, unless it put her ladyship's eyes out, for one sometimes cannot see for light, Genevieve had good reason to think that her friend could be kept no longer in the dark : and though none need light a candle to find Genevieve's honest man, she, however, good soul, thought him as much hid as if she had put him in a locket, and dropt him down half a yard into her bosom : now her kissing his dog and feeding him with sweet cake, and her falling all on a sudden to gathering caterpillars in a basket, looked so like following her friend's advice to catch a philosopher, that, if the circumstances of the case had been counted out by my Lord Ellenborough, (God bless him !) counted out by my Lord Ellenborough before a jury, Genevieve had gone nigh to be hanged. But we must now stick a bough in the ground to mark how far we have run forward, and run back to bring George and Julia to this place.

To return then to Oaken Grove:—the love affair between George Grove and Julia began very much to engage the attention of the families in that neighbourhood ; who, according to custom in these cases, contrived to meet each other without the knowledge or consent of their parents.

Mr. Grove and Old Crab had talked a good deal on this matter, and had come to a resolution to put a stop to it as soon as possible : Old Crab had said, and repeated it, that he had no objection to George Grove at all ; he was a very good lad, but he had no thoughts of making his daughter a fine lady, her breeding never looked that way, he had no mind to match her into such a family as Mr. Grove's, she had not been bred to any such expectations. As to money, he thought there might be too much as well as too little, he looked to a competency, and that was all he looked to, for his child, it bade fairer for her happiness and comfort than to marry a man of twenty thousand a-year. Mr. Grove readily agreed with Old Crab upon this, and they parted with a determination to keep George and Julia at a distance from one another. This was a thing, however, not very easy to be done, matters had gone already too far for that, as will be seen.

Old Crab, upon his return to the farm, having a little time on his hands, took a walk round his grounds to examine his fences, or to look if his cattle were in their pastures, when, coming near the little grove where George and Julia held their meetings, he fancied that he heard the sound of voices in it, upon which he walked into the copse, and getting a little nearer to the place whence the sound came, he heard George Grove say, 'If you cannot come, Julia, put a letter under the stone as usual.'—'I will do so,' said she, 'if I cannot come, but I will come if I can.' This was an unlucky discovery ; Old Crab, however, lay by till they were gone out of the wood, and upon looking a little further in it, came to a pretty arbour woven of braided boughs under a



spreading tree, which formed a broad back to a chair made of turf and moss, in the bark of which Julia and George's names were carved in true-love-knots and pretty flourishes: and so thick was the roof plated with boughs interwoven together that it protected Old Crab from a heavy shower of rain which fell at that time. As soon as the shower was over, he went home without speaking a word about this his discovery, but returning to the place the next morning he found a letter for George put under the stone aforesaid.— This letter explained matters a little further, and gave him to understand that a mutual promise had been made between them to be true to each other. When he came home he called for Julia, who was busy in the dairy, and said, 'Come here, you jade, who taught you to write letters?' 'Write letters, papa?' 'Yes, who taught you to write letters, I say?'—'Nobody, papa.' 'What, did you never write a letter in your life, hussy?' 'Yes, papa, I have written two or three.' 'To whom? answer me this moment.' 'La! papa, what do you ask for?' 'No matter, tell me, I say, to whom have you written?' 'Why, I wrote once to my uncle at the castle, to tell him when you would send him some hay and some oats for his horses; you bid mamma do it, and mamma bid me do it—her eyes were weak from a cold, papa, and so—' 'Come, chattering—whom did you ever write to besides?' 'Sometimes to my cousin Jenny, papa.' 'To whom else? did you ever write to any man besides your uncle?' 'Man, papa, man, papa?' 'Yes, man—you know the meaning of the word, I warrant.' 'Dear papa—what man can you mean?' 'Did you, or did you not ever write

to any man besides your uncle?—tell me this instant!’ Julia blushed. ‘Why don’t the girl speak?’ quoth he. ‘Write, papa—no.’ ‘Come here this moment!’ Upon which Old Crab, pulling poor Julia a little roughly upon his knee, took the letter, which he had found directed to George Grove and put under the stone in the little arbour, out of his pocket, and opening it under her eyes, ‘You young hussy,’ said he, ‘what do you call this?’ Poor Julia, the moment she saw the letter, fainted away, and fell upon Old Crab’s bosom. She held a milk-pan in her hand, coming out of the dairy in haste on being called, which dropt upon the ground and made a great noise, at which her mother, running in a great hurry to see what was broken, for it was an earthen pan, found Julia in a fit supported by her father, and fell to the usual modes and means of recovering her without asking any questions, which she soon did by the help of a great wet towel, which a kitchen wench plunged into a bucket and dashed into her face and neck; the water streamed down through her clothes, and made a pond on the floor underneath her deep enough to swim a duck.

Old Crab took a walk forthwith to Hindermark, and laid this his second discovery and Julia’s letter before Mr. Grove: upon which George was called and the letter shown to him; a wiser man than he would have looked like a fool upon such an occasion, so he could not be expected to look much otherwise. Mr. Grove was very well informed by this letter how matters stood between his son and Julia, and what an alarming progress their attachment to each other had made; he saw no time were to be lost, so Mr. and Mrs.

Grove left Hindermark early the next morning, and took George along with them, without telling any body whither they were gone.



#### CHAPTER IV.

Genevieve's attachment to Julia—Julia makes Lady Charlotte Orby and Genevieve her Confidants—Lord Budemere communicates the Proposals of the Hindermark Family to Lady Charlotte.

WHAT is called the season in town was now over, and Mrs. Decastro, who had never failed to make good the conditions of the agreement made between her and Mr. Decastro on their first arrival at the castle, was now returned to it, and though the winter was but that moment out of the sky in London, she found summer in it by the time she got to the castle, notwithstanding she had travelled into the north: and, whether she thought five bodies in a carriage would break the jolts better than two, or, if they happened to quarrel there might be a casting voice, or when there are more in a coach folks keep one another warmer than when there are less, or, whatever else she had in her head, she brought Lord and Lady Budemere and their daughter Lady Charlotte Orby back with her and her niece Genevieve to Oaken Grove: Genevieve, it may be recollected, always went to town with her aunt, though London was not much to her liking, but her father gave orders on his death bed that she should be made a woman of fashion, so her aunt took her to London to make her one,

and, moreover, to get her a husband : but Genevieve was a saucy jade, and boxed every man's ears that made her an offer—saucy ! aye, and so she need to be, or such a world of money as her father left her would have been thrown away upon her, and that would have been a pity. She, and her cousin Lady Charlotte Orby were old cronies, bred at the same school, and great friends, so now they might have a good gossiping, and talk over their old fun when they were school-girls and pinned the teacher's and the dancing master's tails together. 'Come, Charlotte,' said she, 'let us walk to my uncle's farm and see our cousin, the pretty milk-maid.' So as they walked through a beautiful pasture called Dairy-Mead, they met Julia with her milk-pail on her arm, and wiping her eyes with her apron. 'My dear Julia,' said Genevieve, 'what are you crying for?' Upon which she made Lady Charlotte and Genevieve her confidants, and told them the whole story of herself and George Grove. Now nothing in the world pleases girls better than a love story, no matter how sad it is ; Lady Charlotte and Genevieve stood as silent as two mice till they heard all, and, if Julia had talked on, would have stood till they were gray. Poor Julia ! how the tears ran down into her bosom while she told her story ! As soon as she had done they comforted her all they could, and they did not swear, but both bound themselves in a solemn promise to get George Grove for her if they could : so they both went home directly and sat down and wrote two hundred letters ; nothing on the face of the earth sets a woman's ink a-running like love : if you see a spot of ink upon the tip of a woman's middle finger, you may

safely swear that either she is in love herself, or some of her friends. 'Charlotte,' said Genevieve, 'did not Julia say that George Grove was to be forced into a match with some lord's daughter?' 'Yes,' said she, 'but I cannot think who that can be, now, for the Groves visit so many noblemen's families in town:—surely it cannot be Lady Louisa P.'—'Write to her at a venture,' said Genevieve, 'but don't forget to keep Julia's name a secret, we have promised that you know: say every thing which you can think of to set her against the match, and I will write to her father and her mother, her uncle, her two aunts, and four of her cousins, and do the same.' And thus they went to work with many others, but did not hit upon the right person after all. 'If I knew who she was,' said Lady Charlotte, 'I'd run and bite her:' 'And if I knew who she was I'd go and scratch her,' said Genevieve; and so they ran on as if nothing ill could come amiss to the poor lady who was to be married to George Grove. 'He is a very fine young man,' said Lady Charlotte, 'and, my uncle Bat says, bears an excellent character at Oxford—I think I should like to have him myself, Jenny.' 'Surely you mean if our pretty cousin were out of the question?' said Genevieve. 'O I would break my heart twenty times, if it could be mended again, sooner than take him from Julia!' said her ladyship: at that moment a servant came in with twenty letters for Lady Charlotte, and five-and-thirty for Genevieve, with a note:—'What note's that?' said Lady Charlotte: 'It comes from Mr. Grove's house-keeper, I writ to her to ask if she knew where the family were gone—but she says that

nobody knows any thing about the matter.' So they fell to reading their letters.—'O dear me!' cries Genevieve, 'Mrs. Rosewood has run away with her husband's butler!'—'I have got that,' said Lady Charlotte, 'in my letter from Lady Q. well, well, well, Miss Scamper is gone off with Captain Blunderbuss.'—'I have got that,' said Genevieve, 'in my letter from Lady Mary B.'—'Mr. and Mrs. Carrick are gone abroad and left their estate in a cradle'—'at nurse, I suppose, Miss H. means,—a miserable jest;—but she is an authoress, and may put off any nonsense for wit.' 'I have got that too,' said Lady Charlotte, 'in my letter from Mrs. Gad, who tells me that Lord Ringwood has broken his arm a-hunting.'—'I have it "neck," here,' said Genevieve, 'in my letter from Lady Harriet Z. who says, that Colonel Barret left England fifty thousand pounds in debt.' 'No, no,' said Lady Charlotte, 'she is wrong, her sister says, here, in her letter, forty thousand pounds :—and adds that our pretty cousin Frederick Decastro is gone with him.'—'So says Lady Harriet Z. in her letter to me.' 'Well, wherever he goes, I hope he will go into that part of the world where they make the strongest halters!' said Genevieve. 'Bless me,' exclaims Lady Charlotte, 'what a piece of news I have got to tell you; Mr. Christopher Cocky, your very great admirer, has married a woman seven feet high!'—'I was just reading the very same thing in my letter from Mrs. Bangam: well,' added Genevieve, 'he is five feet high with his shoes on; so five feet put to seven feet make twelve feet: thus matrimony ties up long and short sticks in the same fagot.' They were running on, each

telling the other for news what both had in their own letters, when Lord Budemere came into the room, and, taking Lady Charlotte out of it, spoke as follows: 'Charlotte,' said he, 'you may remember when Mr. and Mrs. Grove were with us at the Lodge, that I hinted a thing to you concerning a nameless person then in our thoughts, whom you took to be Lord George E. I had a little reason at that time to leave you in your error.' 'Error! papa! why, did not Lord George E. make his proposals to me within a few days after? who could you mean, if not Lord George?' 'Hear me,' said his lordship. 'I will now explain matters; you were easily led into the error, for Lord George is a relation of Mr. Grove's as well as another, whom I then really meant, and now have to propose to you, since both his lordship and Sir Harry St. Clair have been refused.' 'Surely, papa, you cannot mean Mr. George Grove?' 'His father and I have had a little correspondence of late, and he has himself made his proposals to us for his son: I made, I own, a little advance in the matter, enough to assure him that George, if he knocked at our doors, would not be bolted out; so the offer comes very well from them, you know, since we are not quite on the right side of the question to begin a thing of this sort: Mr. George Grove will have a much larger fortune than either the baronet or his lordship, and it is by far the best offer we have yet had, and cannot by any means be refused: I shall leave the matter to your consideration, and look for your answer in a day or two.' saying which, his lordship took his leave: and Lady Charlotte returned to her cousin Genevieve, who immediately took

notice that she went out of the room with one face and came into it with another. Lady Charlotte laughed it off, however, when they again fell to their letters, and nothing more was said about the said change of countenance at that time.

Now Lady Charlotte had a mind to George Grove herself, but how to get him at once, and keep her promises with her cousins, perplexed her not a little: and well it might, for if the thing were not an impossibility, it was within a very little of it: see what comes of making rash promises.



## CHAPTER V.

A young Farmer pays his addresses to Julia—a great Up-roar at Old Crab's Farm—*Old Comical takes the pen, after a few drops of ink from the Solid Gentleman.*

OLD Crab took Julia into his study, as soon as she was well recovered from her fainting fit, and preached her a sermon upon telling of lies which held her two hours: He told her that the devil was the father of them, and if she conceived them, and brought them forth, she must needs be the devil's wife. Poor Julia, who had rather be George Grove's wife a great deal, sobbed and cried, begged pardon upon her knees, poor girl, and said, 'that she was very sorry for what she had done.' Upon which Old Crab forgave her, and, taking her upon his knee, told her that she must think no more of George Grove: but it is one thing to give orders, and another to get a



thing done : to unthink a thing which she had been so long a-thinking on was no such easy matter. A heart once lost is a thing not so easily found again, and Julia, poor girl, might have looked long enough before she had found her's, though she knew very well who had it all the while. She had like to have told another fib though, and said, ' Indeed, papa, I will think no more of Mr. George Grove,' when she thought of nothing else all day long, and dreamed of nothing else all night. However, he luckily interrupted her, but it was with very unwelcome news, and so far not very lucky indeed : ' Come, come,' said Old Crab, ' dry up your tears and I will find a husband for you, one more suitable to a poor wench in your condition, than a man of twenty or thirty thousand a year : ' John Cartland was then named to her, son of Farmer Cartland of Broad Oak : this young man had been in love with her a great while, but hearing what a great man Julia had got for her sweetheart, thought his chance were very small, so he kept himself at a distance and put up with his heart-ache as well as he could. When Old Crab named him to her, she said ' that he had some time since sent her a letter, but she told him that she was very sorry, but had got a sweetheart already.' ' You are a slut for not telling us,' quoth Old Crab ; ' but go this moment and get yourself ready to see him, he will be here presently : ' and so glad was the young farmer, that he set out before all the family, who were engaged that day to dine with Old Crab, and came first to make a little love before dinner. As soon as her father had done with her, Julia's mother took her aside to tell her how she was to behave to Mr. John Cartland : ' Julia,' said she,

‘you are grown to be so fine a lady by being so much with these fine folks at the castle, and have taken such an air from Mr. George Grove’s company, that I am afraid the young farmer will think you too proud; but you ought to remember that, although we have such good relations, we are poor people ourselves, and must not give ourselves any airs: I don’t mean to say that you are a proud girl, Julia, because indeed I don’t think that you are so, but you must be particularly careful in this matter, for, having been so much of late amongst lords and ladies, you may appear to be so without meaning it, and frighten a plain man.’ ‘Indeed, mamma,’ said Julia, ‘I should be sorry to be thought proud, and will do the best I can to receive Mr. Cartland in a civil manner: but, my dear mamma, beg a little time for me to try to forget somebody—and I will strive to do my best to come in to your and my papa’s wishes.’ ‘You were always a very good girl, Julia,’ said Mrs. B. Decastro—‘but here is the young farmer.’—And indeed Master John rode up at that moment to the gate, in a suit of bright peach-colour cloth made on purpose for the day; for Old Crab had bid the good farmer put a new suit of clothes upon his son John, and teach him to make a bow: upon which Master John put his best leg foremost, and, having entered a new suit of clothes of a bright peach-colour, as aforesaid, came down from Broad Oak as bright as a star, to pay his addresses to Julia. Poor Julia, who had been so long used to the elegant dress and manners of George Grove, upon the entrance of Master John had much ado to help laughing. Master John was a short man, but no ill figure if the tailor had let him alone, but Master Snip had

so stitched him up in some places and let him loose in others, that he had any thing rather than human proportions about him; and not being used to be so very fine made matters a great deal worse: Master John, however, notwithstanding his epileptick fit at the sight of Julia, did as his father bade him, and made a bow, or a thing which he thought the most like one, and left a long scrawl of dirt on the floor as a proof of it: Old Comical gave him a touch behind to put him in mind to pull his hat off, but it was no easy matter, for it was a new one bought on purpose for the day, and however the young farmer got his head into it, it was not very soon to be got out again; but Old Comical laying hold behind and Master John laying hold before, they pulled off his hat between them; so now he stood before his sweetheart with his hat in one hand, and a stiff hazel staff, with Cupid a-shooting carved upon the knob of it, in the other, but could not speak a loud word for his heart. Mrs. B. Decastro, seeing the young man a little bashful before company, went out of the room, and, shutting the door, left Julia and Farmer John together.—What a sad thing it is to be frightened! It now came into Master John's head that it would be polite to get Julia a chair, a good thought, but it brought an accident with it, for the farmer, coming with the chair in one hand and his hat and cudgel in the other, the said cudgel got between his legs and threw him and the chair both down together at Julia's feet, where the staff would needs have it a lover ought to lie. Julia came to his assistance and took the cudgel away from him, for he still held it fast in his hand, and got Master John upon his legs, which was some trouble, for he

had got a new pair of leather breeches on, made so tight that he had scarce any more use of his limbs than if half of them had been struck with the palsy: she set up the chair, put the farmer on his way to it, and said, she hoped that he had not taken any hurt in his fall. When a man's hand is in, it is amazing how many blunders he makes!—In the next place Master John must needs put his hat upon a chair and sit down upon it, which, being a new beaver and exceeding stiff, was not in the humour to give way to Master John's pressure, but, as if to be revenged for the indignity, mounted him up in a very ridiculous manner; however, he made a straddle of it and took the crown thereof very well between his knees, the tightness of his breeches notwithstanding, and was very safely seated if he could have sat still: Julia, seeing him to be in no little confusion, asked him how all the family did at Broad Oak Farm, how corn sold, whether they had begun hay-making, and other the like questions, and among other things admired the quaint devices carved on the head of the young farmer's staff which she held in her hand; and, though he might have trusted her with the cudgel very safely, yet he seemed to think that he might as well get possession of it, he took it from her, therefore, for she sat near him, and laid it at its length at his foot on the floor: in an evil hour, as will be seen:—Farmer John sat, reader, upon an old-fashioned long-backed chair with very short heels, and the more likely on that account to fall backwards; his hat between his knees stretched as far apart as his tight breeches would allow to admit the crown of it, and his hazel staff extended at his foot on the floor, when Old Comical, not

recollecting the room to be full of the tender passion, came in on a sudden to fetch Old Crab's best wig, that hung upon a cangle-stick on the mantle-piece, in order to repair the same, being a hand at a wig, and put it in buckle for dinner : the door being opened on a sudden made the young farmer start, for, being in a fright already, he the more readily gave way to fresh surprises, and, in an attempt to jump up, put his foot upon his cudgel, which, as he thought, he had now laid out of his way ; being a round thing, the cudgel made a sort of rolling motion upon its being trod on, and threw Master John with some force against the back of the chair, which, put thereby past its balance, came down backwards, and brought John Cartland along with it to the floor with his boots in the air. Old Comical loved a joke dearly, but never made a jest of a man in distress, clapt Old Crab's best wig on his head upon his own, and was running to help the young farmer, when in came Julia's mother in great haste upon hearing a noise which shook the homestall, conceiving John to be taking more liberties with Julia than came to his share on a first visit—but nothing at that time was so far from his thoughts—she found him lying on his back, and stunned with his fall. He presently came to his senses, for having cut his head against the window seat, a flow of blood soon relieved him: Old Comical now ran up stairs and brought down his best night-cap, gayly adorned with three horizontal stripes of different colours, and a large tassel, like an artichoke, upon the crown thereof, and, after some soft linen and a few drops of Friar's balsam had been administered by Julia's fair hands to the wound, put the cap upon Master

Cartland's head, and bound it on with one of his own garters; then, giving Old Crab's wig some masterly touches, ran out to take old Farmer Cartland's horse that had drawn all the rest of the family from Broad Oak: after a little talk about the accident, they all sat down to dinner, and Old Comical waited upon the company.

Now it came to pass, after the boiled beef and cabbage, the ham and the fowls were removed, and the wine, punch, pipes, and strong beer put upon the table, 'Look ye, Master Cartland,' quoth Old Crab, 'we will have no forcing and driving in this business, we shall be glad to see your son at a leisure hour at the farm, and if he and my wench can agree we'll have a wedding'— 'And if so be that they cannot,' interrupted the old farmer, 'why, there's no harm done.' 'I loves Miss Julee rarely well,' quoth Madam Cartland, 'and if as why she can get the better of her heart and hankerings, for I have been told that the Squire don't care for a match betwixt her and his son, why, as I says, I hopes as how my son John, heaven bless him, may be her man after all, but yet, as why, as I says, I ba'nt for cramming force-meat into her mouth whether she wool or no.' 'Well, well,' quoth Old Crab, 'we shall see how matters will be; you and I understand one another, Master Cartland, Bullocks-Hatch and the water-meads come with your son, if the thing take place, and three thousand pounds go with my wench. But the homestall must be repaired at your expense, I insist upon that, and I will keep the young folks until the farm-house be got ready for them.' 'Look you, Master Decastro,' quoth the old farmer, 'you must bear me half in that matter, it will cost me three hun-

dred pounds.' 'Not a penny,' quoth Old Crab, 'I have put five hundred pounds to my wench's fortune in order to take a step towards you, Master Cartland, so now it is your turn to take a step towards me.' 'Come, come,' quoth the old farmer, 'you will build a cow-house?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'A cart-house?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'A fattening hog-stye?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'Find me tiles for the wheat-barn?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'Be something towards the furniture?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'What, not a bed?' 'No,' quoth Old Crab. 'Come,' said Mrs. B. Decastro, 'I have feathers enough by me to make a bed, if my husband will allow me to make a little offer on my part.' 'Well, well,' quoth Old Crab, 'I sha'nt stick out for a few feathers, give us your hand, Master Cartland, if 'tis a bargain.' Upon which Old Crab and the old farmer shook hands.

Now it came to pass that the news of this grand dinner, and the cause of it had reached the castle, and excited no little curiosity in the party there to see Julia's new lover: upon which the earl and Countess of Budemere and Mr. and Mrs. Decastro ordered their carriages to be got ready, and, taking Lady Charlotte Orby and Genevieve along with them, they sallied forth in two coaches and four, to pay a visit to the farm in the evening.—Well, up they came all on a sudden to Old Crab's door upon a full gallop, and threw old Farmer Cartland and all his family into the greatest consternation!—The old farmer jumped up, and laid hold on his hat, and called for his cart and his old wig, for it had rained, and his best might be spoiled, so he had brought two in case of accidents, one on his head and another

in his pocket—Madam Cartland also jumped up, and up jumped her six daughters, who were all very fat and therefore made the greater crowd in a little room, and fell into a great pucker, getting into each other's way, and running one against another in scrambling for hats, cloaks, and bonnets! Old Crab, do or say what he might, could not quiet the waters, so he leaned with both his hands and with all his might upon the table, and it was as much as ever he could do to keep it from being overturned two or three times during the great push. Julia and Mrs. B. Decastro ran out first to receive the great folks and put them all very safely into her little parlour, whercin Old Comical had set the tea things and the bread and butter all in order, before he went out to feed the pigs. Mrs. B. Decastro now, leaving Julia the mistress of the ceremonies, returned to the dining-room in order to pacify the terrified souls whom she had left in it; and she found them in a great bustle, and in as much haste to make their escape as if the fine folks whom they saw come out of the carriages ate human flesh. The main push was now towards the back kitchen door, at which the old farmer first arrived, by main force driving his way through his wife and his six fat daughters. Old Dragon, the cart-horse, was harnessed in a moment, the cart brought up to the said back door, and loaded in a trice with the farmer and his family; upon which Master Cartland laid his cudgel upon old Dragon's bones, who was forced to drag his amazing load over all the dunghills to get the nearest way out of the farm-yard!—Old Comical stood by and held his sides with laughter.

Genevieve and Lady Charlotte felt the greatest curiosity of any to see the young farmer, but



Old Cartland had made such a sudden start of it that they had like to be thrown out at last though they had a run for it, as will be seen : and out they certainly would have been thrown, but for a piece of bright scarlet riband which adorned old Dragon's bit-halter, which said bit of finery caught Lady Charlotte's attention as Old Comical led the sturdy animal across the farm-yard : this had been Dolly Cartland's doing, who felt a little tenderness for her father's carter, and must needs rob her own head to deck old Dragon's, who was a favourite in the stable. 'I am sure they are going,' cries her ladyship ; upon which, as upon a view halloo, Genevieve and she darted away, and taking the nearest cut, like sportsmen when the game is up, leaped over some pales and ran directly through Old Crab's fatting hog-stye. Old Comical, who had just carried the tea, toast, and the bread and butter into the little parlour, and was gone out to feed the hogs, whose turn it was to be served next, seeing Lady Charlotte and Genevieve leap flying into the hog-stye, was turned into a post : away they ran, dashing through thick and thin, and out they leaped again at right angles, driving their way through forty fat hogs that stood and stared like stuck pigs. Now old Dragon had just tugged twenty hundred weight of human flesh and bones over all the dunghills in Old Crab's farm-yard, and got upon hard gravel outside the gate with old Farmer Cartland and his jolly family, when the beast made a full stop to get a little wind, &c. This gave Genevieve and Lady Charlotte the advantage, who ran up to the cart and beheld, to their great satisfaction, Julia's lover sitting on his mother's lap, crowned with Old Comical's striped nightcap.

Old Master Cartland, seeing company come, put old Dragon to the cudgel with all his might, who made the best of his way to the cart-horse stable, at Broad-Oak.

When a chace is over folks have leisure to grow cool, and come a little to their senses, for sportsmen are little other than stark mad when they are a running ; just so it happened to Lady Charlotte and Genevieve, who now came to theirs, and by the help of their eyes and their noses, both saw and smelt what a nasty pickle they were in : in the mind they were it were odds but they had dashed through a horse-pond to have satisfied their curiosities : Old Comical followed them at a great distance with a hog-pail full of clean water in one hand, and a whisp of sweet hay in the other, to wash the ladies's shoes and wipe their silk stockings.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Some few matters touching Genevieve brought up to the present time—Lady Charlotte informs her of the Proposals of the Hindermark Family—Further Accounts of Julia—Acerbus the Philosopher comes home from the long Vacation—Genevieve discovers that Mr. and Mrs. Grove are at Bath, and follows them to that place.—*Old Comical fast asleep—starts up, however, at the tail of the Chapter.*

GENEVIEVE had some time since been mistress of her vast fortune, which, what with the accumulated interest, the purchase of the estate in

Berkshire, and other additions taken into the account, was upwards of six thousand pounds a-year :—a great deal of money, and it may be a matter of wonder what she could do with it all ? Old Crab, it may be remembered, was made her guardian by her father the Jew, and her property was all put into his hands for her, wherein it was not very likely to grow less ; the fact, indeed, was that it grew a great deal bigger, for there were few such stewards to be met with as he. But to return to her : she was now become mistress of all, and, as power accompanies money, she was become, indeed, a personage of no small consideration. Having lost her parents before she knew what it was to have any, as a man who hath no children divides his estate between a few choice relations, she disposed of her love between those of her's who lived at the castle and the farm, her cousin Lady Charlotte Orby too coming in for a good share of it. In her affections she was extremely ardent, so much so as not to stick at a fault to serve one whom she loved. When she came into the possession of the fine property which her father left her, she bought a piece of land on the opposite shore of the lake, which commanded a noble view of that fine old pile of architecture, the castle, and built thereon a pretty cottage, wherein she put her old nurse who came to England with her, and made the good old woman an allowance of one hundred pounds a-year for her life ; and, although she, for the most part, resided at the castle, yet she had at this cottage, in which she kept a few rooms very elegantly fitted up and furnished for the use of herself and her friends, formed a sort of establishment, keeping her carriage there, and two or three servants as need

were. She was charitable to the poor, and did a great many good offices to her neighbours, but, after all, did not spend half her income, which Old Crab, still her trusty steward, paid into her banker's hands once a-year, when he went to London on that and a variety of other business. Genevieve was one of those who could not exist without being eager in some pursuit : the country was her delight, and farming the greatest in it, so much so that she took an active part in it, and worked as hard as any poor woman for her bread, and ate her's too with as good an appetite as a hay-maker, and, when love let her lie quiet, slept as sound as a ploughman. It may be a thing which some, perhaps, will not be pleased to believe, that a young woman, bred in all the elegancies of high and polished life, should take a fork, a rake, a hoe, or a reap-hook, and work like a poor girl in all weathers ; such, however, was Genevieve, and to this it may be, perhaps, attributed that she never knew a day's illness : her residing for the first years of her life a great deal at her uncle's farm-house may, in some degree, account for this. But of this thus far.—

As soon as the Earl of Budemere had made known to his daughter the proposals of the Hindermark family, Lady Charlotte, as it was her custom when any serious matter befel, ran up stairs and locked herself into her apartment, and began to pace backwards and forwards in it, setting tables, chairs, and other utensils out of her way for that purpose, and fell into a deep muse upon what her noble father had communicated. George Grove, a young man of great elegance and excellence, had long been her favourite, and, although she had gone at times so

far as to give him a glance with her bright eyes very full of meaning, yet she had received nothing of that sort in return, which would have been the most agreeable to her : proposals were now actually made in form, and she saw that she might have George if she pleased ; but the sweet milkmaid stood in her way, and, what was to be done, after walking four or five miles in her bed-room to consider, she could not tell. Taking Genevieve into a little summer-house on the margin of the lake, which, because it was shrouded in rose-trees, was called the Rosary, the following conversation took place between them :—

*Lady C.* I have a great piece of news to tell you, Jenny, I have found out who the lady is at last that will have George Grove.

*Genev.* My dear Charlotte, who in the world can she be ?

*L. C.* Could you have guessed it ?—it is even I.

*Gen.* You, Charlotte ! you, do you say ?—it is impossible.

*L. C.* Upon my serious word and honour, it is even I.

*Gen.* How, in the name of heaven, came you to know this ?

*L. C.* My father came to me with proposals from the Hindermark family no longer since than yesterday—you may remember he called me out of the room.

*Gen.* I do.—But Julia is going mad—she weeps night and day—you never can think of—

*L. C.* Think of what, Jenny ?

*Gen.* Think of what !—why, you must know what I would say—think of having of him.

*L. C.* He's a very fine young man, Jenny.

*Gen.* So.—

*L. C.* You seem angry ; but may not I say that George Grove is a very fine young man without giving you any offence ?

*Gen.* No.—Folks are not apt to praise what they are willing to part with ; unless a thing be on sale.

*L. C.* But a thing must be had before it can be parted with, Jenny.

*Gen.* And Julia shall have him never to part with him :—or—

*L. C.* My dear Jenny, I should not love you half so well as I do, if I did not know how warm a heart you have for a friend.

*Gen.* Jenny me no Jennies, but answer me one question.

*L. C.* Well, don't be so angry, and I will answer you fifty.

*Gen.* Do you, or do you not intend to have him ?—answer me that.

*L. C.* Why not if Julia cannot ?

*Gen.* It will be the death of her ! you will drive her to despair.

*L. C.* If she marries young Cartland, why mayn't I marry George Grove ?

*Gen.* But she will not marry him.

*L. C.* How can she choose if her parents give commands ?

*Gen.* There will be no force, my uncle is too wise a man for that : she told me so.

*L. C.* I am glad to hear it :—but if there is no force on one side there will be a great deal on the other, and that will be as bad.

*Gen.* On what other side ?

*L. C.* On my side.—My mother told me this morning that I must have him, and if I don't like him I must try to like him: you know what my father is when he sets himself upon any thing.

*Gen.* Your father is a fool and your mother another: they would put you and George together as they were put together, with their own example before their eyes:—they are well matched one way, for about as much love is lost on one side as the other.

*L. C.* Their's was a forced match I know—but there's no help for that—and there will be as little in my case, as sure as I sit here a breathing creature.

*Gen.* No help!—but there shall be help—I should like to see them marry me to any body against my will! I'd soon let them know who counted without their host.

*L. C.* It is loss of time to talk thus.—If George Grove's father and mother are resolute on his side, and my father and mother are as resolute on mine, what on earth are we to do? answer me that one plain question.

*Gen.* Much—if there was not one more to contend with, a more formidable enemy to Julia than if all the fathers and mothers in the world were put into one bag.

*L. C.* And who is that, pray, Jenny?

*Gen.* Yourself.—You have a mind to George Grove, there the matter sticks.

*L. C.* I have:—I confess it.

*Gen.* You do!

*L. C.* I should hardly tell a lie in this matter; but if I said I had not, knowing George Grove, would you believe me?

*Gen.* I scarce should, for I am in love with him myself—none can know George without loving him; and none can know Julia without loving her: poor girl! she lay with me last night for company—what a night it was!—she cried all night long! the strongest body in nature cannot hold it out long against such sorrow.

*L. C.* My mother tells me matters are quite as bad with George, and therefore it is agreed to put the match on with the utmost expedition.

*Gen.* It is!—then we must look about us; it must not be—it cannot be—it shall not be!—quite as bad with George? how comes she to know that?

*L. C.* Letters have passed between my father and Mr. Grove since they left Hindermark:—I asked her—

*Gen.* Tell me this moment where the Groves are—

*L. C.* I was just going to say that I asked my mother, but she said it was to be kept a secret where they were.

*Gen.* Charlotte—

*L. C.* Well.

*Gen.* I wish I could know whether you were honest.

*L. C.* What d'ye mean by that?

*Gen.* Why, whether you were determined to oppose this thing with all your might? for, knowing what I feel for Julia, I can hardly think, if you loved George in the way I mean, that you would confess it to me: that's too unlikely: I can, never can believe that: it were a secret which you would have hidden in the darkest corner of your heart. If you had denied it with a thousand oaths I should much sooner have suspected it.



*L. C.* But I really do love him, and would marry him too, if I could.

*Gen.* So would I, Charlotte, in the way which you mean :—but so far my heart is at ease : for I think, if you could do as you pleased, you would just as soon rob Julia of George Grove as I should.

*L. C.* Come, Jenny, don't reckon too much upon me ; such a young man as George Grove in these days is not every-where to be had : if you will not believe what I have said, I love him a great deal more than you think, and have less mind to refuse him than you imagine : but yet, I will not have him if I can help it, but will certainly have him if I can get him if Julia cannot choose but leave him.

*Gen.* I am very well pleased with your exception, and hope there is as little danger as I am willing to think in giving you credit for it.—I have every reason to suppose that my friendship is very dear to you, and if you were really attached to Mr. Grove, I cannot bring myself to imagine that you would run it into any such danger as to own it to my face, Charlotte : but, unless Julia was dead and buried, I think I could never forgive you if you were to marry Mr. Grove.

*L. C.* My dear Jenny ! this is too hard upon me : just as if Mr. Groves might not be forced on me in a way which it would be impossible for me to escape ! It is an easy thing to talk, but when we come to the point of a thing to parry it is another matter. When fathers, mothers, and friends come armed in a close body against one—one poor defenceless girl, what can she do ? nay, if she had the mighty spirit of the most spirited, how

could she bear herself out against all her relations? I know George Grove thinks me very handsome, for he put in the *very* when he spoke of me one day to my mother; consider, should he be brought over by what he calls my beauty, and court me, and I in love with him too—think on such an aggravated case, Jenny.

*Gen.* You are a very comical girl, Charlotte; and I scarce know what to make of you.

*L. C.* At all events, this I will faithfully promise you—Love George or not love him, I love Julia so sincerely that I will most certainly make my escape if I can: but I still stick to this, if Julia cannot have him, I will: for that may happen and Julia still be above ground.

*Gen.* If you are really and truly Julia's rival, all things else considered, I must say that I think Julia is in great danger—do come this way and look at this poor girl—see, there she is, walking by the side of the water, crying as if her heart was breaking!—Remember, Charlotte, I bind you in a recognisance to the whole amount of my friendship that you exert every power to escape this match—but come, let us go and comfort poor Julia.

And, poor girl, she was much in want of comfort, for when they came to her she had thrown herself on the grass in a fit of sorrow, and was bathing in her tears a miniature picture which George had given her of himself, and some of his letters; one, which she had just received, was as follows:

MY DEAREST JULIA,

· WHAT a sad thing it is to know that you love me, and that this very thing should at this mo-

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ment double my grief! that the very same thing which so lately gave me the greatest pleasure that I ever felt in the world, should now be so turned against me! and the more you love me too the worse it should be! If I myself only suffered, my sufferings were single, but to know that another suffers upon my account, and that the bosom so pierced should be the dear bosom of my Julia, would be no anguish at all if my pen could express one thousandth part of it! Don't think that I do not know you weep; I can see your bosom heave, I can see your tears fall; can hear you sob!—O my Julia! what sad luck is ours!—But why need I talk about our loves? we know how dear we are to each other, more cannot be said than what has already been said upon this matter. I write now to comfort you all I can: I have stolen ink and paper, which have been carefully kept from me, for I am narrowly watched. After a theft 'tis strange to talk about religion; but, my dearest love, think a little that we are born on purpose to be tried: think that we shall not be tried above what we are able to bear; remember that the better we bear our afflictions the nearer we come to our reward: at present we are in the very fury of one of the most terrible storms that ever beat upon us, let us awaken our kind master who sleeps in our sea-beaten vessel, and he will still the winds, and the waves will sink to rest. He says, 'Come unto me all ye that are laden with sorrows, and I will give you peace.' Let us look a little into this matter, and see what can be done for us: I know that I cannot instruct you in your duty, but yet I can put you in mind of it. We must tie our sorrows up, or, like dogs, they will tear

us in pieces. Let us pray together for patience in this our grief—let us cast ourselves down humbly at the feet of divine mercy and beg, if it be possible, that this bitter cup may pass from us! By *let us pray*, I mean let us join in actual prayer upon our knees, and let us, my sweetest love, use the same, the very same prayer too, which I will copy out for you on the last page of this letter.\* I am sure it will be the only way to ease our poor hearts, and assuage our woes, and call down the grace of heaven to help us, and teach us due submission to its will. It looks a little oddly for one whose eyes are blind and dim with tears, to counsel another not to weep; but yet, my Julia, strive for yourself and for me, for my life is woven so with yours, that whatever cuts your thread in twain cuts mine too: think of this, for I know my welfare will be the strongest argument with you to take every care of your own. We must resign ourselves to his will who made us and all the world; we must take what he gives and be thankful: yes, my love, even our misfortunes too; for they make us his soldiers who tells us that we are sent into this world to fight against troubles, and contest the matter with every calamity which assails us. We are young in this world, my Julia, roses so far strewed our path of love, but now we tread with agony on those thorns beneath these false and showy flowrets hid! Let us not ask what we have done, my sweet, to deserve our sorrows; let us not say that all our meetings have been

\* The prayer referred to in this letter is copied out of a very pious and learned writer, whose works have been many years in the hands of the publick, which will excuse its omission in this place.

innocent, our love without a stain; let us not unfurl a flag of merit, for all our virtues, be they what they may, are less than the dust in the balance, unless his come into our scale whose merits are infinite. Lay this my letter, where I am sure, happy letter, it will be, lay this my letter to your tender bosom, my dearest girl, I do not mean the poor paper only, but the advice which it contains: for heaven's sake let us do our duty, and then we need not fear but if we cannot meet and be happy in this world, we are sure to meet and be eternally happy in a better. How far the commands of our parents may extend over us their children, I own I cannot say, and if I could, perhaps it would very little become me to do it; but I have resigned myself to mine, and think it to be my duty to obey them: if it be not the will of heaven that we should be united, unite at least with me in prayer, and say to heaven, 'Thy will be done.' I hope and pray that the motives of my parents are good ones; the lady to whom I shall be joined has not been as yet so much as named to me; all I have been told is that she is rich, has a title, and beauty. My heart, my Julia, will be ever yours, and whosoever takes this poor body without a heart in it, will have but little cause to be proud of the bargain. At my first interview with this lady she shall be sure to have my story fairly told her, yes, at full length; I shall honestly tell her that I will put off no damaged goods upon her, for such a husband without a heart must needs be, and the worst of damaged goods too; for what can she expect, what can her friends expect of a man whose affections are engaged to another? I shall fairly and honestly bid them look to what they do, and what sacrifice they may please to

make of a child, who must needs marry me and all my sorrows together.

But I must return to my most beloved of all subjects, for I know you would not love me, my sweetest Julia; if you knew that I loved even you above my religion, or against its rules—remember our last talk of all in our little arbour; we agreed that unless we were good it was impossible for us to be happy; nay, that we could not even make one another happy, let our ties be never so intimate, our bonds never so sweet, never so close, unless we did our duty to heaven and to our parents: remember, when you gave your dear hand into mine, sweet pledge and symbol of your love, you said, ‘My dearest George, if our parents forbid it not, I will be yours for ever.’ But, alas, my love, though yours are not unwilling, mine have forbid our union; and, unless heaven turn their hearts, will make some poor young woman miserable by chaining her to one who cannot love her; and yet, dreadful thought, must promise too, even at the altar, to love her!—well, if I am forced to this, let them look to it that force it; heaven itself is my witness that I had rather die at the altar than tell a lie at the altar. Finally, let not despair torture thy gentle bosom, my love—it is wicked to despair, for it is as good as to say that there is no such thing as a Providence in the world; some change, as yet unseen, may yet take place, and we may yet be happy.

Most faithfully, yours,

GEORGE GROVE.

P. S. We are on the road, but whither we are going is a secret kept from me:—so I cannot give you any direction, but will write again if possible.

Genevieve and Lady Charlotte both said and did all they could to comfort poor Julia, both by words and by kisses, but they did not tell her at that time the name of the lady whom George had spoken of in his letter, which Julia made an attempt to read to them, but could not get through it for crying; so what another could not read they were fain to read for themselves; the letter, she told them, was no secret, for both her father and mother had read it before she had read it herself; Lady Charlotte said, she did not count much upon religion in a storm; 'Give me the man,' added her ladyship, 'who can say his prayers in quiet waters.'

About this time there was a great and very terrible thunder storm, and a fire ball struck a vast oak in Mr. Decastro's park and rent it up into ribands. Now as it is a custom before some great man makes his appearance for folks to make a monstrous noise with drums and other engines, this thunder storm came very well before the arrival of Acerbus Decastro, the philosopher, at Oaken Grove: this sage observation was made by Old Comical, who walked before Acerbus with his saddle-bags on his shoulder from the ferry to the castle. 'John,' quoth Acerbus, 'what have I to do with the thunder storm?' 'Buzzy,' quoth Old Comical, for so he always called Acerbus, 'the thunder storm is your antecedent, and the antecedent hath always something or other to do with the consequent!--the rattling of the thunder comes before you, just as the rattling of the drums before some great man; well, then, I come with your saddle-bags, and last of all comes the philosopher: for, look you, Buzzy, a man of great consequence always puts

noise before him, which some call musick, skin, wind, and string ;—all these go before a great man : nothing's to be done without noise in this world, Buzzy ; if a man can't make a great noise himself, or get a pack of thundering boys to make a great noise for him, he had as good be three cloth yards under ground with six or seven tons of marble upon his bones.' Now all this was very droll, but Old Comical might just as well have talked to a wall, for the philosopher was so deep in thought that he heard not one word of it. Now be it known, that the long vacation had commenced, and that was the reason why the philosopher came home to see his friends ; and when at home he had always been made such a fuss with, that he was a spoiled child without getting any hurt by it, for he knew it, and was upon his guard against it : but this was a dangerous example, and had best not be followed unless a philosopher be born in a family ; and then, perhaps, no harm may come of it ; there may be another exception, viz. when a child is born a natural fool ;—for then both papa and mamma put together cannot make matters worse. One moment, if you please—we have one just at your service, reader—you have found a fault, perhaps ? —it is like enough—Pray, how can a '*child be spoiled without getting any hurt by it ?*' we beg to say, that nothing that is spoiled ever is or can be hurt, or get hurt. How can that be ?—that is no business of ours—let what is spoiled look to that : when an historian hath asserted a thing, that is enough, and folks ought to be content : it is of no sort of use for people to make a growling and a noise, printed truth is truth, and there's an end of the chapter.



## CHAPTER VII.

The Meeting of Genevieve and the Philosopher—their Talk—a great Kiss, but the great Kiss comes first—Genevieve's mad Couranto—a Race upon the King's Highway—a Man stolen—two good Children at the heel of the Chapter.—*Sometimes Old Comical and sometimes the Solid Gentleman driveth the quill.*

WHEN Genevieve heard that the philosopher was come, she felt just as if a flea had bit her heart and made it itch, and indeed her love for Acerbus was but a flea-bite at this moment in comparison to the vast ulcer which it grew to be in a little time—she run to meet the philosopher and get a kiss, a common matter, reader, upon a meeting between relations, and Genevieve returned it upon Acerbus's ruddy cheek with such a hearty smack that made the room ring again! Adsbobs, a man had need be a philosopher to be kissed by such a lovely woman, and get no hurt by it!—It had little effect upon Acerbus, however, who very coolly wiped his cheek with the back of his hand, knowing her eager way, and thought no more of it than if his mother had kissed him in her spectacles, forasmuch as it never came into his head at that time that Genevieve wanted to eat him: Nota bene, a lady in love is a great cannibal, and that was one reason why Genevieve ran after the philosopher into the garden, another was to get him alone and talk about love—what an impudent toad! stay, reader, not talk about her own love, O fie! no—Genevieve had taken fire first, and been burnt to the ground—been roasted alive in her clothes—no, it was about

George Grove and the pretty milk-maid that she came to talk ; they engaged her heart so much that she could scarce think of what she felt herself ; so she ran after him in the garden where she saw him walking :—yes, saw him walking, for she watched him like a cat ; saw him walking, for she counted every step he took as she looked at him out of her room window ; saw him walking, for although he was not her child, she watched him as if she were afraid he should come to some mischief : saw him walking, for the sight of Acerbus gave her black sparkling eyes such a sweet sensation :—‘Cousin,’ said she, ‘what letter was that I saw you reading just now in the garden here?’ ‘One from my friend George Grove,’ said he. ‘What have they done with him?’ said she, ‘tell me this moment.’ ‘Taken him to Bath,’ said he. ‘To Bath!’ said she. ‘To Bath,’ said he ; ‘’tis a town in England, Jenny :’ ‘I know that, you great fool,’ said she. ‘You may,’ said he, ‘and I be none the greater fool for that.’ ‘Yes, you are a great fool,’ said she, ‘for telling me what you must needs know that I knew already ; but my telling you that you are a great fool is news to one who thinks himself a great philosopher : what have they taken George to Bath for? d’ye know that, you dunce?’ ‘Yes, I do, Jenny ; Charlotte and he will be married there.’ ‘You are very cool upon this matter,’ said she, ‘one would think you did not care a farthing for Julia.’ ‘I do not count Julia’s merits by farthings, Jenny,’ said he, ‘as some have done yours.’ ‘What d’ye mean by that, you jackanapes?’ said she. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘I look into Julia’s heart, and into your heart, Jenny, to see what ye are worth, and not

into your pockets.' 'What! you think some have looked into my pocket,' said she, 'and counted my merits that way?' 'Yes, and that way you have merits and to spare, Jenny,' said he. 'Take that away, and what would you give for me, cousin?' said she. 'Why,' said he, 'there is your beauty, Jenny, and that is another out-of-door sort of a thing, and as for the rest of the lump, there is too much pepper in it for me.' Genevieve gave the philosopher a box on the ear, and called him a blockhead. — 'Come, Mr. Wiseacre,' said she, 'what do you think of this pretty business between your friend George and Charlotte?' 'George has written to me for advice upon it,' said he, picking up his hat which she had knocked off his head, 'and I told him—' 'Come,' said she, 'what? what did you tell him? let us hear.' 'You want to hear and will not let me speak,' said he: 'why I told him, as touching the marriage ceremony of which he spake, that if he married Charlotte and loved Julia, and Julia only, that they would force him to make a false vow in the church, and the parson would give him a blessing for telling a lie at the altar.' 'My dear cousin,' said Genevieve, putting her hands between her knees, and squeezing them together, a way she had when in a rapture, 'My dear cousin, that was charming! but did you bid George shew your letter to them all? did you say any thing about obedience to parents? for George is so dutiful, and Julia is so dutiful, that they would both go and hang themselves if their fathers and mothers bid them do so: duty to parents may be a very good thing as long as it does not interfere too much with one's duty to oneself:—did you say any thing about duty?'

**‘I will answer you one question first,’ said he, ‘and then another, and not two at once, Jenny : In the first place, I bade George show my letter, wherein I argued as touching obedience to parents that a child shall not disobey his parents, but a parent may command a child to commit a sin, therefore a child shall not always obey his parents: all parents are under some law, but if they break that law they disobey the lawgiver ; if the child commit sin by the command of his parents, he dishonours his father and mother, but he is commanded to honour his parents, therefore it is his duty to disobey his father and mother.’ ‘How!’ said she—‘you have such an odd way of talking that I can scarce understand you—if a child does a wrong thing by order of his parents he dishonours his father and mother, do you say ? how is that, Acerbus ?’ ‘I argued in my letter thus, Jenny’—‘O I am so glad,’ exclaimed Genevieve, ‘to get you on our side!—Well, and how did you argue in your letter ?’ ‘Why thus,’ said the philosopher—‘to obey another who commands you to do wrong, is to bring the commander into disgrace, but to disgrace one’s parents is to dishonour them ; he that doeth a wrong thing, therefore, dishonours his parents, notwithstanding he does it by their order : for how can a child be said to honour his father and mother by taking a false oath at the altar by their command ? To obey the second who disobeys the first in giving a command to a third, is to disobey the first who hath a supreme right to lay his commands upon both, and exact obedience too : and this thing would George do if he took a false oath at the communion-table by order of his father and mother, who disobey the supreme law by com-**

manding such obedience : Now if George cannot love Charlotte because he loves Julia, but promises at the altar to forsake Julia and love Charlotte, which he tells me is impossible, he makes such a promise at his own peril, and ought to name the impediment as soon as the parson has read the adjuratory charge : I proceeded to argue thus—he that delegates authorities to inferior powers limits the extent of such authorities, but no parent hath any right to command a child to break his laws who delegated to them such authorities, it is the child's duty, therefore, to keep the commandment and disobey his parents. This is the sum of my argument in George's case.' 'I am sure you are right,' said Genevieve, 'but I am dreadfully afraid that your letter will either not be understood or be neglected.' 'It may be neglected,' said the philosopher, 'but cannot be misunderstood :—I bade him put it into the hands of the parson as soon as the adjuratory charge were read, naming the impediment which he is called upon in so imperious a manner to declare ; if the parson be a grave man he will put the ceremony by upon it.' 'O if they once get George and Charlotte into church it will be a lost game, take my word for it,' said Genevieve, 'surrounded as they are like to be by a gang of fine folks who want for nothing themselves, and therefore leave religion to others to beg and to pray by—suppose George should not have spirit enough to object his impediment—or suppose he did, and got laughed out of it—or, suppose a hundred thousand things'—'Well, but you can do no good, Jenny,' said Acerbus, 'by running mad about it.' 'A fiddlestick's end !' said she—'the thing will be the death of Julia and George too ; they had

better blow their brains out at once than murder them by inches:—if St. Paul himself rose from the dead and writ them as long a letter as the Epistle to the Corinthians, they would marry them if they heard the very devil hiss at the altar! something must be done and shall be done or I—’ ‘Dear, dear Jenny!’ said Acerbus, ‘you talk so loud you make the place echo!’—‘The devil take the echoes!’ said she; ‘what can be done?’—‘Why, verily,’ said the philosopher, ‘if time were allowed my friend, something might be done to disentangle his affections from Julia, but this thing is pushed on with so much haste’— ‘Haste!’ exclaimed Genevieve, ‘why, is any day fixed? ha? tell me! is any day fixed, I say?’ ‘Yes, they will be married some day next week; I received this letter’—‘This letter!’ said Genevieve, ‘what letter? you never told me of any letter!’—‘Yes, I did,’ said he; ‘I just now said I had received a letter, and have just now said what were the sum and substance of my answer thereunto.’ ‘Aye, I had forgot,—give me the letter, let me see the letter, where is the letter? is the man made of wood!’ said Genevieve, thrusting her hands into the philosopher’s pockets to feel for it, and turning them inside out, and all their contents! all their contents! aye, out came poor George’s letter with snail-shells, caterpillars, beetles, and butterflies, for the philosopher was a great virtuoso:—she snatched it off the ground, leaving him to pick up his beetles and his caterpillars, which ran different ways, and gave the philosopher a world of trouble, putting his hat upon some and his hands upon others: Genevieve, in the mean time, read as follows:

TO ACERBUS DECASTRO.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I GAVE you a full account of all matters between me and my Julia, in my last letter: I must now beg most earnestly of you to tell me whether there is not a fault in what I am going to do: I shall marry one woman and love another, pray excuse so wild a term, love another to distraction: I have this moment read over the marriage ceremony, and I am of opinion that I shall commit a sin in it. I know I can speak so to you, who think a sin no laughing matter; I seriously own that I think a sin no laughing matter, nor religion any laughing matter, though I am sorry to say, I am now amongst those who do so, gay folks who either laugh at religion because they know nothing of it, or make a jest of it because it forbids their vices: however, I would not be thought to call in religion to give me ground to disobey my father, or to lend a helping hand to get a beautiful woman: I have resigned myself to my parents, and, though in the madness of my love for Julia it is like enough that I may be extravagant, yet I seriously think that I cannot long survive this marriage, preparations for which are making with the utmost expedition, so much so that I am sure I shall not be a single man another fortnight. For heaven's sake, as you love me, my dearest Acerbus, give me your very best advice—read this ceremony with all attention—it is of all others the most dreadful thought, that I should stand guilty of perjury at the holy altar. I have read the ceremony over twenty times, and every time convinces me more than the other, that I shall commit a fault in what I shall now do: but yet,

seeing this through the medium of my love for Julia, the matter may be magnified, it is like it may; I am too much interested to judge for myself, I am indeed: it were like enough for a man in my situation to be a great deal more afraid of losing a beautiful girl whom he loves to distraction—there comes that word again—than of committing a fault: spare me not, my friend; but I know you will not sacrifice the truth to me. I am in such a predicament that I can write no letter without asking my father's leave—I have it to write to you—you may guess at my situation by this:—we are at Bath in the Upper Crescent—write immediately.

My dearest friend,

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE GROVE.

‘The Groves are at Bath, then!’ exclaimed Genevieve—‘no soul here knew what was become of them, or whither they were fled.—Lord and Lady Budemere took Charlotte to Bath last week I know very well—to be married it is now plain enough!—They will no more regard your letter, cousin, than they will regard the wind: they will be the death of George and Julia as much as if they shot both through the head—I’ll to Bath this moment—where are they?’ said she, snatching the letter out of the philosopher’s hand—‘O, in the Upper Crescent—I’ll to Bath this moment, and pull the Upper Crescent about their ears, and bury myself and the rest in the ruins, sooner than this match shall take place!’—And she was as good as her word as far as going to Bath, though, as good luck would have it, she did not lay violent hands upon any



of the buildings, but she laid violent hands on something else, as will be seen. She was gone in a moment, leaving the philosopher, upon his hands and knees, scrambling after his beetles, and, putting four post-horses to her carriage, off she went like smoke! the philosopher carried so much live stock about him that it was not very safe for any to come into his neighbourhood, for his clothes were full of beetles, bats, lizards, gryllotalpas and scolopendras that crawled all over him, and drew others which he never caught in search of their fathers, and mothers, husbands, wives, children, brothers, and sisters, and some after a time settled with their families and establishments in his garments.

But to return to Genevieve:—whatever else she might lose on the road, she certainly lost no time on it—in she came into Bath on a full gallop, and the post-horses were glad to get rid of her, for she paid the drivers well to give them a good spurring—away she went, with fresh horses, directly to the Upper Crescent, when she found a great crowd at Lord Budemere's door, and among other things, three or four carriages with servants and horses adorned with ribands; upon this she gave up all for lost and took it for granted that the wedding was over: she jumped out of her carriage in a moment, and, driving her way through the people, rang at the house door: a servant coming, she said she wished to speak a word with Mr. George Grove, whom she understood to be in that house. 'He is just going to be married, madam,' said the servant: 'O I know that very well,' said she, 'I will not detain him two minutes.' While the fellow was gone to bring George, Genevieve bit

her lips till they bled. George came to the door presently, and the moment she saw him she caught him up in her arms as one would a child, forced him into her carriage, and ordered the drivers to get out of Bath with all speed ! This thing, as it were like, filled the by-standers with great admiration : the post-boys exchanged a broad grin or two, put whip and spur to four very spirited horses, and were out of sight like a flash of lightning. One way to put a stop to a wedding is to take away the bridegroom ; and this was one reason why Lady Charlotte was not married to George Grove that morning, and none will make any objection, perhaps, to its being a very good one. Now it came to pass that the parson stood with his book, and the church doors open, and the clerk ready to do his proper office, when news was brought that a lady had seized George, put him into her carriage by force, and ran off with him at full speed : so the parson ordered the clerk to lock the doors and take care of the church. The servant, instead of giving an immediate alarm, stood some time chattering with the people at the street-door, until another came to make inquiries for the bridegroom, when both the servants came to tell the news together, at which the whole party, and that no small one, expressed great amazement. But as soon as the servant who stood by gave, upon being questioned, a description of Genevieve's person, it was soon known who it was that had run away with George Grove. Inquiries were now made as soon as possible in all directions, when Lord Budemere and Mr. Grove, taking the best intelligence they could get, and some servants, put themselves directly upon a pursuit. Genevieve

would have fairly outrun them, however, but for an accident ; poor George Grove fell ill, and she was forced to stop, put him to bed at an inn, and send for a medical man to attend him : he had, in fact, suffered so much of late, poor fellow, from grief and vexation, that he was much exhausted, and what with his weak state, and the perpetual worry of Genevieve's incessant tongue, giving reasons and making excuses for what she had done, he could stand his ground no longer, but was forced to lie by on the road to get a little strength to go on. Mr. Grove and the peer, running through the town in which George lay ill, caught sight of Lucy, Genevieve's maid, who stood, imprudently enough, fixed in admiration of a tawdry gown, displayed like a trap, in a draper's shop window : they stopped the carriage, and called to Lucy—and they called and called again, for the wary jade stood her ground like a statue, to coin a lie : one of the servants was then ordered to bring her to the carriage immediately, and it was demanded of her, under heavy threats, in what part of the town her mistress might be found. 'My mistress, my lord?' said she, for he was most eager to ask questions, 'I will shew you where she lives, presently.' 'Lives!' said his lordship. 'Yes, my lord,' said Lucy, 'she was alive this morning when she sent me to market.'—'Sent you to market?' quoth his lordship. 'Yes, my lord, sent me to market with a basket of ducks, which I have sold and am going home with the money in my hand, as you see,' shewing him the money which she held in her hand to buy the gown : 'ducks,' my lord, 'being but little in these parts.' 'The devil take your ducks! where is Miss

'Roma?' 'Miss De Roma!' quoth Lucy; does your lordship think I could live with a bad woman? I love my bones better than all that, so I goes and hires myself to a quiet farmer's wife, and will live upon bacon and cabbage my life sooner than wait upon any fashionable bad woman upon the face of the earth.' 'Drive!' quoth Lord Budemere: 'A good journey to your lordship,' quoth Lucy, making my lord and Mr. Grove one of her best courtesies. As soon as the carriage was got out of sight, Lucy went to her mistress, and told her what had happened, who could not help laughing at, though she felt like one who had been the cause of, such a scandalous lie. After a day and a night's rest, George Grove was able to proceed on his journey.

This thing, as it were like, occasioned a great deal of talk, and a great many stories were told upon it, and one very much to Genevieve's discredit, which was, that she put a pistol to George Grove's breast, and menaced him with death if he made any disturbance.—We do not pretend to exculpate Genevieve in this matter, but we will leave to say that this story is untrue: and for her being herself in love with him, though people will say strange things, it is a little extraordinary that any body should say such a thing as that; we just mention it, however, to prove how folks will go, when they are in a talking humour. Now, although we cannot exculpate Genevieve, something, we think, may be said in mitigation of the severe sentence passed upon her on this occasion: and first, the violence of the passions have been often pleaded in extenuation of the worst of crimes, murder itself has often been

softened down into manslaughter—if then where an ill motive produced the extravagance the violence of the mind comes in as an excuse, what may be said when love and friendship, amiable principles, push one on to a fault to serve a friend?—Genevieve dearly loved Julia and George too, and the thought of both being sacrificed to the avarice and vanity of their respective relations set her soul on fire—and, in truth, a man had as good struck a spark into a mine of gunpowder.

We shall take the opportunity to express our sorrow in this place and great regret, at having no such thing as either a man or a woman without a fault:—could we find such a thing it would give us much pleasure and satisfaction to introduce the same to our readers gratis—though we think we should rather find our account in putting up a painted cloth and blowing a horn, taking a shilling a-piece of all curious folks for a sight of such a phenomenon.

Genevieve had exhausted all her arguments upon George, and was fain to go over some of the old ground again to get him in a mind to proceed: he said, ‘glad as he was of an escape from committing what he thought a very great crime, and declaring in the church that it was his will to take a woman for his wedded wife, when, at the same time, nothing could be more contrary to it, yet he could not be brought to think that any good would come of the measure she had taken, for although the matter were deferred a little by it, he was sure it would not easily be given up.’ Genevieve replied, ‘If Julia and he would take her advice there would be little danger of that.’ George said, ‘he knew what she meant, but if he

could get the better of his own scruples upon it, he was sure Julia would never consent to marry him without leave.' Genevieve overruled this, and said, 'there were cases when one evil was to be weighed against another; parents bringing their children into such dilemmas, if any thing were done amiss it would be set down to their account: As to Mr. Grove, he had gone quite far enough to cancel all moral obligation on his ~~son's~~ part, pushing him forward with his eyes open upon no less a crime than a false oath at the altar; for, if his eyes were shut before the letter (meaning Acerbus's) were read to him, he could not choose but see every thing plainly enough when it had been: and to marry against his father's consent would certainly be a less evil of the two.' George seemed to think that all was not right in this argument, but either could not find out what were wrong in it, or had no mind to take any pains to look for it. Genevieve, however, held him fast between her and Lucy, and, after a long run on the turnpike road, on which Mr. Grove and the peer had won the race without knowing it, lodged him safely in her cottage, left him in the care of her old nurse, and made the best of her way to the castle to bring Julia to him. When she came there she found Mr. Grove and the peer had come before her, and told their story, and not a little glad were they to find Julia was safe in the house. Coming in, the first person whom she met was Old Crab: 'Ahey!' quoth he, 'whence came you, man-stealer?' 'I am just come off the road, uncle,' said she: 'Why, then,' quoth he, 'men may walk on it without any danger—are you run mad?

or, what the plague is come to you?" "I don't know if I have been mad," said she, "however, I am not mad now." "All the better," said he, "we might have had more men chopped up else." "What I have done I have done, uncle, I cannot now undo it, and do it better." "The devil's in't if you could, 'tis done and over done and any thing but well done!" quoth Old Crab. "So be it," said Genevieve, "I am like enough to meet with blame, I expect that, thanks will come after, as for blame I am prepared for it." "Prepared!" quoth he; "I don't know what the devil you are not prepared for, that could seize a young fellow by main force in a publick street, and carry him off neck and heels out of his friend's house whether he would or not: what Fury could drive you to do such a thing as this? and, pray, what the plague have you done with him, ate him?—bones and all, I warrant, for nothing could stick in your throat after such an exploit as this!" "No, uncle; I have not ate him, it was not upon my own account that I have done this thing, but for your daughter Julia's sake." "Yes, yes! you are like to mend matters finely, if all Bedlam let loose at once in a gang could not do it!" quoth Old Crab, and marched out of the house, having called to see Julia, who was getting very ill. Genevieve then ran up to Julia's apartment, and said, "she was come to give her an airing in her carriage," and began to put a cloak upon her: Julia exclaimed, "My dearest cousin, what have you done? Lord Budemere and Mr. Grove were here yesterday, and said, you had come to Bath and taken Mr. George Grove away, and they could not tell what you had done with him!" "My dearest girl," said she, "why do you ask a

thing which you know so well already? but come with me, and I will tell you a very odd story :’ saying which she slipped away with Julia, for she had left her carriage at the park gates lest the noise of it might bring her any hindrance if brought to the house, and putting Julia into it, leaped in after her, and took her directly to her cottage. Coming within a small distance of it, Julia espied a man walking on the margin of the lake : ‘Who is he,’ said Julia, ‘that walks there?’ ‘Why,’ said Genevieve, ‘if you had waited till I were come to the end of my story I would have told you : that is George Grove come out to look for us.’ Julia fluttered a great deal at the sight of him, and made some objections to going on. Genevieve, however, bore down all opposition, and wheeled Julia up to her cottage door : when, come behind a bank of rose trees, George was hidden by the roses. The old nurse, who had orders how to manage matters, took Julia into a little parlour, and, telling her that her mistress staid to give some orders to her servants and would come presently, retired. Julia sat down upon a sofa, a good deal agitated, but did her best to collect all her strength and spirits to see George, and for this purpose a space of about ten minutes was allowed her, when, on a sudden, the door was opened and George Grove came in : Julia arose, and took two or three steps to meet him, and, fainting away in his arms, dropt her face upon his bosom. George bore her as well as he could back to the sofa, and, observing one of her hands to be clasped, thinking a bottle of salts might be in it, opened her fingers, and found a little picture of himself which he had given her, held within them. She presently came to her



senses, and found George hanging over her as she lay reclined on the sofa, and his tears falling into her neck. After some mutual condolences, George told her, with an affectionate kiss, what was Genevieve's meaning in bringing him there, and that her carriage was held in readiness at the door to take them any where they pleased to go. Julia started immediately, and disentangled herself from George's arms, who held her fast to his bosom, and said, 'Surely I know you too well, my dearest George, to expect that you will urge me to this? are we not already quite miserable enough? but I shall wrong you with suspecting a thing of which you can never be guilty:—I cannot love you if I were to consent to make you more wretched and myself more miserable than we now are, but I should do a great deal worse than not love you if I thought you could second my dearest cousin in this matter.' 'O my dearest Julia,' said he, 'surely many and great allowances should be made for any in such a case as ours, if any thing can be excused.' 'Pray read that letter,' said she, taking the last he writ to her out of her bosom, 'read it attentively, before you speak another word.' 'I need not read it,' said he, 'for I very well know what I said in it, but, O my love, how easy a thing it is to say what ought to be done, and how hard to do what should be!' 'This is very true,' said she; 'but let us strive to the utmost to do our duty in this very distressing case: as matters are things may change in our favour, let us not by our own imprudence bar good fortune out: your last letter has given me great comfort, let us make it our rule, my dearest George, and we cannot long be miserable: I love you more

than I ever loved you for it, O do not what will make me love you less ! In regard to my dearest cousin's proposal, and I am sure she means well in it, yet I cannot, nay, I am sure you would have me rather die than agree to it : for, whatever turn things may take, whatever forgiveness may come, such an act will leave a deep wound in our bosoms, which, like an ulcer healed at top, will rankle underneath : if it please heaven that we should ever meet, my love, for indeed, indeed you are my love, said she, shaking him by the hand, while a tear stood on each cheek, let us not do that now which will then diminish our happiness. Go, my dearest George, resign yourself up to your father, who is now with Lord Budemere at Hindermark, and obey his commands.' ' But,' my dearest Julia, how can I do this, and break a higher command ? can I walk up to the communion-table and say that I am willing to take lady Charlotte Orby for my wedded wife and not utter the greatest falsehood that man ever spoke ? ' I had forgot that,' said Julia ; ' but what did you do with my cousin Acerbus's letter ? ' ' I read it to my father and my mother, and to Lord and Lady Budemere and others who were present, and it was held in contempt by some, and by others laughed at : I then took it to the clergyman who was to read the ceremony, and he said it was of considerable force, but, being a man low in the church, was under too much awe to say a word for me. What can be done, my Julia ? ' ' Done ! ' said she, ' can you hesitate one moment ? your duty, surely : speak for yourself at the altar, name your impediment and refuse to tell a lie there. To run away is a sign of guilt or fear, my love ;

let us stand our ground and fear nothing but to offend Him who will bless us and reward us if we do our duty.' George clasped Julia in his arms and held her to his bosom in silence. 'Farewell, George,' said she, 'go and do as I bid you:—upon which Genevieve's carriage, which was held in readiness at the door to have taken the lovers to Gretna Green if they had a mind to go there, served a very different purpose, and conveyed George to Hindermark, who, resigning himself into his father's hands, returned with him and Lord Budemere to Bath.

Genevieve, who had put herself into a closet to be witness to all that passed between George and Julia, when she found that George was come to a resolution to do as Julia had bid him, said but little, for he and Julia heaped gratitude and thanks enough upon her to satisfy any moderate person for all she had done for them, without dropping the most distant hint that could at all offend her; and, indeed, it would have been cruel so to have done, when she entered with so much spirit into their service. Old Crab, when he heard how Julia had acted in this matter, called her a good wench and kissed her cheek, which was one of the kindest things which he ever did to any body's FACE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Charlotte Orby's Plot to break off the Match between her and George Grove—Lord Budemere goes abroad—Lady Budemere and Lady Charlotte arrive at Oaken Grove—Genevieve's talk with the Philosopher—She falls into a muse—she and her Conscience pull caps—Frederick comes to Bath.

WE put an end to the last chapter with Old Crab's kissing his daughter as it were in token of his approbation of her conduct, which, we observed, with *infinite wit and humour*, and hope our readers will be of our mind, was one of the kindest things which he ever did to any body's *face*: but every body will scarce be of Old Crab's opinion in this thing, and the ladies, perhaps, the scarcest of all; who may go so far as to call Julia a great fool, having her lover in her arms and not unwilling to make a dash with her, a chariot and a pair of excellent horses standing ready at the door and at their service, and, notwithstanding so favourable an opportunity, sending George Grove, whom she was dying for, back again to his father to be married to another woman! Such was the fact, however, but whether she did right or wrong, great judges, and those that are not so, will determine. Now if one party call Julia a great fool, another will call her a heroine, and the like fine names, and cry up the thing as a noble victory over the passions: while squeamish, prudish, stupid, and foolish, and the like epithets fill the mouths of others. Poor George took his farewell of Julia, and stept heavily into the carriage, for Gene-

vieve let him find his way into it himself this time, and was drawn, like a corpse in a hearse, to Hindermark. Genevieve was now grown cool, cool as a bar of cold iron which had been red hot, and, sending her old nurse to take Julia back to the castle, fell into a muse. After a great battle had been fought in her brains, and argument encountered argument upon her conduct, her conscience took sides against her, and she and that divinity fell fearfully at odds: Poor Genevieve! she was fairly beaten out of the field and was forced to take shelter under her good intentions; she now saw that the heat of her friendship for George and Julia had run her into a fault: but yet she was loath to condemn herself, and could not clearly see how a kind heart could bring any body to blame.—Looking out of her window she saw the philosopher walking by the water-side with a book in his hands, she called to him seven-and-forty times before she could get his attention, for he was deep in Aristotle. ‘Ah, Jenny,’ said he, coming to the window which was open, ‘I was reading about women here, and your pretty face comes well enough as a commentary to the text.’ ‘Come in, cousin,’ said she, ‘I want to talk to you a little:’ her bright eyes flashed fire at being called pretty by Acerbus. ‘I was told,’ said the philosopher, ‘that you had got my friend George here, so took my book in my hands and walked this way to see him.’ Genevieve was a little mortified at this, who had quite as lief he had come that way to see her; she proceeded, however, to tell him all that had passed between George and Julia at her cottage; when the philosopher, having heard all with exceeding

gravity, said, 'It was very well: but we must distinguish one thing from another in this matter,' continued he, putting the fore-finger of his right hand upon Genevieve's bosom, for no other purpose but to call her attention, it made her blush however, 'we must distinguish one thing from another in this matter: as thus:—You have a very kind warm heart, Jenny, and always had, and I love you for it, but you have been led to do what you ought not to have done.' 'Then you condemn me, do you, cousin?' said she in a lively manner. 'Yes, yes,—condemn—yes—I disapprove—it is one thing to condemn, and another thing to disapprove: to omit the cause of the cause of the cause of the thing caused, we will be content with the causation of the thing caused, and this was love: what you have done was not done out of malice, if so we must have condemned the thing, but out of love, and if so we must disapprove, not love the cause, but the thing caused by love: now answer me, is that which causes a bad thing a good thing or a bad thing?' 'Why, a bad thing to be sure,' said she. 'Is love a good thing or a bad thing?' 'Why, a good thing, certainly,' said she. 'Is robbing another of the thing that is his, a good thing?' 'No,' said she, 'it is a bad thing.' 'Is the cause of a bad thing a good thing or a bad thing?' 'Why it must be a bad thing.' 'Then,' said he, 'if you have answered rightly, love cannot be a good thing if it causes a bad thing.' 'You blockhead,' said Genevieve, 'how you twist one about!—when I said love was a good thing, I meant a good thing in itself.' 'But,' said he, 'when I asked you, if the cause of a bad thing were a good thing or a bad thing, what did you

answer?" 'Why, I own, I said it must needs be a bad thing,' said she. 'Did you answer right or wrong?' said he. 'Why, I answered without feeling my ground,' said she, 'I confess.' 'Come,' said he, 'is robbery a bad thing?' 'Yes,' said she. 'Is to steal a child from its parents a good thing or a bad thing though caused by a good thing?' said he. 'How you tangle things together,' said she, 'I can't say yes and no at the same time.' 'True,' said he, 'but you can say no, first, and then you can say yes, afterwards: can the same thing be a good thing at the same time and a bad thing?' 'No, you blockhead,' said she. 'What causes a bad thing is bad, or what shall we say?' 'Why certainly,' said she. 'Then if a good thing causes a bad thing the same thing is a good thing and a bad thing, or shall we deny it?' 'You fool,' said she, 'I know very well what I mean but I cannot speak it out.' 'Is the thing you would speak out if you could a right thing or a wrong thing?' said the philosopher. 'Why, it is a right one,' said she. 'Perhaps you mean to say,' said he, 'that it is the use which we put a thing to makes it right or wrong, good or bad?' 'Now you have hit it,' said she, 'that is what I would say.' 'Then,' said he, 'did you put your love for George and Julia to a right use when you robbed George's parents of their child?' She was silent. 'If you put it to a wrong use,' continued the philosopher, 'your love, according to your own account of the matter, was a bad thing and a wrong thing, or how shall we unsay what we have said?' 'I don't know how it is, but I never can talk to you as I can to any body else,' said Genevieve, 'whether you are a greater fool than any body else, or

whether I am a greater fool than you, or whether two great fools cannot talk together, or for whatever reason it is—'What is a fool?' said the philosopher.—She hesitated. 'Come,' said he, 'let us go and look the word out in the dictionary, for we don't seem to know what it is, and then we may know if it means you or me.' 'Why, you great dunce,' said she, 'I know well enough what it is without looking it out in the dictionary.' 'Come,' said he, 'tell me what it is.' 'It is an idiot,' said she. 'That is only another word for the same thing, when I ask for a definition,' quoth the philosopher. 'What is a definition?' said she. 'Why,' said he, 'it tells us to what set of things any thing belongs, and tells us too how it differs from other things: now a wise man belongs to one set of things, and a fool to another, because they differ, but if I were to ask you if a fool in the form of a man were a man, or a wise person in the form of a man were a man, you would say what?' 'Why,' said she, 'I should say they were so far both of them men.' 'Well, that is the set of things to which they belong so far, but then comes the difference, that is, between a wise man and a fool, and what is it?' 'Why,' said she, 'want of understanding.' 'Well, that may do,' quoth the philosopher: 'now can you tell what is the definition of a fool?' 'O yes,' said she, 'a man that wants understanding.' 'How did you answer then at first, like a wise woman, or a foolish one?' Genevieve gave the philosopher a box on the ear: upon which he snatched up his Aristotle and ran out of the house: Genevieve jumped up to stop him, but he was out of sight in a moment. She was very much in love with him, and was sadly afraid that



she had offended him, and fell to abusing herself for what she had done, when old nurse returned with a note of invitation for her to the castle.

We must now follow George Grove back again to Bath, whither he went with a resolution to refuse Lady Charlotte's hand at the altar. This match was a money job on the part of Lord Budemere, to which Mr. Grove, quite that sort of fish to be caught with a title, was drawn by the wily peer, who so managed the matter as to lay him under a legal tie to advance his lordship fifty thousand pounds on the day after the marriage, his lordship standing sorely in need of a little ready cash just at that time: Lady Charlotte's fortune left her by an aunt was fifty thousand more, now, she being come of age, in her own possession: and his lordship made an attempt to get hold of the key of her ladyship's strong box, by holding out an estate by way of pledge to her, as well as Mr. Grove, for the payment of the money at his death, engaged, in the mean time, to pay interest, on which the young couple were to live. Lady Charlotte said, 'if she gave up her money to any body it should certainly be given up to her father, but told the lawyers that it was quite as safe in her own pocket.' This gave the peer a fit of the colick; he and his stomach, however, were left to shift for themselves; he made sure of Mr. Grove's money, at all events, who was tied down safe enough to his bargain, by Petticraft and the rest of the lawyers; and had gone so far as to vest the money in his banker's hands, ready for an order.

Lady Charlotte, upon meeting George Grove at his return, shook hands with him, and said, 'It is well, Mr. Grove, that Jenny has not swal-

Howed you alive—or did she gulp you down and then cast you up again, as the whale served poor Jonas? If you really and truly did go down her throat, clothes and all, pray, how long did you stay in her stomach, and how did you like your new habitation? a full and true account of your travels down the red lane, and what happened to you afterwards, were very well worth publishing, and would make me some amends for having you snatched out of my mouth, and pushed into another's in this rude manner.' George then told his story with a melancholy face; when she replied, 'How far you have done right I shall not pretend to say; but this I will say, that if I had been in your place, and loved Julia better than I had loved Charlotte Orby, I would have made a far different use of my liberty than you did.' 'What would, what could your ladyship have done?' said he. 'Done!' said she; 'you have not half spirit enough for a lover; I'd have pounced upon Julia like an eagle, thrust her into Jenny's carriage, and whisked her off to Gretna Green to the old blacksmith, got well rivetted, and left her to preach her sermons at her leisure. Come, come, this is a good sign after all—you must love me best of the two, or you never could have let slip such an opportunity as seldom falls to the share of any lover.' 'Upon my honour, and upon my soul,' said he, 'I do not—I should be a villain if I deceived you.' 'Then,' said she, 'I will marry you on purpose to plague you for leaving Julia, who is dying for you, in the lurch, when you might have been man and wife by this time—just as if a man who was really and truly in love would have stood gaping and staring at a parson in petticoats—'twas nothing

but a little prudishness which she put on to try you, and was most lamentably disappointed at finding such a poor creature, instead of a young man of spirit and gallantry—O Mr. Grove, Mr. Grove, the ladies will laugh at you as long as you live.’ Saying which, she danced out of the room singing a sprightly air, ran up into her bed-chamber, and burst into tears. This was a very odd thing, but her ladyship’s feelings got the better of her, and she just made her escape in time.

Lord and Lady Budemere, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, and others of their party, expecting no other impediment to their wishes, gave their time to visitings and amusements, in order to allow George Grove, who was ill, a little space to recruit his strength before another day was fixed for his nuptials.

Lady Charlotte, who could put on twenty different faces, and make every one become her too, was sometimes serious, sometimes gay, and played so many tricks that some thought she had grown tired of her wits, and was going to run out of them, or beside them.

During the interval between George’s return, and the second day, which was now fixed, a matter came to pass, which, falling in regular order of time, must be given some account of before we proceed to the catastrophe of his matters with Lady Charlotte Orby.

This was, the return of Frederick, Mr. De-castro’s eldest son, to England, with his two friends Dogger and Barret, who, after running about the continent for their own amusement, came and took up their abode in Paris, and got so much in debt in it that they were forced to

run out of it, or they might have staid a little longer in it than had been agreeable. But, although Dogger and Barret had been imprudent enough, Frederick loved his own ease too well to get into debt for more than he were able to pay, nor had he done so, but that his remittances from England had, upon some account, been withheld, and he was forced, though sorely against his will, to come home to look into the matter. The murder of his brother and the fear of being put in mind of his faults by the hangman, had kindled a hell within him which tormented him with unremitting fires, and, although no search had been made for him, Old Crab having been overruled in that matter, the apprehension of it was plague enough, and called upon him to be upon the look out. The first thing which he did upon his landing, after having punished his agent for playing the rogue with his money, was to change his name, and put on a disguise: he took a house near the banks of the river Dee, which had belonged to a smuggler, and lived like a gentleman with a pretty fortune; this house had subterranean passages under its foundation, which led to secret caves and cellars, excavated by the late owner, for the purpose of concealing smuggled goods, to which Frederick, who sometime or other might, as he thought, be glad enough of a hiding-place, had not the least objection; with this view he furnished two of the largest of these vaults, which, conveniently enough, communicated with each other, putting a bed into one, and making a little parlour of the other, which had a fire-place in it, for the purpose of keeping the goods dry that were deposited in these vaults, the chimney joining one in the

voted on his part that the matter might be dropped; indeed, if vengeance at all weighed in the matter, it was thought that the punishment would be more severe to let him wander, if alive, a vagabond upon the earth, bereft of his patrimony and his friends, a martyr to his own conscience, than to bring him to justice for what he had done.' Frederick did not much like the taste of this part of his uncle's talk, and turned the conversation to other matter, but the answers to his questions were not much more to his liking, for he was informed that his brother was alive and to come in for his estates, and that he was soon to be married to a rich cousin of his, Miss De Roma:—though his lordship spoke a little grating here, every body saw how fond Genevieve was of Acerbus, and might easily forelay the event of such her fondness. This intelligence came into Frederick's heart like a bullet, and put him so much off his guard, that he owed a good deal more to the darkness of the room, and the excellence of his disguise, than to his presence of mind, for his concealment. The earl asked him what it was that disturbed him so much? He said that the Miss De Roma, whom he had named, had used his son very ill who had paid his addresses to her. 'I heard,' replied his lordship, 'that some foreign person had paid his addresses to my niece'—(his lordship meant Baron Rump)—and was going on, when Frederick, having got what he wanted, said he had some business, and, giving his lordship his address in Bath, where he said he might be heard of at any time within fourteen months, the earl made his speeches and his bow and left the room.—As soon as his uncle was gone, he started out of his

chair, and, pacing furiously about his apartment, gave vent to the tempest in his mind. The thought that Acerbus, whom he mortally hated, should take the estates which ought to come to him, and marry Genevieve too, whom he loved both for her person and her money, and by whom he had been so harshly rejected, almost made him mad. Colonel Barret, who had been to the baths, now came in, and Frederick told him all that had passed between himself and his uncle, and fell to vowing vengeance against Genevieve and his brother, of whose resurrection from the dead and good prospects in life he fully informed the colonel. Barret, who had likewise been refused by Genevieve, to whom he also had paid his addresses, willingly enough came into Frederick's plan of revenge, and promised, with an oath, to give him all the assistance in his power in any plot against her ; and a dreadful plot was formed by them and one Dogger, who soon after joined them in Bath.—Frederick, who, like the devil in Milton, was the captain of his gang, as soon as the scheme was formed, offered, like old satan, to take the dangerous part upon himself, to go to Oaken Grove upon an expedition of inquiry, and see how the land lay for the execution of his plot. They were detained, however, some time in Bath by Colonel Barret's illness, the waters having brought on a fit of the gout which laid him under the scourge for some time. We have an opportunity here to give a short account of Barret's sufferings and terrours, who was brought into great danger by the gout, sometimes in his head, and sometimes in his stomach, so much so as to be at one time given over by his physicians, and advised to get ready to die : in this extremity he

sent for Frederick to his bed-side, told him that he heartily repented of uniting with him in a plot against Genevieve, and called heaven to witness that if he were permitted to get the better of his disease, that he would have no hand in it whatever: when, having much lamented this and many other bad things, he made his will, and, bequeathing all the money which he had got by the devil's help, in two equal shares to his friends Dogger and Frederick, laid his head upon his pillow, and said, he believed that he should go to hell. His disorder, however, took a favourable turn; a regular fit of the gout came into his hands and feet, and in six weeks time he was upon his legs again, and better in health than he had been for many years, for the gout had the same effect as a thunder storm has in the air, it cleared his constitution.—Now the devil, whom the gout had driven out of Barret amongst other bad matters, came back again with Barret's health and spirits; his great fright was made a jest of by himself and his friends, and they left Bath with a determination to put their plot into execution against Genevieve.

Of this matter thus far: we must now return to George Grove and Lady Charlotte Orby; but the reader, perhaps, will be glad of a little rest here, we will therefore consult his ease, and break this chapter into two pieces for that purpose.

## CHAPTER VIII.

In Continuation.

LADY Charlotte was in a situation very little to be envied by some, though, perhaps, it might be even prayed for by others, who take it into their heads that they only want opportunities to be great heroines, which, if it were an easy thing to be, would be no matter of admiration.—Lady Charlotte was in love with George Grove and loved Julia at the same time, though these two were very different passions: in a word, after weighing matters much in her mind, she came to a resolution not to marry George, though she loved him, and knew she might have him if she pleased, nay, that he would be absolutely forced upon her whether she would or not; and this her resolution was a very noble resolution, and taken for the sake of George and Julia, for she loved them both, as we have said: but how this her resolution was to be made good was now to be considered: it was certainly a great sacrifice on her part, and had great merit, and the more so as she kept it a secret, and did a good thing for the sake of the thing, and not for the sake of getting praised for it: and it came to our knowledge by a very strange accident, which the reader must content himself not to know: now, by the way, the true heroine never does any thing for the sake of praise or admiration, she is always above such things, and that it is which makes her one. The doing any thing and putting it out to the publick view in order to get praised for it, has nothing great in it, but something that is very



little. Lady Charlotte had her faults, and the means she took to get rid of George Grove may be by some put down amongst them, and by others again scored amongst her virtues, we shall leave, however, the matter to be sifted by such as will take the liberty to think themselves very wise in spite of others, and their stars to boot, and quit this tattle to come back to our history.

Her ladyship coming into the room with her eyes red and wet, her mother asked her what she had been crying for? She said she had been crying because she wanted to be married. 'Well,' said Lady Budemere, 'the day is not at any great distance, cannot you be content to wait a few days for a husband?' 'A husband!' said Lady Charlotte, 'what do you mean by a husband?' 'Why,' said Lady Budemere, 'by a husband I mean Mr. George Grove; you will be married to Mr. George Grove, and then you will have a husband.' 'Mr. George Grove would be a husband indeed, mamma,' said she, 'but I am sure I shall never have him, there's no such good news.' 'Heavens! Charlotte,' said Lady Budemere, 'you must have lost your wits; you know as well as I do that every thing is settled, and as soon as Mr. George Grove gets a little better you will be married.' 'I will not believe it,' said Lady Charlotte, 'nor would I have you believe it, mamma.—In the first place Julia is too good to be deprived of him; in the second place, he is too good to be mine; and in the third place, I am not good enough to be his; so if common justice be done I am sure we shall never come together.' 'You like to hear yourself talk, Charlotte,' replied the countess; 'there

is nothing now like to hinder matters, Julia herself, you find, would not have him, but absolutely laid her commands on him to return to his father and his duty, so you need not stick any longer at Julia, she has discarded him, you see, and he is and will be all your own ; all objections on that point are done away, she has turned her thoughts to the young farmer, that is plain enough.'—'No, but she has not though—I am sure of that by what I have been told by George Grove, mamma; she would have him and be glad to have him, but told him she would not marry him to make herself and him miserable, which would be if she could not have him as she ought to have him, with the consent of all parties ; you see with what notions Julia has been bred, Julia will die, and be glad to die rather than do a wrong thing : now if ever a good girl met with her reward on earth she will have George—put my words down.' The countess laughed. 'You may laugh, mamma, but she will have him for all that :—I know I shall never have George, and that makes me cry, because I love George and cannot get him, and never shall, so don't be so silly as to make a fuss about nothing, with your preparations for a wedding that will never be while the sun shines in the sky.' 'The sun's shining time is like soon to be over then,' said the countess with another laugh, 'for all parties are now agreed upon the thing, and nothing but the death of one or both of you can hinder it, Charlotte.' 'How sure we can be of a thing, mamma,' said Lady Charlotte, 'when we are not at all sure of it at the same time!—Go and fetch George and we will be married in the garrets now this moment, and then you shall lock us in and put the

key in your own pocket, mamma, it is the only way to make a sure thing of it, for if Jenny should lay her great claws upon him a second time she may eat him if she happens to be in the humour, and not leave me a bit. But, after all, if Julia keeps George's heart I shall make but a bad match of it,—yet surely if he had not liked me the best he never would have come back to me: for what other reason could he have for running away from Julia? But the worst of it is, he has such a regard for duty, and such nonsense, I know he had rather die than disobey his father and mother, if they roasted a cat and bade him eat it. I shall always be in doubt about his heart, however, and what's Mr. Grove to me if Julia keeps the best part of him? It may look a little bold, perhaps, but I am determined to examine Mr. Grove before I go any further in this thing; and if you and Mrs. Grove are in the room at the time there will be no great harm in it; I think I have a right to know whether he will marry me because he likes me better than Julia, or because he is afraid his mamma should whip him if he does not.' George came in at that moment, and her ladyship went on—'Come, Mr. Grove, stand here at my knee, I must ask you some questions: Do you know that we are to be married in a few days?' 'I do,' said he, with a sigh. 'What do you sigh for? because it is so long to wait for me?' 'No,' said he. 'Now pray, Mr. Grove, answer me, when two folks are to be married, don't you think they ought to like one another better than every body else?' 'I do,' said he. 'Come, sir, mind you answer me as you ought to do, or your mamma has promised to whip you.' 'My dear Lady Char-

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lotte,' said George, with a sad face, 'pray don't talk in this manner, indeed I am in no humour for a jest, indeed I am not.' 'There is no jest in the case, sir:—tell me, has Julia your heart, or has she not? answer me, for if she has I will not marry you, I won't indeed: a fine thing truly, if Julia is to keep the pearl and leave me to put up with the shell. I am in earnest; which of us do you like the best? tell me this moment.' 'My dear Lady Charlotte, I wish I could be merry with you—but you must excuse me.'—Upon which he was going away, when her ladyship ran to the door after him, caught him by the arm, and brought him back, and said, 'You take it into your head that you are doing a fine thing to sacrifice me, and yourself too, to a whim of your father's,—yet I beg to say, that whatever you may think about doing your duty to your father, in giving yourself up to his freaks, your duty to your neighbour may go a-begging, and your duty to yourself may go after it.—Have you no consideration for Julia, or for me? are we to be made fools of? or, to go no further, will you do me the greatest injury in your power, for I had rather you would cut my head off than marry me and love another, because you must needs stick at nothing to obey your father's orders? You must excuse me, Mr. Grove, 'tis time to speak our minds, do you love Julia at this moment better than me?' 'My dear Lady Charlotte, I could love you, indeed I could, but you well know Julia has my heart.' 'This is very fine,' said her ladyship, 'is not this very fine?—Sooner than marry a man without a heart I'll marry an ox.' 'Come,' said Lady Budemere, 'you will carry the jest too far,—all's settled now, you

know, Charlotte.' 'All's settled, mamma, pray who is Mr. All? I shall beg to tell this Mr. All in his ear, that he shall not make me and my friends miserable; I did not know if Mr. Grove might not like me better than Julia, but he still sticks to Julia and I can't blame him for that,—and I am sure it will never be a match.' Lady Budemere laughed, and asked her how she came to take that into her head? 'Because, mamma, I am sure Julia is too good, and Mr. Grove too good, to be made wretched all their lives.' 'You're a comical girl, Charlotte,' said the countess. At that moment Petticraft, the attorney, came in, and said that Lord Budemere wished to speak with Lady Charlotte in the next room. Upon her ladyship's appearing in it, 'Charlotte,' said his lordship, 'we cannot go on here without you; Mr. Petticraft will explain the thing.' Upon which Petticraft, taking some skins of parchment in his hands, spake thus: 'It appears by your aunt's will, my lady, that your ladyship comes into full possession of your ladyship's fortune at the age of one and twenty, and it appears here by an extract from the register of the parish wherein your ladyship was christened, that your ladyship hath already arrived at, and fully completed the said term aforesaid: therefore, my lady, your ladyship is now whole and sole mistress of your ladyship's fortune, left your ladyship by your ladyship's aunt Margaret, to all intents and purposes whatever: now for and in consideration of Mr. Grove having laid himself under legal tie, here it is, to pay, or cause to be paid, into my lord your ladyship's father's hands, or to his order, the sum of fifty thousand pounds in lawful money of Great Britain, for his whole

and sole use, and to be his own true and lawful property, to do with the said sum of money as to him it shall seem good, save and except the interest thereof, for the payment whereof certain lands thereunto fully competent will be saddled and charged, your ladyship is desired to make over, pay, or cause to be paid into his lordship's your ladyship's father's hands, or to his order, fifty thousand pounds, being the whole of your ladyship's fortune, for his whole and sole use, and to be his own true and lawful property to do with the same as to him it shall seem good, save, and except the interest thereof, for the payment whereof certain lands thereunto fully competent will be saddled and charged, as in Mr. Grove's case aforesaid: provided always that his lordship, for himself and his heirs, covenants and agrees to make the lands aforesaid responsible for the said two sums of fifty thousand pounds each, to be duly and truly paid at his death, to him the said Mr. Grove, and his heirs, and to you, or to whom your ladyship shall direct or appoint—furthermore—' 'Pray, sir,' said Lady Charlotte, 'when is Mr. Grove bound to pay down his fifty thousand pounds?' 'The next day after the solemnization of the marriage, my lady.' 'Mr. Grove is a prudent man; and as for my money, sir, I will keep it in my own pocket; my papa will have quite trouble enough with Mr. Grove's money, so I think it best not to add to it; therefore, Mr. Petticraft, I will keep my money in my own pocket as aforesaid.' 'But, my lady, when your ladyship is married, your ladyship's husband will—' 'O sir, let not that trouble you—I know how to keep things in my own pocket—I'll be husbanded by no hus-

bands, I nor my money either, and as to my poor papa, he will have trouble enough of his own without my charging or saddling him, as you call it, with my fortune: I am sure my papa only wishes to put my money in a safe place, but it is put into a very safe place already, videlicet, in my own pocket, and there it will lie till I please to move it.' 'Mr. George Grove has the character of a very sober steady young man,' said Petticraft, 'but, my lady, we cannot tell what turn the young gentleman may take.' 'O sir,' said Lady Charlotte, 'let him take what turn he will, he never will turn my money out of my pocket, I have taken care of that.' 'You have, my lady, have you?—put it under trust, perhaps, or—' 'I will save you the trouble of fishing for it, sir, you will not know any thing about the matter, so set your heart at rest:' saying which she left his lordship, and the lawyers, to their parchments and their meditations, and Lord Budemere, for some reason, said not a word. Now it happened on the day when all was ready for the marriage, and a world of fine folks were come, Mr. Grove, who had not yet made his appearance, came into the church in great agitation, seized his son George violently by his arm, pulled him out of the place by main force, and left all the said fine folks with their eyes a yard wide open. 'If people go on so,' said Lady Charlotte, 'I must die an old maid at last!' 'Verily,' quoth Doctor Fiftycex, D. D. 'we can do nothing in the way of matrimony without a bridegroom,' and, shutting up his book, put those muscles in motion, which, under due directions, move a man out of a church. This move of the doctor's did not take place, however, until Lord

Budemere, who followed Mr. Grove, to bring him and the bridegroom back perhaps, returned, and said, that he got out just in time to see Mr. Grove put the bridegroom into a coach, and drive off with him, and, as he guessed by the great trunks buckled upon it, had no mind to stop at a mile's end. 'Now,' said Lady Charlotte, 'what a pretty fool I look like ! Come, papa, let us all get into our carriages, and have another run after Mr. George Grove ; we had better do any thing than stay in Bath to be laughed at.' Now, in a fit of astonishment, whether the mind is too much engaged with the oddity of some wonderful occurrence to take any care of the muscles which keep the mouth shut, or however the matter be, the lower jaw is apt to drop and leave the same wide open, this, let the learned account for it, was just the case in the church, where fifty people were assembled to see a wedding which they did not see, and the best reason we can give for that, is, because there was not one : recovering presently from this apoplectick stroke, all the tongues in the place began to move, to pour out notes of admiration at what had befallen, and every body said that it was the oddest thing they had ever seen in their lives—which now remains to be accounted for.

This is a very bad business, and we could be glad, for obvious reasons, to bury it in oblivion, but fifty stories are got abroad upon it, and, as good luck would have it, not only not one out of the fifty is the right story, but, bad as the truth is, every one is worse than the truth, which now remains to be told : a man's vices are sure to keep a rod in pickle for him ; the Earl of Budemere is one instance out of many : a man may hold two



churches by dispensation, but he cannot, in England, get a dispensation for holding two wives; so Lord Budemere held two without one, and, not content with this, committed adultery with another man's wife into the bargain: a pretty brood of chickens to be hatched under one hen, but such is the fact: now one would think the world might be satisfied with such a story as this, but the liquor is never strong enough for such as are used to drink drams:—if a duel or two, or a murder could come in, how nice it would make the story! and they were put in, for the earl was said to fight two, and kill one man upon the spot: we must peel off these duels and this murder, however, dirt which the story has picked up by rolling about in a world which is not very clean: there were no such things—for Colonel R. agreed to compromise his wife's honour for a sum of money now under demand; and Miss F's family, who were extremely poor, were to be bought off too, and these two sore places, unluckily for Lord Budemere, wanted plasters at the same time, and put him into great perplexity, for the demands were high, and his lordship's affairs in a very shattered condition. The reader sees plainly what a timely supply Mr. Grove's fifty thousand pounds were like to be, and Lady Charlotte's fortune too, if it could have been come at, but her ladyship took better care of the key of her strong box. We need not draw Miss F's family out of its obscurity any further than to say that she was the daughter of a very worthy clergyman, who was too well guarded against accidents for his lordship to get possession of her in any other way than by marrying her, under a feigned name, which he made no scruple to do, without

any fear of the countess before his eyes. How the devil brings a man into trouble and leaves him in the middle of it! A rheumatick gout brought the reverend Mr. F. to Bath a little time before George Grove was to be married to Lady Charlotte, and a very few days after Colonel R. had hid himself and his butler in his wife's room, and detected his lordship in a situation which cannot be named:—storms sometimes follow one another:—Lady Charlotte, who left no stone unturned for a plot to break off the match with George Grove, and had formed a scheme for that purpose which perhaps would have done for want of a better, but a better was found—Lady Charlotte was walking in Bath one evening, and had left her footman to bring some parcels which she had bought, when she met lord Bademere coming, not in a run, but very near it, who, seeing her, took the first turn and disappeared in a moment without staying to answer a question which she put to him, which somewhat surprised her ladyship: presently she met an old gentleman coming on two crutches, who seemed to be in chase of something with all his impediments, for he was in a heat and a bustle, and asked her which way the gentleman were gone whom she had just met? Her ladyship plainly saw, from his agitated manner, that he had some very particular engagement with her father, and was curious enough to pump the old man upon two sticks for the matter:—‘Do you know that gentleman, sir,’ said she, ‘who just passed me?’ ‘Know him?’ quoth the old man, ‘yes, very well—he is my son-in-law.’ Lady Charlotte would have kept her colour if she could, but she turned pale, and, being a rosy girl, it could not

escape any who could see a woman's face by day-light. 'Madam,' said the old man, 'if I may be so free, will you allow me to ask you what it is in what I have said that turns you so pale?' 'O,' said she, 'the person of whom you spoke is a relation of mine, that's all.' 'If that is the case we are related too, madam; for that gentleman, whom you call your relation, has married my daughter.' Lady Charlotte could not keep herself quiet for her heart, but changed colour and panted, and tried to conceal her agitation, which made it worse. 'I beg for your excuse, madam,' said the old man; 'but will you favour me so far as to say if this person be nearly related to you, or not?' 'He is only my father, sir,' said she. 'Then your name,' continued he, 'must be Morris.'—'No, sir,' said she, 'my name is not Morris.' 'I am afraid you will think me too bold,' said he, 'but may I beg for your name, madam?' 'I am not at all surprised at your curiosity, sir,' said she, 'for I own I have at this moment quite as much as you—and if you will answer me all my questions I will as faithfully answer all yours—to begin, my name is Lady Charlotte Orby, and his name, who is oddly enough become the subject of our conversation, is the Earl of Budemere. The old man took a step or two back and dropped his shoulder against the wall of a house to support him; Lady Charlotte gave the old gentleman what assistance she could, and sent her footman, who then came up, for a chair; the old man was put into it, and the chairmen, taking the direction where to go, carried him away. Lady Charlotte excused the thing to her servant by saying the old man was taken ill in the street, and walked home. As soon as it grew a little dark.

Lady Charlotte, who took care not to forget the old gentleman's address, wrapped herself up in a cloak and slipped out unobserved, and coming to the door of a house in an obscure street, knocked at it, when a beautiful young woman neatly dressed came and asked her for her errand. Her ladyship said she was ordered by Lady Charlotte Orby, to inquire how the old gentleman did whom she had sent home in a chair? 'It was my father,' said she, 'and I humbly thank her ladyship for her goodness to him; he is gone to bed, for he said he was a little worse this evening; and, indeed, that was all he did say.' 'Pray, madam,' said her ladyship, 'will you allow me to ask if you are Mrs. Morris?' She said she was. 'I am a little tired,' said her ladyship, 'may I beg a chair for five minutes?' She was then shown into a neat little parlour, and sitting down, said, she knew Mr. Morris very well. Lord Budemere had carried on his intrigue in this poor family with such an air of mystery as had excited no small curiosity in it about him, which made the poor young woman eager enough to ask questions, by which Lady Charlotte soon found that the old gentleman had retired without telling his daughter the news which he picked up in the street. Upon which her ladyship thought it better to leave it to another to explain matters, so, by evading some questions, asking, and answering others, she fished out the following facts: That she, Mrs. Morris, met with his lordship in a stage-coach, who came into it, as she thought, for no other reason than because she was in it, that he followed her into Cornwall, and took a lodging in her village, that he made several attempts to get her for his mistress, and, finding at last all means vain except

honourable ones, he paid his addresses to her, and had been married to her two years and an half, the fruits of which marriage were two fine babes which she then shewed to her ladyship : pressed as he had often been both by herself and her relations to say who he was, and what were his family, he always declined giving any account of such matters upon account of a quarrel in it, and why that should be the reason of his concealment he would not say : he always had a great deal of money, and from his air and manner seemed to be some superiour person : used to leave her at times for two months together, going to London, as he said, to try to make up family broils, and would be so engaged very often as to stay only a few days with her ; that his manner was very kind and attentive to her, and seemed very fond of her little ones : her father, she said, was come to Bath for the use of the waters, and they had left a letter for him, should he come, for he was not at home when they came away, to say that they were gone to Bath. Lady Charlotte then left the house, saying, that it were not unlikely that she, or Lady Charlotte Orby herself, might call the next day, who, she added, felt very much upon her father's account. After this curious adventure some wet days and a bad cold confined her ladyship to her room for a week, who, after a good deal of balancing matters in her mind, came to a determination to keep the thing a secret for the present, but soon took an opportunity to call on Mrs. Morris, whom she found overwhelmed with sorrow, her father having communicated the sad news to her that her husband was none other than the Earl of Budemere, then living with his countess in Bath. Lady Char-

lotte comforted her as well as she could, and told her she had nothing to accuse herself of but a little indiscretion in marrying one whom she knew so little of; that not knowing Lord Budemere to be a married man she could be guilty of no crime, on the contrary, had great merit in withstanding every wicked solicitation, which was more than many could have done in like circumstances. While they were talking, the poor girl's father came in, and Lady Charlotte said she had taken the liberty to call to ask him how he did, and was glad to see that he had left off his sticks. He said her ladyship did him much honour, that he was much better, and believed the great distress and agitation of his mind had been so far of use to him as to remove his complaint; that since he met her ladyship in the street, and he begged again to thank her for her kind assistance, he had sent several letters to the Earl of Budemere, but could get no answer to any but the last, in which he had found himself under a necessity to mix threats with entreaties: he had consulted a lawyer on his case, (who happened to be Petticraft, his lordship's solicitor,) and was advised by him, having due regard to his lordship's high rank, to come to some private compromise in the business, which might be done without making any disturbance in his lordship's family: he had held off, however, and thought that such crimes ought not to lie hid, that, be the man what he might, he ought to be made a publick example, and in the mind he then was, such was his determination. Lady Charlotte said that the injury which her father had done his family was certainly extremely serious, so much so that it could be by no means repaired; she was of opinion,

however, that it were better to follow the advice of the lawyer, and make no noise in the business. The old man said, that he felt it to be a duty which he owed to society to drag such a delinquent into light, and make a publick example of him. 'The mouse,' said her ladyship, 'had best let the lion alone; you are, sir, none other than a poor curate, as your daughter informs me, and as little able to stand your ground in this thing as the little creature which I have just named against the king of the beasts.' He made answer, 'that her ladyship's comparison had nothing to do with him; he lived in a country that would give him justice if he asked for it, and, weak as he might be, he would do his best to pull such a huge mass of guilt into the sight of the world.' 'You may conceive, sir,' said she, 'what I must feel upon this shocking subject; I have kept it at present a secret in my breast.'—The old man said it should not be a secret long; he felt much for her ladyship, and others, as innocent as herself, but he expected the lawyer presently, meaning Petticraft, and was determined to prosecute such a villain with the utmost rigour of the law. He made an apology to her ladyship for using so harsh a word, but hoped that the agonies of his mind might excuse an intemperate expression.—Lady Charlotte said, she was ready to make every allowance, and taking a promise that every word which had passed between herself and them should be strictly kept a secret, left the house, and, concealing herself in a corner, saw Petticraft go into it. Lawyers, who live and breathe amidst storms and tempests and outrageous passions, are never so much in their element as when all the elements are in disorder; Petticraft ad-

vised the poor parson to be quiet, told him that his lordship had some good livings in his gift, and one likely soon to fall, of five hundred pounds a-year; he would, if he pleased, call on his lordship and see what could be done for him. 'It would be to put a living to a fine use,' said the old gentleman, 'to stop a hole in my daughter's reputation with a church steeple!—I'll die starved to death in my curacy before I will take the best benefice on earth by way of compromise for my daughter's infamy!'—'We must be a little cool in these matters,' said Petticraft, 'and not quarrel with our bread and butter, sir; you will see things in a better light when the sky clears a little; if this be a sin, for so you will call it I suppose, what can be a better expiation for it than a church?' Petticraft, however, might have talked his tongue to a cinder before he could have persuaded the parson from making a publick exposition of his lordship in the mind he then was; he was a poor man himself, it was true, but he had rich friends who would support him; so he sent Petticraft with terms of defiance to Lord Budemere, who, with great difficulty, and with the assistance of all Petticraft's art, bought the parson off with a promise of twenty thousand pounds, and a day fixed for payment. This was one of the uses to which Mr. Grove's money was to be put;—the other was as follows: Lord Budemere had made a very low bow to a colonel's lady, as aforesaid, this was very true, but that he fought and shot the colonel was not quite so, for the colonel died of a fever, and not of a gunshot wound: Petticraft, a useful man, was employed in this affair also: of the fact there could be no doubt, since the colonel himself and his servant



were concealed in his wife's apartment : Petticraft advised his lordship not to come to a trial, and the colonel took ten thousand pounds, and a day fixed for payment : this was another use to which Mr. Grove's money was to be put : so his lordship stuck spurs to the affair between George Grove and Lady Charlotte, in order to get hold of Grove's cash as soon as possible, for, as the reader now sees, thirty thousand pounds thereof were bespoke, and that to be paid in the course of a very few days. How Lady Charlotte picked up intelligence of this last affair, is not known, but it is supposed to come by means of a servant whom she had lately hired from the colonel's house : be that as it may, her ladyship was in full possession of all these gay exploits of her father, and sent an anonymous letter to Mr. Grove containing an accurate account of both, the uses to which his money was to serve, and a reference to Petticraft for a proof of all ; who, as soon as he read the letter, went to the lawyer without a moment's delay ; Petticraft, after a little hesitation, which was of little use, upon being pressed home, said, that however Mr. Grove came by his knowledge, all was certainly true : ' Very well, Mr. Petticraft,' whispered Mr. Grove in his ear, ' we are bound in honour to keep his lordship's secrets, it is all mighty well—good morning, good Mr. Petticraft ;' saying which, he walked out of the lawyer's chambers upon his tiptoes, as if he was afraid of disturbing Mr. Petticraft's family : what followed has already been said.

## CHAPTER IX.

**Mr. and Mrs. George Grove return to Hindermark from Bath—News arrives at Oaken Grove of George Grove and Lady Charlotte's Marriage—the Countess of Budemere and Lady Charlotte's Arrival at the Castle—Lady Charlotte falls in love with Harry Lamsbroke.**

THE right honourable the Earl of Budemere was now left in no very pleasant situation ; the day was at hand for the payment of twenty thousand pounds to the poor parson, and the day was likewise at hand for the payment of ten thousand pounds to the colonel, but the day was not at hand which was to put the ready money into his lordship's hand to make good the said payments in hand. The first thing he did, was to consult Petticraft on the business, who, cunning as he was, could not put his lordship in any way to pay thirty thousand pounds without money. There was but a fortnight to come for the colonel, and a week for the parson ; upon which, feeling himself in a dilemma, after consulting the lawyer, his lordship consulted his heels, and ran away from Bath to attend, as he said, a call of the House. Two lucky things happened, however ; an old incumbent died about this time, and gave his lordship an opportunity of presenting the poor parson to a living of five hundred pounds a-year, which the old gentleman, after a little pause, was wise enough to accept, finding nothing else was to be had. The other fortunate event was that the colonel died of a fever, which rubbed the rest of the chalk off the wall. In-

stead, however, of attending to the calls of the House, Lord Budemere packed up his matters and left the kingdom to shift for itself ; or, in other words, finding no good to be done in it he ran out of it, and visited foreign parts : some of his reasons for so doing are, perhaps, not quite unintelligible.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove packed up George and brought him back to Hindermark without speaking a loud word, and, though George expressed his astonishment by asking one thousand six hundred and fifty-seven questions touching one head, viz. how he came not to be married to Lady Charlotte Orby, he got nothing for his pains but this short sentence—George, you may go and marry your milkmaid if you will, for, before I will call Budemere ‘brother,’ I will see him at the devil!—these words were uttered in the breakfast-parlour at Hindermark, at three and forty minutes after nine o’clock in the morning, as loud as Mr. Grove could roar for his heart : Mrs. Opossum, the housekeeper, being great with child, and opening the said breakfast-parlour door with a bill of fare in her hand, was so alarmed at hearing such an unusual sound proceed from the mouth of Mr. Grove, that she fell in travail and came at seven months with three children. ‘’Sume my body !’ quoth Old Comical, ‘if Mr. Grove had spoken another loud word, if all the children had’nt run out of the world back again as fast as they came into it !’

After his lordship’s departure the Countess of Budemere took it into her head that she would not stay any longer in Bath by herself, and, whether pricked by curiosity to ask the reason why Mr. Grove had spoiled the wed-

ding, or because she had a mind to get as far from Bath as possible, or because her landlord would not trust any longer for his rent, or because she had got the fidgets, or for all these reasons put together, she ordered four post-horses to be put to her carriage, took Lady Charlotte with her, and made the best of her way to Oaken Grove, where she arrived without meeting with any accident worth recording in this our history, except drinking a gill of fine Cogniack on the road for a cruel fit of the colick, which, being a noble medicine for the wind, gave her ladyship instant relief.

Matters at Oaken Grove stood in a row as follows : Mr. and Mrs. Decastro were in good health at the castle, though not quite so young as they were, reader, when we last parted from them : Acerbus, the philosopher, was come home, as aforesaid, for the vacation had commenced, and had brought with him his cousin, Harry Lamsbroke, a brother Oxonian, and very intimate friend ; of whom, if we have not already spoken, we shall soon say a great deal. News had come to the castle that Frederick had left England, but what part of the globe was enlightened by his countenance no astronomer could tell at that time. Old Crab and his wife jogged on at the farm as usual, but poor Julia's forlorn state hung like a black cloud upon their house. Old Comical had got possession of his five thousand pounds by the help of Old Crab, left him in his father's will, and was just returned from a visit to Cock-a-doodle, where he left his brother, the squire, in a very ill state of health ; his laughing fits had been more frequent and violent of late, and weakened him a great deal. The love-sick

Julia resided altogether at the castle with her cousin Genevieve, who nursed her with the affection of a sister, visited at times by Dr. Grosvenor, a very worthy physician, who, out of gratitude for a good turn done him by Old Crab, paid his visits without being paid, and gave his directions without taking any fees ; it was, he said, the most extraordinary case of attachment that had ever come within his knowledge, and was of opinion that it would end fatally, unless the object of her affections could be obtained for her ; he was sorry to say that she gradually grew worse, and, though the steps by which she was descending were very slow, she still continued to descend, and, if some relief were not speedily to be had, she must come to the ground : gentlemen of his profession out of tenderness, perhaps, were too apt to conceal these things ; he felt it, however, to be his duty to give notice in these cases, and conceived that the force of a blow might be in some degree broken by its being foreseen. Old Crab received this intelligence with his usual fortitude : ‘ Look you, doctor,’ said he, ‘ I look upon my poor wench as already lost, and I never looked upon her as any other than a thing that might be ; he that reckons upon a thing as out of danger, because he sees no danger, is a fool : there is a parting clause, doctor, in the conditions upon which we receive every thing on earth ; he, therefore, that falls out with the lease by which he holds things here, is an ass.—God’s will be done !’—The doctor saw a drop of water upon Old Crab’s face, but took no notice of it. Let it not be thought, that because Genevieve was never at rest when Julia was out of her sight, or,

indeed, when she was in it, that she was at all neglected by others, though the overwhelming violence of Genevieve seemed to drown all other affections, her father and mother paid her every attention, Mr. and Mrs. Decastro shewed her every care, Acerbus, the philosopher, would sit and read in her room, Harry Lamsbroke could scarce speak to her without tears in his eyes, and Old Comical, who ran on all her errands between the farm and the castle, said Lady Charlotte deserved to die an old maid with nothing but a tom cat for her husband, for robbing his young mistress of her sweet-heart: thus stood matters at Oaken Grove at this time.

By a rule of precedence, a lie, as it is fitting, goes first, and truth follows after: one came, and a great one too, with speed, to wit, that the ceremony was over, and Lady Charlotte and George Grove were married: a friend had writ to the butler at the castle to say, that he had been present, and saw them married with his own eyes. Alas! this news soon reached poor Julia's ears, which, indeed, had this comfort in it, that she was sure matters could now be no worse, and to know the worst of a thing may be the best part of bad news: she said she had long been prepared to hear it, but she thought that her sorrows would be short: it grieved her, however, to think that she had borne her trial so peevishly; she loved Lady Charlotte, she said, and wished her happy; she would have been glad if her unfortunate attachment could have been kept a secret, she had been a weak girl, and hoped for the excuse of all. On the other hand, this news put Genevieve into a rage. She had expected, if Lady Charlotte were sincere in her friend-

ship for the beautiful milk-maid, that she would have broken the match by some slight of hand; she had, indeed, some hope in this, and upon this ground she had stood, but this news pushed her off, and she fell into despair; she left Julia's apartment, where she was sitting at the time it came—brought in by an officious maid-servant, who thought the best thing she could do was to tell the worst news,—and ran out into the park to give vent to the storm within her: now it came to pass as she was pacing about, weeping, talking to herself, striking her forehead, and raving like one out of her senses, at a sudden turn she bounced against Lady Charlotte, who had taken it into her head to get out of the carriage and walk up the hill from the ferry towards the castle. She stared, at first, like one who had a mind to disbelieve her own eyes, and taking a step or two back, as if Lady Charlotte was too near to be seen,—‘So!’ exclaimed she, ‘your ladyship is married, I hear!’ ‘No,’ said she, ‘my ladyship is not married, there’s no such good news.’ ‘Not married!’ said Genevieve, if raving can be called speaking. ‘Not married, I say,’ replied Lady Charlotte. ‘Why,’ said Genevieve, ‘a man has sent a letter from Bath to say that he saw you married with his own eyes!—What d’ye think of that, my lady?’—‘Why,’ said she, ‘I think that there is certainly one man in Bath who can tell a lie to keep up the credit of the place.’ ‘Your ladyship may be an instance that a lie can be told out of Bath as well as in it—Your ladyship’s fine feelings may prompt you to deceive us out of mere tenderness, perhaps—’ and here she stopt to pant, for she was half choked with passion. ‘My

ladyship has no such meaning,' said Lady Charlotte; 'fine feelings, indeed! better have no feelings at all than feel as I feel! I wish all sort of feelings were at the deuse! fine feelings! I was carried to church as a bride, and brought back a great fool! What have they done with Mr. George Grove?' 'Done with George Grove!' said Genevieve; 'why, they took him to Bath to be married to your ladyship—and married you are, put what face you please upon it, madam.' 'Married!' said Lady Charlotte; 'for a poor girl to be hoaxed in this manner were enough to drive her mad! married, indeed! I have been hoaxed, and fooled, and laughed at—any thing but married! I am no bear, you need not be afraid I should bite you!' 'Is it possible!' said Genevieve; 'how can this be?' 'I wish it had been impossible,' said her ladyship; 'but any thing is possible, I think, when I am to be made a fool of! this has been a pretty farce! fine fun at Bath for every body but myself!—One joke would not serve it seems—we were all dressed out and ready to go to church, in came you, and snapt up the bridegroom, and all the folks laughed: we had all got into church the next time, when in comes another hawk and snapt up my bird a second time from under the very wings of the parson!' While they were talking, George Grove came upon them unobserved, and touching Lady Charlotte on the shoulder, asked her how she did after her journey?—This was another electrick stroke, and it made her ladyship jump.—'Why, Mr. Grove,' said Genevieve, 'Charlotte, here, says you are not married!' 'And she says truly,' quoth he, 'we are not married, nor very like to be, for my fa-



ther has given me leave to visit Julia, and tells me that I may follow my head, if I will, and marry her if I please, for he has had enough of lords and ladies.' Upon hearing this, Genevieve, scarce knowing what she did, caught George round the neck and actually kissed him for joy! The countess now came up, took them all into her carriage, and drove away to the castle-gates: as soon as George Grove got into the carriage, the countess, as might well be expected, asked him what was come to his father? and what in the world had led him to do such a thing as he had done? George told her that he knew no more than she did, which certainly was not quite the sort of answer to satisfy the countess's curiosity, who might as well, indeed, be kept in the dark.—Mr. Grove of Hindermark was a very close man; Lady Charlotte was close also, and so far might have come very well into his family, for how he came by his intelligence he never knew, Lady Charlotte kept all her discoveries to herself: she was a very comical girl. None, however, can blame her for keeping her father's secrets.

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## CHAPTER X.

*Some Account of a curious Charm—a Kiss, and a very sweet one too.*

SOME wise folks say people soon get tired of things; other wise folks say that the more a man

uses himself to a thing the more he likes it: now it seems to us, that wise folks take a pleasure in turning plain people's heads round upon their shoulders, by contradicting one another to make sport of others: a fine use to put wisdom to! but let it pass.—We very well know, that in Mr. Decastro's case the more he lived in retirement the better he liked it, and had now come to such a pass as to shut his doors against every body but a few very old friends and relations: a carriage, therefore, driving to his gates, always put him in the fidgets till he knew what it brought: the Countess of Budemere's was now come, when he, seeing the well known coronet upon its panels, instantly came forth to welcome his sister and his niece: but the unexpected news which they brought with them surprised him and Mrs. Decastro not a little. The countess very well accounted for her lord, by saying, that he was forced to leave Bath suddenly to attend publick business, and she expected soon to hear that he was coming to them at the castle.

Genevieve, who itched from head to foot to get at Julia, and to tell her the good news, was stopped at the bottom of the stairs, very luckily, by Dr. Grosvenor, with George Grove in her hand, who were going with very little prudence to overwhelm the poor girl, or, in other words, to kill her with kindness. 'Stop this moment,' said the doctor; 'this matter must be broken to her by little and little; you mean well, I well know; but we may mean well, and, at the same time, do a great deal of mischief: return, both of you, to the saloon, this moment: I will go and prepare my pretty patient for the pleasure which would be too exquisite to be borne by one in her situa-

den; it must be dosed out by small quantities, and not given all at once, for thus the best medicines would become poisons.' Upon which prudent advice Genevieve and George returned to the company in the saloon, and the doctor to Julia, whom he had just visited. How came the doctor to know their errand? Why, Mr. Inquisitive, Genevieve told it him as fast as she could get the words out of her mouth, and she had a pretty ready utterance, if her passions did not get in her throat and choke her. Upon the doctor's re-entrance into Julia's apartment, 'What are you come back for, Dr. Grosvenor?' said Julia, 'and pray, what carriage was that which just now came to the house?' 'O,' said the doctor, 'a carriage which you are very well acquainted with, no new thing. I think your pulse is a little quicker to-day, have you had any thing to disturb you?' 'Did nobody tell you what I have heard this morning? the news from Bath I mean?'—'Yes,' said he, 'I have been told, but not told that you had been told it, I could feel it in your pulse, however, a little too plainly.' 'Indeed, Dr. Grosvenor,' said she, 'I think it is better for me to know it—it put me into a little flutter at first, but it was soon over.' The doctor then made some minute inquiries as to the particular manner in which she found herself affected by this intelligence, and was better satisfied than he expected to be by her answers, and said, he did not think she was so strong, but was glad to be mistaken for some reasons which he would explain presently. 'I think I do feel a little stronger to-day,' said she, 'I know not why: but pray, Dr. Grosvenor, what have you got to say to me?' 'Why,' said he, 'I have a little

experiment to try, and am waiting for a good day; it is a little charm—you smile, but I am sure it will cure you if you can rally spirits enough to bear it—it is a certain cure for the heart-ache; and what is a little odd, it is a more certain cure for your heart-ache than any other heart-ache, but yet it will cure every heart that aches because your heart aches, at the same time.’ ‘O my dear Dr. Grosvenor,’ said Julia, looking earnestly in the old gentleman’s face, ‘this is something to amuse me.’—‘Yes,’ said he, ‘it will amuse you very much indeed, so much that I am only afraid that you will not be able to bear the pleasure of it, it will be so great, and therefore I would not try the experiment of it without coming first to break with you upon it, and to prepare you for the greatest pleasure that you ever felt in your life.’ ‘This charm,’ said she, ‘is the strangest of any that I ever heard of, and I know of a hundred for various things; there are charms for good luck, and charms for the tooth-ache, and charms for the ague, and charms to get a sweetheart, and, heigho, charms to find one that is lost—O Dr. Grosvenor! I blush to think so many know the cause of my illness! I am afraid folks will think I am come to a sad pitch of confidence.’ ‘My dear pretty patient,’ said the old man, taking Julia’s hand kindly between his own, ‘let this no longer disturb you; there is no harm in an affection like yours, the harm excepted which it does yourself; but if you can find spirits to bear the experiment I am sure that I now know a charm, for I will still call it so, which I am sure will cure you.’ ‘You have a strange earnestness in your manner,’ said she, ‘which surprises

me, I really thought you in jest, but you seem to be in earnest—pray tell me what this charm is ?' 'Why,' said he, 'it must be wrought by a young person of my acquaintance, but the danger is this, that he is so like Mr. George Grove that I was tender of bringing him into your presence without preparing you ; we must, at all events, put some crape on his face, for no man was ever so much like another on earth as he is to him : he will come in with a little medicine in his hand, which you must first take to prepare you for the charm, which will come next.' Julia looked steadfastly in the doctor's face, which bore a sign of much gravity, and said, 'What you tell me is very strange, but still I cannot but think you mean only to amuse me ; this young person will come and bring a medicine ?' 'He will.' 'Let him come then,' said Julia, 'I don't think I shall mind seeing him ; will he come to-day ?' 'He is in the house at this moment,' said the doctor, 'and your cousin, Miss De Roma, was coming with him in great haste, but I forbade her, lest you should be too much disturbed on the sudden, and told her to stay a little until I had prepared matters.' 'Surely,' said Julia, 'you have all too much tenderness to put a trick upon me, I am sure my dearest Jenny would not do such a thing for the world ; if any ill was to happen to me I am sure it would break her kind heart : she was coming with him, I think you said ? can't she be in the room all the while ?' 'I can't tell you why,' said the doctor, 'but you had much rather be alone with him ; besides, it will make the charm the stronger.' 'Bless me ! this is very odd,' said she, 'but I hope he will not take any liberties with me ?' 'Not one more

than you would have him take—I will now introduce him,’ said the doctor, going away. ‘O Dr. Grosvenor,’ exclaimed Julia, ‘pray don’t go yet—my heart fails me—I don’t know what to think of this—Jenny’s old nurse told me one day at the cottage, that you medical folks have twenty tricks to amuse people before you perform the most terrible operations:—I will not consent to any operation till I have seen my papa and asked his leave and advice; you have got great knives in your pocket, and this man will come to help hold me; I am terrified to death at the thought of what you will do to me!’ ‘My dear child,’ said the doctor, ‘I have no knives, put your hands into my pockets if you will, and as to surgical operations none can possibly be required in your case; you mistake the matter; what will be done will give you the greatest pleasure, but no pain, if excess of pleasure be no pain: besides, how can I perform any operation when I tell you that I shall not be in the room? shall I bring the young man to you?’ ‘This is very strange—well—let Jenny bring him and be with me, you said she was coming with him at first when you stopped her.’ ‘We will both bring him, and stand within call here in the next room; I assure you you had rather have the young person alone with you: shall I go now?’—‘Well, go then,’ said she, ‘if it will give me so much pleasure I shall not mind that.’ The doctor then went, and presently returned with George Grove and Genevieve. He took his stand at the door, and Genevieve came up to Julia, with a face full of joy, leading George with his face craped, and placing him close to her chair, gave Julia a lively smile and left the room with Dr. Grosvenor.

As soon as they were gone, George felt about with his hand for Julia as if he did not know whereabouts she was:—‘Here I am, sir,’ said she, ‘on this side of you;’ and she arose from her chair as if to be ready to run away if he should attempt any thing. George held a glass of wine in his hand, which he presented, and said, in a whisper, she must drink it, for it was the medicine. She took it, and sipped, but seemed afraid to drink it off. ‘It tastes like wine,’ said she; ‘is the medicine put into wine, sir?’ ‘It is,’ said he, still whispering. ‘What will it do, sir? I am afraid to drink it.’ ‘It will only prepare you for the charm,’ whispered George. She then drank it off at twice drinking, for it was a large glass. ‘Have you drank the medicine?’ said he. She said she had drank it all: upon which he took a piece of paper out of his pocket, and said it contained the first part of the charm, which was now to come: upon which he took his watch and bade her look until one minute were passed, for till then the paper was not to be opened. She took the watch, and looking at it said, ‘Good heaven! why, this is Mr. George Grove’s watch, and here is the very seal which I gave him! How came you by this watch, sir?’ ‘It is my own,’ said he; ‘but watch the time: the medicine begins to work, I see, by your mistaking my watch for another’s.’ ‘I am sure I have made no mistake,’ continued she, opening the watch, ‘for here is the little watch case woven by my own hands and formed of my own hair and my name twisted into it!’ ‘All is well,’ said he, ‘the medicine works well: it must now be time for the second part of the charm;’ upon which he opened the paper and took out of it the

miniature picture which he had taken out of her hand when she fainted at the cottage, and said, 'this little amulet must be put round your neck and the miniature be dropped into your bosom.' Julia started at the sight of the picture, which she had lost not knowing how, and said, 'This is my picture which Mr. George Grove gave me to keep for his sake; by what means on earth came you by this miniature?' George then took off one of his gloves, and Julia instantly exclaimed, 'I can swear to that ring, and to that little knot of hair, for I tied the knot with my own fingers and put it into the ring myself: those diamonds I have seen a hundred times, and was told by Mr. Grove himself that they cost fifty guineas;—who have I with me? by what unfair means came you by these things?—stay—one moment—hold out your hand, sir; why, how can this be, you must have robbed Mr. Grove of his finger too, for here are the marks in it where his pointer bit him!' upon which Julia took a step or two back and stared eagerly at George, when he took her attention off his person by unfolding another paper, on which were written the words of the charm, he told her, and holding it up Julia read the following inscription, 'GEORGE has leave to wed his JULIA.' 'Cruel, cruel deception,' exclaimed she, 'who can make me amends for this inhuman usage?' 'It is I,' exclaimed George, in a loud voice, 'it is I alone that can make you amends! O my love, my love, we meet to part no more!' saying which George fondly clasped his sweet milk-maid in his arms and sealed the glad tidings upon Julia's lips.—Dr. Grosvenor and Genevieve then came into the room, and the doctor, taking George by the



arm, said, 'Come, sir, you have administered the medicine and performed the charm, you must depart this moment;' saying which the doctor took George away, and left Julia and Genevieve to have a little talk by themselves.

## CHAPTER XI.

The salutary Effects of the Charm—Lord George E. and Sir Harry St. Clair renew their Addresses to Lady Charlotte Orby—Lady Charlotte and Harry Lamsbroke fall in Love, and Genevieve gets deeper in it.

As soon as Dr. Grosvenor and George Grove had left the room, the doctor, for some reason best known to a medical man perhaps, conceiving it prudent, in his wisdom, to keep the lovers upon spare diet a little at first, lest they should get too many sweet things and make themselves sick, Genevieve's tongue ran like a post-horse, and never stopt till she had explained all the matters to Julia, telling her, amongst other things, that George's father had taken great offence at Lord Budemere upon some discovery which he had made, had broken off the intended match with his daughter, and told George to go and get a wife for himself if he knew where to find one, for he was come to a determination to be no farther hindrance to him, he might marry the parson's daughter if he pleased, and if she pleased to have him, and her friends made no objection.—But having much other matter press-

ing upon us, suffice it to say, that the effects of the charm, as the doctor foretold, became very visible in the countenance and constitution of the beautiful milk-maid, who soon recovered all she had lost, except her heart, and that gave her no trouble while George Grove had the keeping of it; we will leave them now to visit their pretty arbour, and retrace their favourite walks in the meadows, and the groves, where they used to meet, and where they made their interchange of hearts; while Old Crab, who told Mr. Grove that he would marry his wench in his own way, puts up the banns three Sundays in his church, and all the pretty things are got ready for their nuptials.

The Countess of Budemere took the first opportunity to question Mr. Grove upon his very mysterious and extraordinary conduct at Bath: her ladyship might question, but to get Mr. Grove to answer was no such easy matter; he whispered it in her ear that the fewer questions were answered the better, ask as many as she would; he was glad to find what Lord Budemere was in time; to know a man and to find out what he was were two things; he now both knew his lordship and had found him out to be a great—. The countess had pretty shrewd suspicions of his lordship's merits, and the light which she now received from Mr. Grove, cast a sun-beam on their beauties: in a word, she saw that the less she said the better, and she saw with the eyes of a very wise woman: she heard Mr. Grove just whisper a very ugly word, and she was not quite sure if it was not 'scoundrel,' Mr. Grove, however, had drawn his nose out of her ladyship's ear, a place where he usually put it

when he talked to people, when he uttered this melodious whisper.—Soon after a letter came to say that his lordship was gone into Italy: this letter was written to Old Crab, who was still engaged in his affairs, and he had an Augean stable to cleanse; but the less we say on this subject the better, if for this reason only, that Old Crab was never more angry than when any talked about his merits and services, except when a man offered to reward them. A living given to one who was, to all appearance, quite a stranger to the family, might well be expected to excite some suspicion in a man of Old Crab's shrewdness; by the by it had been promised him by Lord Budemere for the trouble, he had taken in his matters, but Old Crab told his lordship he might get another to do the business if he had a mind to pay for it; and that the devil had more livings in his gift already than his share came to: we say this thing excited Old Crab's suspicions, and he soon found out what obligations Lord Budemere was under to the family of the Reverend Mr. F. It may be some gratification to the reader to hear that poor Mrs. Morris was soon after married to a very worthy young clergyman, and met the reward her virtues deserved in a good husband; this thing was managed by Lady Charlotte Orby, but that lady, like the ink-fish, so darkened the waters, that we could never fish out any more of the story: Mrs. Morris lost the two children which she had by Lord Budemere, by the small-pox. To return to Lady Charlotte: it was no easy matter to know what her real sentiments were in any matter, and people never knew less of the truth than when she spoke it, for it always looked like a

trick ; she certainly was in love with George Grove, we do not affirm this because she said so, but ground our assertions upon what her husband told us, whom we really believe to be the only person whom she never once deceived. 'My love,' said she to him in one of her fond moments, 'you are the only person who ever had all my heart ; I loved George Grove, it is true, but not entirely, because another had his heart, whom I loved, and upon whose account alone I resigned him ; this thing cost me many a tear in private, which tears never ceased to flow until you came and took full possession of me and all my furniture.' It was a very singular thing, but Lady Charlotte was never at any loss for an escape, come upon her when one would, for she always told the truth and so managed matters as never to get believed but when she did not, so this way she could not be at any time at any loss for an answer. One day she had retired to her apartment, and had forgot to lock her door, and she seldom went into it without locking it, when Genevieve bounced in upon her all on a sudden and found her ladyship in tears. 'My dear Charlotte,' said she, in her eager manner, 'what is the matter with you ?' 'I am crying because Julia has taken George Grove away from me,' said she. Now nothing could be more true, but at the same time less believed. 'You are one of the oddest girls, Charlotte,' said Genevieve, 'but if you will trust nobody, you go the way never to have a friend, but I love you, you toad, with all your oddities, nay, I believe a good deal for them,' added she, leaving the print of her lips on Lady Charlotte's wet cheek, for when Genevieve kissed it was always with fury. 'You are too shrewdly

suspected,' said Genevieve, 'to have broken off this match for me ever to believe that you are in love with George, but how you have contrived to throw every thing into such confusion I suppose we shall never know; but the more I suspect you to have done it, the more I love you for our sweet cousin's sake—yes, and your own too:—my dear Charlotte, tell me how you did it?—You cunning little puss, I'll squeeze the breath out of your body.'—Lady Charlotte squalled out, for Genevieve laid hold of her like the boa constrictor, and made her ladyship's bones crack. 'What can you be so sad about, Charlotte?' said she, wiping her eyes, for Genevieve had a soft bosom and felt another's sorrows like her own. 'Now this affair is at an end,' said her ladyship, 'I have been plagued with letters and visits again both from Lord George, and Sir Harry St. Clair, who are determined to try again for me, but I hate them both, and would sooner marry one of George Grove's old boots than have either!'

Reader, did we ever say any thing to you about one Sir John Lamsbroke, of Lamsbroke Park, who married one of Mr. Decastro's sisters? we have got a delicious love story to tell about his son Harry—it is as sweet as sugar sweetened with honey—yes, indeed it is, and we will tell it you now directly—that is, we will begin to tell it you, it must not come all at once, for then you will not taste it half; people are apt to gape and swallow in such a devilish hurry, when they get a rich thing in their mouths, that they give themselves no time in the world to relish it—gulp and swallow is all they think of! Eager as you may be, fair reader, we will take care that you do not

that you have got in your wicked pate?—You think, and be hanged, that Lady Charlotte kissed the young gentleman as he lay fast asleep, and gave him such a twinge as made him jump.—If she had touched him with her lips she would have stung him to death, for the poison had sunk into his heart and killed him outright; but he lived a great many years after this, which is some sort of proof that Lady Charlotte did not kiss him to death: but people's imaginations are so full of combustibles that the smallest spark sets all on fire—and then a writer is blamed for blowing folks up! What is the world made of? One's horses heels will strike fire as one trots along sometimes, and if the world is made of gunpowder, why, a kick against a flint may play the devil! If people must needs throw the reins upon the neck of the imagination, there will be no end of it: a man standing between two gate posts may excite shocking thoughts, and the ladies find out a thousand indecencies in a pin-cushion.

If Lady Charlotte had kissed the young gentleman as he lay asleep, the manner in which young ladies are bred in the best schools taken into due consideration, there had been no sort of wonder in that; are not professors paid on purpose to make young ladies impudent? are fathers and mothers, and guardians, to pay their money for nothing? besides, if kissing is left off, what will the world come to? and the ladies are making more room every day for it; nothing could be got at once upon a time but a lady's face, and only one man could kiss a woman at a time; but now-a-days, what with bare necks and naked shoulders, ten men may kiss before and twenty

behind and not go over half the ground neither! Lord! what fun there is in the world! when a lady is muffled up to the throat she calls herself undressed, and when she is full dressed she has scarce a rag to cover her! Well, a man cannot see too much of his bargain before he comes to make his purchase, certainly, and if a man gets a bad neck or a bad shoulder, to go no further, the fault is none of the women's; so that whatever is said of the ladies' naked quarters, they deal in their meat at least as fairly as the butcher, who has the face to show, in open shop, necks and breasts, legs and shoulders, ribs, loins, rumps, and the devil knows what, and thinks no more of blushing about the matter, than the ladies—Impudent dogs! but they will stick at nothing to raise people's appetites, that's the truth of it. A butcher's shop is an offence to national chastity, the thing should come under cognisance of the legislature, and a butcher show a buttock of beef or a sheep's tail at his peril: if folks want to buy they may go into the house and take a modest peep under a cloth; what will this world come to!—But to return to Harry Lamsbroke: he had not seen an inch of Lady Charlotte's skin because his eyes were shut, which will not pass with some, perhaps, for a good reason, they must e'en rest contented, however, for we cannot, at present, give any better. Well, but Lady Charlotte's eyes were open, and she thought him the most sweet young man she had ever seen in her life, but her heart was so full of George Grove at present, that she could scarce think of any other; but Harry and she had not been many days together at the castle, before he paid her some little attentions.

which could not be mistaken by her ladyship, though not much attended to by others : these little attentions were as sweet as sugar to her, and she soon began to smack her pretty lips at them. Well, well, one of her ladyship's lips might kiss the other, and no harm surely, but the world is so outrageously modest !—this is a very warm subject—we will speak a word or two of Lady Budemere, to let it cool a little ;—in regard to her husband's leaving her to take care of the kingdom of England single-handed, she cared no more than if a fish as big as his lordship had left England in a basket—no not she—that harum-starum, rantum-scantum, hand-over-head, hey-go-mad business called matrimony had been hatched between them by friends, as they are called, who set the cat at the dog and the dog at the cat, and call it wedding and be hanged—she never loved her lord, or he his lady, the devil took Cupid's place between them ; it had been a match bought ready made for them, and fitted neither one nor the other—a man might as well go into rag fair, and cry ' Hollo.' for the first pair of breeches with one of the holsters forty times as big as the other, and the seat hitched up on the right side five and twenty miles above the left, and expect all matters to sit as flush and come as close as if the profile of his rump had been taken with mathematical instruments ! Such a pair, we mean man and wife, not a pair of breeches, such a pair was never stitched together as Lord and Lady Budemere ; love, their friends told them, would come after marriage ! a fool's head come after marriage, saving your reverence—one no more cared how soon the other's neck were broken than the



hangman : albeit, save a little slip, Lady Bude-  
mere was a very virtuous woman, aye, save as  
before saved, as any on the universal earth : Mrs.  
Decastro and she lived in the bonds of friend-  
ship, the kind tears which the countess shed  
long ago in the pork and butter shop, stuck Mrs.  
Decastro and the countess together like mortar  
between two bricks in a wall. Now it came to  
pass, as things are apt to do when they happen  
in the world, that Lady Charlotte had two lovers  
besides her sweet Harry—and no lady's little  
mouth ever watered so much for a nice ripe  
strawberry—and these gallants were Lord George  
and Sir Harry St. Clair, as hath been said, or will  
be, and that is the same thing—now her mother  
—how the old cats teach their young kittens  
things!—now her mother wanted to teach her  
ladyship to fall in love with one of them, since  
George Grove had run back to his pretty milk-  
maid, but she told her mamma that she had just  
fallen in love with Harry Lamsbroke ; however,  
if either of them could win her over, she would  
marry him as fast as the fastest reading parson  
of them all could give them a right to one ano-  
ther's persons ; entreating her mother at the  
same time not to set her heart upon either, for she  
never had been so much in love with any one  
in her life as with Harry Lamsbroke ; now this  
was very true, but her mamma did not believe  
it for all that, because, if it had been true, she  
thought it of all things the least likely that Lady  
Charlotte, should declare what man had her  
heart.—Harry, who was nick-named the Angel  
at Oxford, upon account of his singular beauty,  
was so very modest that he teased poor Lady  
Charlotte sadly, and put her to the expense of

a thousand kittenish tricks to make him understand her ; he was very much like George Grove in his manner, but had too much bashfulness, one would have thought, to have seized such furious hold upon a lady's heart ; the foolish thing was always a-blushing, and it sometimes made Lady Charlotte blush because she could not blush as often as Harry blushed, or because a blush made her Harry look so pretty. Genevieve told him one day, binding a cord of pearls round his flaxen head which she took off her own black pate, that she would put him into petticoats and see what a pretty girl he would make. 'Look, Charlotte,' said she, 'his beard won't be seen at a little distance, for it is more like the down upon a peach than a beard—see how pretty he looks in pearls !' To Harry's face the living crimson flew, for he felt a little indignant at being made the ladies' plaything. Adzooks ! it would have made a man laugh to see how fond Lady Charlotte and Genevieve grew all on a sudden of walking to and fro before the —Ahey ! how is all this ? a blank page ! why, we thought we had written the four sides of the sheet out !—We must let thee into the secret, reader :—we had four pages to stitch in at this place in the room of four which had been blotted out ; now we had written three of the said pages, and had got it in our head that we had written all four, and so began to tack all together with the beginning of the sentence which was to dovetail this page in with the next, as the joiners talk ; when, lo, upon turning over the leaf we found that we had a whole page to write !—so we thought it good to tell thee this story, reader, to help us on with it.—It is not every tailor that

can put in a patch well, he must needs be a master of his needle who can sew in a bit so that another cannot find it out.—What can we talk about for ten or a dozen lines? What a knack Lady Charlotte had of telling the truth and passing it off for a lie? this were none other than to make truth itself a wicked thing, for the end and object of a lie being but to deceive, if truth can be made by any trick to answer such a purpose, truth is quite as bad as a lie; perhaps worse, for it is putting a good thing to a bad use, and bringing truth itself into disgrace by making it serve the purpose of a lie, which makes a double crime of it, and this Lady Charlotte made a constant practice of, until she brought poor Harry in peril of his life by it; and if Old Comical had not come in just in time, his two rivals would have cudgelled him to death, as will be seen in its due time and place. Poor Charlotte! she had felt less if they had beaten her instead of her Harry, for every blow that he received struck her in her tenderest part! The moral is, that if folks do bad things, they are sure to suffer for it one time or another.

Well said, Old Solid—that is a stopping oyster! and brings us in again with our Adzooks! how fond Lady Charlotte and Genevieve grew on a sudden of walking to and fro before the library windows; they were always wanting some book or other, and the philosopher said one day, a little peevishly for a philosopher, ‘If you want books you may come in and read here, there’s room enough for you and Charlotte, Harry and I shall not be disturbed if two women can hold their tongues together.’ Upon this, which was spoken a little roughly to Genevieve, she and

Lady Charlotte got very bookish on a sudden, and what was to be done? if they could not get books given them out at the window, why, they must go in, to be sure, and get the books themselves; but the worst of it was, when they got into the library they could not be quiet, they must be whispering together, and now and then a laugh would break out, in spite of their teeth, which they might have kept shut, and then they might have laughed more to themselves.—‘Harry,’ quoth the philosopher one day as he was deep in some problem, ‘do turn those two women out of the library, or let us take our books and begone—it is impossible to read or write; I can’t think what it is that they come here for so much, isn’t it very marvellous?’ Harry, however, was not very willing to turn Lady Charlotte out, however the philosopher might want to get rid of Genevieve, who was sure to begin the noise, upon which he took a chess-board, and curling his finger to her ladyship said, in a whisper, when she came near him, that he would teach her the game, and Lady Charlotte was very glad to learn it because it was a pretty game. Now it came to pass that Harry’s expedient kept the ladies apart and quiet, and Genevieve had now nothing on earth to do but sit with a great folio open before her and stare at the philosopher, by which means she got more and more in love with him every day.—Her hoe and her spade, her rake and her fork, her bill and her reap-hook were all neglected, and Old Crab lost at least half her labour on his farm as long as the Oxford vacations lasted; and he really found her of great use to him, for, she not only did a great deal of work herself, but none dared be idle when she was in

the field. Love is a sad plague to men and women, how the birds, beasts, and fishes manage matters is best known to themselves.

## CHAPTER XII.

Further Accounts of Lady Charlotte and her Lovers—  
of Genevieve and the Philosopher—of George and Julia  
—and how Old Comical falls in Love with Madam Fun-  
stall of Dilly's Piddle.

'Love,' says a wise man, 'is a great fire.' One would conclude that Genevieve thought so, for she plunged herself over head and ears in the lake every morning, being very fond of bathing; but, like a water-rocket, came out of the water as much on fire as she went into it: a fish is an animal of very few words, otherwise, it were odds that we should have heard how hot she made the water.—But historians must not stand still to crack jokes.—Now, in regard to Genevieve, we must leave her burning, and who can help it? for although she had done as good as cry out 'Fire!' twenty times in the hearing of the philosopher, he was always so deep in Aristotle, or Plato, that it were a great chance if Mount Vesuvius had burst under his nose, if he had heard or smelled it. We will now attend to Lady Charlotte for a page or two, and then come back again to the flaming Genevieve: flaming! yes, flaming, for she was—we must not say what she was.

Lord George E. and Sir Henry St. Clair, hearing of the intended match between Mr. Grove's son and Lady Charlotte, had raised their siege, after having made a good deal of stir to very little purpose in the matter: and, although they had a great mind to quarrel with George, thought it a little hard, forced, as they found him to be, upon her ladyship against his will, for him to get shot into the bargain. These gentlemen, who had quite as great a mind to Lady Charlotte's fortune as her person, had made a comical bargain together, which kept them strict friends, and allies, although they were rivals. 'Look you, St. Clair,' said his lordship, as soon as he found the baronet angling for the same fish, 'it will not be worth our while to shoot one another upon this business, suppose we bargain for smart-money?' 'How do you mean,' said the baronet, 'what smart-money?' 'Why,' said his lordship, 'we cannot both marry the girl at once; we are old friends and brother officers, give me your hand, don't let us come to wrangling; if you get her, promise to pay me upon your wedding-day ten thousand pounds, you will be sure of her fortune, you know: and, if I get her, I will bind myself in the same promise, so that, go the thing which ever way it will, we get a hedge, and shall both be winners; come, let us leave fighting to fools, you and I are known men, St. Clair, and have no reason now to shoot one another to let folks know that we are not afraid of the report of a pistol; give me your hand, is it a bargain?' 'She is certainly a very fine girl,' said the baronet, 'but there are plenty of fine girls to be had without fighting for them: come, I will agree, I want money, and as for love, I am too old for that to

do me much mischief now—but remember, I stipulate thus: if she shows a decided preference to one of us, the other shall quit the pursuit and do all he can to help his friend.’ ‘It is agreed,’ said his lordship; ‘but I have one thing to add, a lawyer shall draw up our agreement that it may be referred to in case of necessity.’ ‘By all means,’ said the baronet, ‘let us about it presently.’ And thus it was done, and they re-attacked Lady Charlotte with redoubled fury, as often as they could get at her, which was not so often as they could have wished, upon the account of her being so much at the castle, where they could not come, Mr. Decastro having shut his doors against all but a small number of select friends and relations. Lady Charlotte, however, took care to put herself in their way at times, at Hindermark, and other places, where they visited in common, conceiving that good uses might be made of them to further her designs on Harry Lamsbroke, who was very young and so timid and bashful that, although she had sure proof of his being very much in love with her, as much indeed as she was with him, which was saying a good deal, she could not get any offer from him, although he actually had a letter in his pocket for her if she could have got it out, and there it would lie till the corners were worn off, when Harry would write it all over again: and this the modest thing had done over and over, but could never get courage enough to give it to his sweetheart! and, although an accident one day actually put it into her hand, Harry was such a simpleton as to take it away!—It was thus it happened: Now we fear we shall scarce get credit when we say that George Grove and

**H**arry Lamsbroke never neglected the church on a Sunday, or, indeed, on any other, when the doors were opened, the philosopher having given his two friends such a taste that way that it held them both as long as they lived: one Sunday morning the family at the castle were all in readiness to go to church, when Lady Charlotte said she had got the head-ache. 'Your head had better ache in the church than out of it,' said the philosopher; 'suppose some friend had given you a thousand pounds a-year, would you not go twice in a week, though your head ached, to thank him for it if he lived twice as far off as my uncle's church stands?' 'Gratitude,' said her ladyship, 'would bring her twice a-day to do it, if she thought her friend would be pleased with it.' 'Who gave you all you enjoy on earth,' said the philosopher, 'and gave you the means to enjoy it too?' Harry Lamsbroke fetched her ladyship's hat and gloves, who, whatever force the philosopher's argument might have, had no objection to go to church with Harry; though she could have been content, perhaps, to have staid at home with him, and had him all to herself. The family were come into the pew, and Old Crab had begun the service, with a look of approbation at seeing it so full, when Harry saw that Lady Charlotte had no prayer-book, and taking his own from his pocket gave it her with his letter sticking unseen between the leaves of it, for the prayer-book, it seems, had picked up the letter in Harry's pocket: it had got into the Confession, and Lady Charlotte presently came to it, saw the direction and returned it to poor Harry; who fell into such a flutter as he knelt by her side as could not possibly be concealed from her, she saw it and



knew the cause of it too, but had too much honour not to give Harry his letter back again, though she had a very fair opportunity to have taken it without his knowing any thing of the matter, for he was engaged in reading with the philosopher, having given up his own book to her ladyship :—this little accident confirmed her in her suspicions of Harry's intentions,—she could have found it in her heart to have picked his pocket of the letter twenty times, but that was not the way to be honest: Lady Charlotte had no rival but the library, and she soon had the satisfaction to put that rival under her feet, for Harry came there now not to read, but play at chess in it, and this grew to such a head that even the Philosopher, wrapt up as he was in reading and meditation, took notice of it :—and vastly fond she grew of chess for one reason or another, and took great pains too, to give her her due, to get mistress of it, because, perhaps, the better she played, the longer the games lasted, and the longer, of course, she kept Harry near her; and suppose, while they were playing, their fingers interfered at times, in a hurry, in moving the men about, who could help that? nobody: or, when she was pondering over the board, if Harry stared at her face, or, when Harry pondered too, in his turn, she stared at his, what could be done in such a case? nothing. Matters being now come to an end in regard to George Grove, she was invited to come and stay at Hindermack by Mrs. Grove, in token of reconciliation, after what had passed, though nobody there knew what a hand her ladyship had in breaking off the match; this invitation she willingly accepted, in hopes that Lord George and the

baronet might be made some use of, to force a declaration from the bashful Harry Lamsbroke: she made no promise of herself for any time however, lest Harry might be afraid to face his rivals, and she might lose his beloved company while she staid there: Mrs. Grove, therefore, could not get a lease of her, her ladyship thus reserving notice to quit, if she found her lover did not come after her to Hindermark: but she had soon the gratification to find that Harry could not stay away, but he only came to Hindermark to be made miserable: his lordship and the baronet, engrossed the whole of her company and conversation, and poor Harry could do little else but look on and mourn inwardly, while he saw his rivals happy, and himself shut out, for Lady Charlotte neglected him on purpose to force him to declare himself, though it was pain and grief to herself:—she could not help giving him one of her sweet looks and smiles now and then, at one of which one day, poor Harry burst into a flood of tears. They were in the garden at Hindermark, and Lord George and the baronet were making love to Lady Charlotte, and she, a provoking hussey, making herself more gracious with them than ever she had yet done, when Genevieve, who was present, said, how can you like to talk to those two great fools when Mr. Lamsbroke is here, who never is permitted to talk to you now; his conversation is a river of nectar flowing over sands of pearl and gold, when compared to their muddy nonsense!—Upon which, her ladyship turned her head, and seeing Harry leaning on Genevieve's arm, gave him so sad a look, that he could not bear it, but actually burst into tears, and left the party: Lady Char-

lotte saw it, and felt it as she deserved, her tears served her just right, for they forced their way in spite of her, she contrived to hide them, however, by running away after Harry, saying that she was sure he was taken ill, holding a bottle of salts in her hand so as every body could see it. Genevieve, who well knew that Harry was extremely in love with her, though she could not penetrate into the dark bosom of Lady Charlotte so far, charitably engaged the attention of the party by taking them to look at the sketch of a cottage, which Mr. Grove had in hand to build for George and Julia, and that in the very meadow, and close by the little grove too which had become famous for their pretty arbour, where the lovers used to meet each other; Mr. Grove having engaged with Mr. Decastro for a long lease of it to that intent.—The sketch lay on the table in a summer-house at some distance, and hither Genevieve drew the whole party, Mr. and Mrs. Grove, George Grove and Julia, Lord George E. and the baronet, Mr. and Mrs. Decastro, Lady Budemere, and, for he had, upon some account, forsaken his dear library, the Philosopher.

The reader, perhaps, may be curious to know how matters went on between Lady Charlotte and her Harry, whom she took it into her head to torment because she loved him. It was some time before she found poor Harry, and she saw him before he saw her, walking in a lonely place among some cypress trees, whose gloomy boughs suited very well the colour of his thoughts. She presently came to him; he started at the sound of her foot upon the gravel-walk, she looked in his face and saw the tears on his cheeks, ‘Mr.

Lamsbroke,' said she—and could get no further, for she could not command herself, but burst into tears: Harry saw this, though she did what she could to hide her eyes, talking about flies getting into them, and the like foolish excuses. 'What is the matter, Lady Charlotte,' said he, 'it gives me the greatest pain in the world to see you weep? what has happened? what can I do to comfort you? tell me, what?'—What a fool he must have been to have asked such a question! Lady Charlotte could not get the better of her tears for the heart of her, mad as she was with herself for letting Harry see so much:—Harry pitied her though she did not deserve it: she held out the smelling bottle to him, like one that fain would be doing something, and not knowing what to do; Harry took it and gently held it to her nose: every little kindness on Harry's part made matters worse, she still wept and was totally silent. The cunning baggage was for once without a shift, no trick, no excuse occurred, but she was in kinder hands a great deal than she deserved. Harry saw, or he must be blind indeed, what was the matter, and put his trembling hand into his pocket for his letter; but, alas, it was not to be found! He felt in another pocket with the like success. Lady Charlotte guessed at what he felt for, and was in a tumult of joy expecting the letter! in vain—and if it had been in Harry's pocket at the time, it were odds but the touch of it had so burned his fingers that he could not have taken a hold of it sufficient to have drawn it out: however, so far his honour was saved, he had lost the letter out of his pocket: and this should be a warning to folks not to carry letters about in their pockets in this manner. Harry still had a tongue

in his head, if he could but have made any use of it; stupid thing! how he stood with a lovely woman melted into tears before him! this comes of modesty in a man! The ladies, to give them their due, are getting rid of it as fast as they can, to set the other sex a better example. Ah, how fondly did her ladyship look into Harry's eyes through her tears! Ah, what would she have given at that tender moment to have been clasped to his bosom! He had better been hanged than have teased her so, if it was but to have shown how fast Lady Charlotte would have run to cut him down! what fools love makes of people! Harry, a young fellow of very bright parts, could not speak a word for his heart: Lady Charlotte, no idiot neither, could only express her thoughts by her tears. Two so much in love with each other as they were could not be expected to say very sensible things, so they began to talk nonsense, as follows: 'Tell me,' said he, 'what has happened to make you weep?' 'Will you tell me,' said she, smiling, 'what makes you so sad? My heart is very heavy at times, Mr. Lamsbroke, you see me in one of my weakest moments; but I see tears in your eyes, what makes you shed tears like me?' 'I don't see you so often now,' said Harry, with a fine blush, 'I miss you sadly in my walks, for you never refused to walk with me, but now I walk by myself and feel sad, I don't know why, if it be not because you are not walking with me, or playing at chess with me.' 'Well,' said she, 'you will see me again soon where you used to see me, and then we will have some more chess and more walks, Mr. Lamsbroke.' 'I am glad to hear that,' said he, 'but pray don't tell any body how low spirited we

have been.' 'Hush,' said she, 'as to that, Mr. Lamsbroke,' and away she tript into the house to wash the redness out of her eyes: the moment she was got out of sight, Harry fell diligently to search for his letter, for he was sure that he had it in his pocket when he sat out from the castle, but he had his labour for his pains.

Lord George, who had engrossed a great deal of her ladyship's conversation that day, and conceited himself to be high in grace, uneasy at her ladyship's staying away so long, slipped out of the summer-house unobserved, to look what dragon had swallowed up Lady Charlotte, and, taking his way by some trees, picked up poor Harry's letter, which he had flirted out of his pocket with his handkerchief, or by some other accident: he, looking at its direction, found it to be to Lady Charlotte: now it came into his lordship's head that he might curry a little favour with her ladyship in this thing, and certainly his lordship's merits had been great if the direction of the letter had looked at all like a man's hand-writing, but as luck would have it it looked like a woman's, or else it were some odds that his lordship had not done as he did, which was as follows, videlicet, seeing her ladyship's window open, he walked directly under it, and, after a toss or two, succeeded in throwing the letter into her room: upon which she caught it up, and, supposing it to be some love-nonsense from him, for it was not the first letter which he had thrown into her apartment, her ladyship threw the letter out again and shut her window. See what foolish things people do in a hurry! As soon he was gone, she put up her window again, and, dropping her eyes into a jasmine tree, which grew

luckily under it, she saw the letter sticking in it, so, poking her nose out as far as it would go, to see if the coast was clear, she felt some little curiosity just to look what it might contain, and, leaning out, tried to reach it, but could not, though she had like to get past the balance and fall out : the direction happened to be uppermost and she could see very well that it was not Lord George's hand, who used to make broad strokes and spend a great deal of ink in his writing : Harry Lamsbroke's hand was not unknown to her, for he had written out a great many songs, and musick, at times, for her ladyship ; staring with all her eyes it came into her head that the direction looked at a distance a good deal like his writing : she called herself a fool for throwing the letter out, and fell to a variety of experiments to fish up the paper, amongst others, she made a little loop at the end of one of her garters, and actually succeeded in bringing it to her fingers' ends, when, like a fish, it dropt off the hook and fell further down in the tree than before, but still lodged in its boughs : presently she thought of the tongs, which, luckily, a lazy housemaid had left in the fire-place to be ready for the next winter, and putting them and herself too out at the window, took the letter in the tongs, a very fit instrument to take up such a fiery thing, and bringing it to hand, saw, in a moment, the writing on the outside to be Harry's, and knew it, from a little speck of ink, to be the same which she had found in his prayer-book at church and returned to him. She had opened a good many letters in her life, and some in a great hurry too, but she never opened one so quick as she did this ; she found it to be the very thing she so

long had sighed for, a letter of proposals from Harry Lamsbroke himself! She read the letter twenty times over, and kissing it as often, put it directly into her bosom: and then, threw herself upon her bed, and wept as heartily as if a man had taken Harry and cut his head off!

Tears of joy never fill a pitcher.—Lady Charlotte cried bitterly for a few minutes and then fell a-laughing, and then she cried again, and laughed again, and was in a comical, or rather a tragi-comical taking: in short, she was so happy that she did not know what to do with herself. There are but few instances of people running mad for joy, her ladyship, however, was within an ace of it: after her first tumults had a little subsided, getting a little calm, her ladyship began to examine the grounds of her happiness and to find it very precarious in many points: in the first place Lord George was a very intimate friend of Sir John Lamsbroke, Harry's father, who had written several letters to Lady Budemere in his lordship's behalf, and, one to herself upon the same business; and, from the manner in which he had taken up his lordship's cause, she was too sure of poor Harry's fate the first moment he was known to be the rival of his father's friend: this was one bitter herb in her cup, and bitter enough of itself without the infusion of any other bitterness: she was at that moment too plagued with the addresses of two men of violent tempers, who would take no refusal, though they had each had one in their turns, holding it to be the grand proof of an ardent passion to take none, and, as she soon discovered, had formed themselves into a league against her, joined hand in hand to quarrel with all that put in any pretensions to her



besides themselves ; she trembled therefore for Harry's safety, and her anxiety for the youth whom she loved gave her much uneasiness. She sunk not however, her natural sprightliness, and Harry's letter kept her swimming, though in troubled waters ; she felt so happy she could scarce govern her spirits, and her fancy coined twenty tricks to cheat her persecutors and encourage Harry's love in secret ; and to keep it a secret she came to a resolution, first, to make no confidant ; this had been an old rule with her ; secondly to write no letters to, or receive any from Harry ; thirdly, to make him her scorn and her jest in publick : she therefore shut up her writing-box, for she had unlocked it to write an answer to Harry's note, and fell to summon all the courage she was mistress of to get an interview with him, to which Harry's meekness and modesty gave no small furtherance ; her fine brown eyes had now recovered their usual brightness, and her bosom had ceased to pant, for she had been in a great fuss, when she walked to her room window, and, looking out at it, saw Harry searching the garden for his letter, for it was plain enough how Lord George came by it : seeing him alone, she thought it a good opportunity to go into the garden, but her courage failed her so often that she had unlocked her writing-box, and shut it up again, three or four times, in doubt whether to write or not. At last she walked into the garden to see if the fresh air would give her any strength, but still kept on the opposite side of it to Harry, whom she watched like a cat : she could not resist the pleasure she took in looking at him, so e'en sat down on a garden chair on purpose to gaze. Poor Harry !

how he bustled about among the rose trees and the flowers, tumbling their leaves and their boughs over to look for his letter which lay, had he but known it! in his Charlotte's bosom. Presently he came out at the end of a walk close by her without seeing her as she sat behind a laurel, and started at the sight of her as if she had been a snake. 'Bless me, Mr. Lamsbroke,' said she, 'what in the world are you hunting about the garden so for? have you lost any thing?' Harry blushed, and said he had dropt a letter out of his pocket somewhere in it: 'whereabouts do you think you dropt it?' said she; 'come, I will help you look for it, I am lucky at finding things.' 'O dear Lady Charlotte, I would not have you take any trouble about it for the world!' said he, in some confusion. 'Come,' said she, 'I am determined to look for it, so tell me which way you have been looking, and we will take different ways.' Harry opposed her with increased confusion, when she jumped up, and said, 'She had set her heart upon finding his letter, and search she would in spite of him.' Harry, scarcely knowing what he did, caught her by the arm, and, in a little struggle between him and Lady Charlotte, his letter jumped out of her bosom: Harry saw it stick there some time before it dropt, but only seeing its edge, the rest being concealed by part of her left breast and her tucker, he did not know what paper it might be, but as soon as it fell on the ground he knew it in a moment! Lady Charlotte was not quite prepared for this, but courage sometimes comes unexpectedly. Harry caught up the letter and found it had been opened: if he had not felt so much, the silly figure he made were quite ridicu-

lous : ' I confess,' said she, ' I have taken the liber—hem, hem, taken the liberty to, to, to open your letter, for it was directed to me, you know, and who should, hem, open it but the person to whom, to whom, to whom it was directed ?'

Harry's face was in one moment as red as crimson, and then as white as ashes, and he trembled from head to foot till his teeth chattered in his head ; not knowing what he did he let the paper fall out of his hand again on the ground : Lady Charlotte, caught it up in a moment and put it into her bosom ! surely this were enough to have given a man courage if any thing could ! Her ladyship, perhaps, hardly knew what she was doing when she did it, for they were both in a mighty flutter : she certainly, however, was more at home in this business than he was, having been so much in the habit of receiving letters of proposals from so many, and use hardens one to any thing ; she recovered her senses presently, and, seeming to collect strength out of poor Harry's weakness, for he would have dropped on the ground but for the kind help of a dead stump which supported Harry and a honeysuckle tree at the same time, spoke thus : ' I have, I own, opened your letter, which Lord George picked up, and must needs throw in at my window ; so, you see, Mr. Lamsbroke, what an escape we have had :' her ladyship still continued to falter and hesitate, and Harry stood like a fool biting his lips, and twisting a honeysuckle between his fingers : now as fear in one hath sometimes the strange effect of giving another courage, Lady Charlotte, after a hem or two, and a feigned cough, proceeded : ' I am extremely afraid that you will think I have too much confidence in what I am going to say.

but the having been so much engaged of late in matters of this sort, I am in hopes will account to you for my being able to speak at all upon the subject of your letter : fear not, Mr. Lamsbroke, you are not fallen into unkind hands'—she was forced to stop at times to pick her words,—' Fear not my displeasure,' continued she, ' for you have not done any thing which I disapprove.' Harry looked at her at these words, and, like a great baby, fell a-crying. This gave her ladyship new matter, ' I am sorry,' said she, ' to see you so much affected, Mr. Lamsbroke, I beg of you not to vex yourself upon what has happened, you shall have little cause to weep if it is in my power to give you any comfort : I am not angry with you, indeed I am not.' This made poor Harry cry worse than before, and Lady Charlotte's soft bosom was too much touched to refrain from tears on her part, and so she e'en cried for company ; these their mutual tears brought on, as it were like, some little fond things between them which gave both equal confidence, and led to further conversation, which grew easier on Harry's part though mixed with blushes and timidity, that had an effect which Harry little expected, however, for one of his prime beauties in Lady Charlotte's eyes was his great modesty and timid manners, disgusted, as she continually was, with the overbearing and audacious impudence of such as took it into their heads to sue for her favours with little else to recommend them. Harry's diffidence held her admiration at all times, but it had, at this moment, a peculiar estimation in it, she could speak her sentiments the more freely, which, as they lay very much in his favour, would have been taken undue advantage of by

some of less merit and more boldness : ‘ Mr. Lamsbroke,’ said she, ‘ we will get a little further from the house, come with me.’ Upon which she led him beyond the garden and the plantations into a distant meadow, in the midst of which grew a spreading oak, where, having arrived, they sat down at its foot on the grass ; here her ladyship was sure to be safe, for none could come near them without being seen, which would not have been the case in a wood. ‘ Mr. Lamsbroke,’ then said she, ‘ I have my fears lest you should think me too bold, but necessity must plead my excuse for what I shall say, I have some days since received a letter from my uncle, your father, which I will first read to you before I add another word ;’ she then took a letter from her pocketbook and read as follows :

MY DEAREST NIECE,

I TAKE up my pen to write in behalf of a friend. It is some time since I have heard of Lord George E’s proposals, rejected indeed, as I have understood, by you at your father’s request, who had engaged himself with Mr. Grove before his lordship sent his last note, which engagement could not certainly be broken by a man of honour—I was therefore silent, and advised my friend to think no more of you ; he said that he would do his best to get the better of his attachment, though he was sure that he should love you as long as he lived ; he spoke these words upon his honour—happily for him the match intended between you and Mr. Grove’s son is now, very unaccountably I must own, broken off, I must now, therefore, use my whole interest with you in my friend’s behalf, and do assure you, my dear

niece, as a mark of the love I feel for him, that if even my own son were to make you an offer, much as I value his merits, and great as your fortune is, I do assure you that I not only would not give my consent to his robbing my dearest friend of the woman whom he loves above the world and all its beauties ; but, if he persisted in his attempts to get possession of you against my orders, upon my honour and upon my soul, good boy as he is, I would disinherit him, and turn him destitute into the world to beg his way to his grave.—I do insist upon it, my dearest niece, that you will not refuse my friend, he is a truly noble fellow, as well by nature as by title and rank, his fortune and estates are ample, his merits great and many, and he adores you above all women upon earth.

I remain, my dearest niece,

Your most affectionate uncle,

JOHN LAMSBROKE.

Lamsbroke Park, June 12th.

Harry was greatly affected at this letter. ‘Pray,’ said he, wiping his eyes, ‘what answer did you send to it, Lady Charlotte, if I may take so great a liberty as to ask you ?—I hope you will not be angry with me for asking, though I am afraid I have done a very bold thing.’ ‘I have a copy of it here,’ said her ladyship, ‘and will read it to you : I hope you will not take too much advantage of my making you my confidant, Mr. Lamsbroke,’ added she, with a sweet smile, the poignancy of which made Harry’s heart tingle as if it had been stung by a nettle :—she then took another paper out of her pocketbook and read as follows :

MY DEAR UNCLE,

IF you love your friend as sincerely as you say, I am sure you would not have me do him any injury, which I must do if I give him any the least encouragement: I will tell you the plain truth, my affections are wholly engaged, and I never will give my consent to make a man of so much merit as you hold out Lord George to be, completely miserable. Upon this ground I have again refused him, and I will go so far as to say, that unless I can obtain him on whom my whole heart is fixed, I will, I most solemnly declare to you, die unmarried. What your reasons may be for throwing out such a terrible menace on your son, I know not, but I hope for your excuse, my dearest uncle, when I say, that I think you have used him very ill in it.

I remain, my dear uncle,

Your very affectionate niece,

CHARLOTTE ORRY.

Hindermark, June 16th.

Harry's face, which had been very much flushed for some time, now glowed with a deeper red than ever, and raising his eyes, which he had scarce dared yet to do, to Lady Charlotte's, she dropt her face on her bosom painted all over with vermilion. Harry must be very dull indeed not to see what was the matter with her ladyship, but his diffidence still kept him in doubt; his modesty so blinded his eyes that he could not see what a happy man he was: 'tis no wonder the ladies should hate such a vice in a man when it gives them such a world of trouble! Poor Lady Charlotte! she was so provoked at seeing him still in doubt that she could have

boxed his ears: it was all her own fault, she might have had impudent fellows plenty who would have had quickness of apprehension enough, and self-conceit enough too, not to have given her half the trouble—but Harry was richly worth her pains if he had given her ten times as much: well, it is fit that the best things cost the most, and, when a thing is worth a pound who should buy it for a penny? When Lady Charlotte dropt her blushing face on her bosom, Harry might have taken her and put her in his pocket, and walked away with her if he pleased—but, thought he, surely, it cannot be myself that she hints at in her answer to my father—my merits are surely too small to deserve so much—there was a little silence, and Lady Charlotte played with a cowslip: what would Lord George, what would the baronet St. Clair have given to have been in Harry's place at that moment! Harry's face was so flushed, and he looked so excessively handsome, that Lady Charlotte was afraid to look that way, and so she played with a cowslip that grew at her side. Harry, by accident turned his eyes towards her to look what it was she was doing, when sitting rather on the advantage ground, and being tall too, he dropt his eyes into her bosom and saw his letter in it: 'My letter is very happy, Lady Charlotte,' said he, 'to be where it is.' Lady Charlotte smiled, with her eyes downcast upon the cowslip, for she did not look up, perhaps, for fear of frightening Harry's eyes away, knowing very well what pretty shy things they were. 'May I dare to hope,' said he, 'that it did not come into the place where it is, by accident, but by—by—by—favour?' She smiled again with a blush, still looking at the



quite away, so that he could only see a bit of her ear, just as if she had not a mind to see what her hand did which was at that time quite behind her, and gently squeezed Harry's hand that held her's. Now the wonder is what the ladies will say to Lady Charlotte for doing such a shocking thing as that? but her ladyship might have suffered a little spasmodick affection, just at that moment, which contracted her fingers a little.— Well, women are made, amongst other things, to delight a man's heart, and they certainly now and then answer that purpose to admiration. Confound the toads! Old Crab used to say, it is nothing but their impudence makes them modest! for they and the devil very well know it to be the surest way to get hold of the men.

Lady Charlotte and Harry had now convinced each other of their mutual affection, for, by the gentle squeeze which she gave Harry's hand, he had no longer any doubt, diffident as he was, that he was the happy man alluded to in her ladyship's letter to his father; this grand preliminary being settled, Lady Charlotte apprized him with how much secrecy they must at present act; he had some very formidable rivals, one of whom had all his father's interest, who was quite the sort of man to put his menaces in execution upon the terms named in his letter; 'None, therefore, must know, Mr. Lamsbroke, what engagements we may form together,' said her ladyship; 'be you prepared for any face which I may choose to put on before others; we will write no more letters, for letters, you see, may be lost, none must know but ourselves what has passed this evening, no, not our most intimate friends; be you but silent, leave the rest to me,

the baronet, or any other man had seized upon it; but she remained silent, and sat as quiet as a mouse, and, though it charmed her beyond expression to hear the man whom she loved make love to her, yet she could not help feeling pity for what he felt in the struggles between his love and his diffidence. But she had a good deal of spite in her for all that, and was determined to be revenged on him for having teased her so long, and leaving it to accident at last to bring her his note, and, but for the said accident, had teased her half a year longer perhaps; so she held her tongue, like a cunning puss, to feast her ears, that loved sweet things as well as any girl's ears in the world, though she could have talked fast enough if she had had a mind to interrupt him. Certainly these were some of the happiest moments of her life, and the most prudish could not blame her for making the best of them, when it is considered that what gave them their highest relish was, that the pleasure she felt was innocent. Harry, now taking courage from her bashfulness as she had lately done from his, leaned a little over her to get a sight of her face, upon which she started a little, for she thought he was going to kiss her, he had not a thought, however, of taking so great a liberty, though he, whom she was determined to make her husband, might have done it and been forgiven. 'My dear Lady Charlotte,' said he, 'pray tell me one thing,—is the person who now sits by your side, he whom you so kindly alluded to in your letter to my father? tell me, pray tell me, give me some sign of what you cannot speak, let this dear hand, which I now hold in mine, speak for you:' she turned her back to him and her head

put on a good pace, for I am sure the instruction which we shall receive from my uncle Bat's sermon will repay us richly for our tears.' 'Can you tell me the particulars of this sad event?' said she. 'I can,' said Harry; 'come, I will tell you the melancholy story as we walk along, if you love tragedies it will suit you, for it is a story full of wo.'—'Why,' said she, 'I own that I have rather a turn for comedy than tragedy, but I shall like to hear you tell me the story nevertheless, for there is always one comfort in a sad story, the pleasure that comes from a comparison of our happier lot with the miseries of others.' Saying which, she gave Harry another sweet smile, and observed the tears on his rosy cheeks. 'O Lady Charlotte,' said Harry, 'you smile at my weakness, but I know, from my own feelings, how to feel for this poor young man, I do indeed, and cannot help—' Harry could get no further, but hid his face in his handkerchief. If Lady Charlotte could have done as she would, she had flung her snowy arm about Harry's neck, and kissed him for his tender-heartedness.

### OLD CRAB'S FUNERAL SERMON,

PREACHED AT

### THE BURIAL OF JOHN CARTLAND.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE GROVE.

*Man is cut down like a Flower of the Field.*

This comparison suits very well with my present purpose: the man whom we now put into the earth was cut down in the flower of life, and

upon this I shall argue as follows ; first, the shorter man's life is, the better ; secondly, the sooner men prepare for death, the better ; and thirdly, the less we lament those who are gone before us, the better. And, first, the shorter man's life is, the better, for his troubles are shorter too, and, no man, I think, can well complain of that : we often hear men complain of too many troubles but none of too few : if we ask a man whether he would choose twenty years of misery or forty, one would think him beside his wit if he chose the longer term, and, I think, with good reason ; but yet, if any one were to be asked whether he would choose a long life or a short one, and he chose the short one, we should think him beside his wits too : now there must be an error somewhere in this thing, and it may make for our advantage to look for it : A man is born to trouble, saith Job, as sure as the sparks fly upwards, for so I think the Hebrew should be translated ; and I suppose there is none of us who will take upon him to contradict that ; trouble therefore we must find in the world ; it is an enemy which we must meet and contend with as long as we stay in it ; life, therefore, is a state of warfare, not of peace ; truces there may be in it, but never peace, and those, too, very few and very short : it appears then that we must all meet trouble and contend with it, that we all do so needs no argument to prove it here : in this war many fall early sacrifices, like the poor young man who now lies dead before us : some stand it out for many years and still get the better of their wounds, and still fight on, until old age joins hands with the common enemy, and very soon makes it a matter of irresistible odds : what shall

we say then ? is it good to live in an eternal scuffle ? in continual bickerings ? under perpetual bruises ? as soon as, and sometimes sooner than one wound is healed, to get another, and often in the same gash too ? what keeps us all in love with anguish thus ? or, am I in an error, and it be true that we are not fond of pain ? but if we are fond of life we must needs take pain into the account, for with life it comes and to life it sticks as long as life lasts, then the shorter life is the better, for we cannot get rid of pain until we do get rid of life, do what we will : pains and troubles either of the mind, the canker that ate out this poor young man's heart, or of the body, which few men are strangers to, goad and scourge us through the world, and, one would think, would make us glad to make haste through it. What if we were forced to stop in our way ? if we were tied up to be lashed ? what if we could not get into our graves out of the reach of the whip if we would ? what if we were held for a hundred years at a time to be flogged without being permitted to take one step all that time towards the quiet tomb ? let such as would choose long lives think on that : let them think how glad they would be to have their cords untied, and with what joy they would make the best of their way to their sepulchre where the bitter scourge cannot follow them. This were some matter of consideration ; ease after pain is certainly something, and a precious something too, men would not be so over-fond of life, if this matter were well weighed, as they are ; and it were an argument with them, one would think, to get prepared to die, to be ready at a moment's call, and listen with eager expectation for their names to be named. How St. Paul wishes to be with his

Master ! hear what he says on this matter, ' if in this life only we had hope, we should be of all men the most miserable !' Of whom doth he speak ? of Christians : of those very men whose blessed estate bids the fairest of all others for happiness : of those whom Christ, of those whom the Holy Ghost descended from heaven itself to save and to comfort ! Now, if we will take St. Paul's word for it, a short life were better, or why should he wish to be with Christ ? Why weep we then over this untimely bier ? why do we say, ' alas my brother !' why mingle we our tears with the flowers that are scattered on his grave ? Is he not where St. Paul so much wished to be ? The moral and religious excellence of his life bid fairly for it, my good friends. These hands made a christian soldier of him, and from this place have we handed him down the armour to protect him in the battle : God's will be done — If he be content to take the young warrior so soon out of the conflict, why need we lament ? why grieve that his contest should be so short ? Who could be glad to see him linger here ? Our youth lose an example, it is true ; that is a loss, and a grievous loss when goodness is so scarce as it is : but let bad men tremble, and be thankful that they are not called to their account, so much less fit to meet their account than he ; that they have more time allowed, if they please, to have their faults whipped out of them ; but a man cannot live too short a time that is fit to go to heaven ; and why ?—wherefore should a good man live in troubles ? if ripe for heaven why not be gathered ? Let God pick and choose where he pleases amongst us—why contest the matter ? for to grieve at what God does, is a kind of contest

with him. If a short life were unfit, we should all live to be very old, but since more die that are not grown old than are, the cast is against long lives, and it is God's will that fewer should live to be very old, and that, it is like, out of compassion for our sufferings in this world, which are sharp and manifold; and what a merciful thing it is in our Heavenly Father to knock off the bolts and shackles of the flesh! to set the suffering soul free from its prison! to take the spirit to himself and put it out of the reach of trouble! But the loss of friends we must needs call a misfortune, and death a grief:—and yet why should it be a grief? must we needs always fall in with the ways and errors of the world, and call griefs what the world calls griefs? Death, which the world calls a grief, can do no good man ill:—ill! it is the way to his reward: death is the door that lets him into heaven.—Why should we grudge at this? why should we grudge at a good man's being made eternally happy? that he is taken out of the stone's throw of misfortune? that his soul is sifted from the dust of this earth? that he joins the company 'of saints, and good men made perfect?' But it said that when a man is taken out of the world he can do no more good in it, that his widow, perhaps, and his orphans are left to shift for themselves, who were supported by his industry, and protected by his arm:—be it said, and be it answered, that when he goes out of the world he does not take the providence of God out of the world along with him; in what better hands can he leave all that is dear to him on earth than in the hands of providence? God, who calls him from his post, can set another watch at it; and if his widow and his orphans take care

to do what God bids them, there will no harm come to them until God breaks his word with them, which will never be. A good man is gone, and, to use the language of the world, we shall see him no more: not on earth it is true, we cannot expect that, nor ought we to wish it for his sake and for our own: for his sake,—for which of his friends would lend a hand to pull him back again into a world of troubles? for our own,—for what pain and grief would it be to us to see him banished from the realms of bliss into a place which is none other than the house of woe and bitterness? Could we bear, upon his return to it, to hear his lamentations for a moment? For what must a man feel at such a change? to be taken out of heaven and committed to this earth, as it were to a house of correction, to be torn away from the society of saints and angels, and cast down amongst a gang of thieves, slanderers, fornicators, drunkards, murderers, blasphemers, miscreants, and adulterers? would not this be to plunge him into hell?—Who then can complain of too short a life, shouldered on all sides by such reprobates as these? A good man lies in this vile world like a pearl in the mud: how unfit a place, my friends, for one who is fit for heaven! such a one is not at home on earth, he is here a stranger, he belongs to heaven!—Now if it please God to send his angel down to pick out what is worthy of heaven amongst us, why, the sooner heaven takes its own the better: and if we are in no mind to lose a good friend, or a good relation for ever, let us look about us, quit our sins, purify our lives, and make all ready to follow him and meet him in heaven: and few will deny, I think, that the sooner this happens to any of us



the better, which brings me to the second division of my discourse, that is to say, a speedy preparation for quitting this world of clouds, for, indeed, there is little sunshine here :—let us then set our houses in order, that when death comes he may find that we have nothing to do but to go with him at a moment's warning: that he may find us ready dressed for our journey and waiting for him: yea, ready dressed—all our filthy sins cast off, and evil habits discarded, and our wedding garments upon us, and in our best array to meet the bridegroom, of whom the Scripture speaks. Take heed to my words, my good friends, there will be no hanging back at that time, go we must whether we be clean or unclean, whether we be in a wedding garment or in dirty rags. Let us all remember that no unclean thing can enter the palace of heaven: if we are still in our sins we shall be flung into hell from the threshold of God's house; if death come and find us wrapped up in our wickedness, we shall be cast afar off, where neither star nor sun-light reaches, into a place where the vengeance of the Almighty rolls in black clouds of smoke mixed with eternal fires: thus, indeed, the Scriptures image out the place of torment, but what is meant by the undying worm, and by the ever-burning flame, we know not, but it must certainly be something very terrible which these things are made to stand for, and a very faint resemblance, it is like, of the hideous original, which no man in his senses, one would think, would choose to see. The case is this:—a man may, if he pleases, escape eternal punishment, he may, if he hath a mind, go to heaven: Heaven and hell are held out to his choice: if he, by the smiles of vice,

is tempted into hell it is his own fault ; if, by the buoyancy of virtue, he is raised to heaven, it will be set down to his merit, and his reward will be great. If a man be asked, whether he would choose hell or heaven ? we know his answer very well ; but how comes it to pass that he will not put himself in the way to get that thing which he would like the best of the two ? here comes in a man's sins, and push him out of the road, and into hell, when he would put himself forward on the way to heaven : now, if he is so great a fool as not to contest the matter with his sins, what is it but to say that heaven is not worth a man's fighting for ? now the best preparation for death is to fight manfully against the devil, this is to fight the good fight spoken of in Scripture, and it is for victory in this battle that the crown, also named in Scripture, is held out. But the reward is at a great distance, we may say, and the battle is at hand ; yet we may say this without being at all able to prove it, for 'this night our souls may be required of us,' as the Scripture says, and then the reward is not at a great distance, but very near us, and may be still nearer for any thing we know of the matter : a man, therefore, who will not fight on is a fool, or a coward, or both, for the very conditions on which we take our existence is to breast it out against difficulties, dangers, sin, and the devil. What an idiot must he be who will fight, till he dies, for an earthly reward, which he must part with too, if he lives to get it ; and will not fight till death for a heavenly reward, which, if he gets it, nothing can take from him, not even death itself, even if he dies in the conflict, which would deprive him of the earthly thing which he fights for to all in-

tents and purposes ; what an idiot, I say, must such a one be ! and who but a fool would call him wise ? The hazard a man runs by cutting off his preparation for death, if at all considered, would terrify the stoutest heart. Put the case thus : I am very well to-day, I never was in better health in my life, but yet I cannot count the value of one moment upon to-morrow, for, as the Scripture says, ‘ A man knows not what a day may bring forth : ’ yet, behold all things lie about me at sixes and sevens, I drink, I game, I swear, I lie, I steal, I blaspheme, I commit fornication, I commit adultery, I bear false witness, I fight duels and commit murder, and all this, when by this hour to-morrow I may stand at the bar of heaven with such a load of sins as this upon my shoulders !—Why, would not a man deserve to be put into hell for a month, or for any given time, and thank any one who would do it if it would bring him to his senses, that chooses, for it is his choice, to go on day after day in this manner without ‘ taking any thought for the morrow,’ as the Scripture says ? ‘ Sufficient for the day would indeed be the evil thereof,’ if a man were to be cast into hell, in it, I suppose, or he would have such an appetite for evil that might surprise any body ! —We are all of us sinners : we go on making false step after false step, and the very best of us can do no more than sin and repent by turns, and, as soon as our tears have washed one spot away, comes another, and a blacker perhaps than any yet repented of.—But yet, kind mercy receives the golden censer, with the sweet incense of sorrow burning, at the hands of our great Intercessor, who, if he sees us err yet sees us weep for our errours, propitiates him who sent him to

save us : let us weep then, not for the dead, but for the living; (which brings me to the third and last division of my sermon ;, not because this good young man is gone to heaven so soon, but for our sins, which will bar our meeting with him once again, and that never to be parted. A tear for the dead is an honour to his tomb ; if it be a debt let us pay it and have done with it : tears, it is true, give ease to the heart, but we must fight against the disease, or tears may fail to cure it : sorrow is an enemy both to the soul and the body, it is one of those passions which we must meet in the field aforesaid, we must oppose it manfully if we look to oppose it effectually : it cannot long stand its ground before the true soldier ; it is a foe that must be grappled withal ;— but many die of grief, there are some for whom sorrow is too strong, here lies before us, alas, a sad instance of it, one into whose brain grief brought a fatal phrensy which pushed him on, not knowing what he did, to self-destruction !— This is true : but it gives additional force to my argument, for the more potent our foe the stronger armour must we put on to meet him : if we are conquered, and notwithstanding fought our best, we have done our duty, and shall be met at the gates of heaven, by angels attuning this hymn to their harps, ‘Come, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of our Lord!’

It may be asked, how can we better show our love for our friend, than by our sorrows for his loss ? It were well to ask in return, whether he be lost or not ? If he be gone to heaven, one cannot well say that he is lost : we must look to be sure that he is lost, or we may grieve when we ought to rejoice ; if we are not sure that he is

bid adieu to any child whom God is pleased to call for, with this consolation, that he may be wanted to fill some place in heaven. I would not be thought, my dear friends, to insult your sorrows, as is not unfrequently the case, by calling the cause of your grief a trifle ; this is none other than to call a man a fool for his pains, and set down his sorrows to the score of weakness and folly : to lose a favourite child is one of the greatest of human calamities, but yet let us take notice, that the greater any calamity is that befalls us, the greater merit hath our resignation too, in our acquiescence to the divine will. 'Let us make ourselves friends out of our calamities, and misfortunes, that when we fall they may receive us into everlasting habitations.'

Come then, my good friends, let us wipe away our tears, let us bury our sorrows with the deceased in the grave : if he could speak to us out of the clouds, it would be the first advice he would give us, for such was his advice until his intellect became a ruin, and his senses were destroyed : a tender regard to his memory I well know that he would have us cherish, but to see us nurse our grief, that scorpion of the soul, would give him pain in proportion to his love for us : Let us set him in our presence, and do nothing that would grieve him if he were conscious of our actions ; he himself fell a victim to sorrow, how then were it likely that he should approve that very thing in us which did him so much hurt ? There is one thing which we ought to take notice of, and that is, that the better a man is, the better he takes consolation, the bad man, if any, is the inconsolable man, because he can have the least title to the best of all other conse-

lions, namely, religious consolation : for religion, instead of pouring comfort into his wounds, fills his mind with terrour and dismay, so much so, that he does all he can to get it out of his thoughts, as the most unwelcome intruder there, conscious that he is rather a fit object of its vengeance than its consolation : but this by the way. To return : no man, one would think, would deny, that the shorter our sorrows are the better, because, sorrow is no very pleasant thing, and who would not get rid of an unpleasant thing as soon as he could ? when I say the shorter our sorrows are the better, I mean no dishonour to the dead, or to say that he is not worth a tear, for then my advice were given where it was not wanted, for there is no need to tell any body not to mourn for what they do not care for : And who laments the worthless ? there is no need to check people's tears when none are like to be shed : by no means ;—but when the good, I will not say die, but come to an untimely grave, we need advice, every comfort, and every consolation : it is then our sorrows are most apt to exceed bounds ; it is then our griefs want a check the most, and the more I insist upon this, the better compliment I pay to the dead : The more we strive to get the better of our grief for the deceased, the greater the contest with our sorrows, the more we honour the departed, for it serves only to prove the strength and violence of our wo. To come nearer to ourselves, we see in the sad instance upon the bier, how hurtful grief is to our bodies, and what ills it brings on them ; it hath the power, if not checked, to seize on the brain itself, to overturn the throne of reason, and throw the soul into confusion : not to advert to the old topics,

that sorrow for the dead can be of no use to the living; that no tear will recall the fleeing spirit. I shall now conclude with putting you in mind that religion is the only sovereign balm for the wounded heart; there may be other remedies, but this is the best of them all, and for this reason, it gives us to understand, that though the deceased hath left us, we have not lost him, that if we do our duty as well as he did here, we shall meet him again; that this young flower, that only staid to show us its blossom here, is not withered and dead, but only transplanted into Paradise. Into which happy place, that we may all be transplanted too, may God, of his infinite mercy grant, to whom, with the Holy Ghost and our Saviour Jesus Christ, be ascribed all honour, praise, majesty and dominion, from this time forth for evermore. Amen.

FOR MR. NEW CRAFT'S SERMON ON JOHN CARTLAND.

## CHAPTER XI.

*In Continuation.*

BUT we must now leave Harry and his mistress on their way to Oakley Grove, and return to the party at Hindermark, where the reader may well imagine that the absence of her ladyship was not borne with much patience by Lord George and the baronet: and it growing near to Mr. Grove's time for their tea and coffee, Cypriote and the

philosopher, Lord George and the baronet all took different ways amongst the gardens and the shrubberies to look for Lady Charlotte. Genevieve first ran up stairs to her ladyship's apartment, where she used at times to spend an hour in retirement, for she had a way of getting a good deal out of society of late, but found the door locked, which, indeed, was no new thing, for she always locked her room door whether in it, or not in it, and none knew if she was in it, for she would not answer at times when she was in it; this Genevieve knew, and, after a knock, went away.

Lord George said that he had seen her ladyship at her window when they took their walk after dinner, but had not seen her since that time; so the four persons aforesaid went out a-hunting for Lady Charlotte, and it was Lord George's good fortune to find the game. He met her and Harry, on their return from Oaken Grove. 'How far has your ladyship been walking?' said he, casting a look of some displeasure on Harry; 'you do this young gentleman, I think, too much honour to prefer his company to that of all the rest of the party put together.' 'Mr. Lamsbroke is a great favourite of mine, my lord,' said she, 'and I asked him to walk with me to Oaken Grove this evening; and, to tell you the truth, I liked his company and conversation so well, that I shall certainly take another walk with him soon.'—'If you do, madam,' said his lordship pettishly, 'I shall take leave to tell that gentleman that he will please me better if he walks by himself.' 'Pray, my lord,' said she, 'how came you by any authority to prescribe to me with whom I shall walk, or with whom I shall not walk? Your pleasure



has very little weight with me, and, I dare say, quite as little with Mr. Lamsbroke, with whom I shall most certainly walk, if I please, without coming to you to say, Pray, my lord, will you give me leave to walk with Mr. Lamsbroke? or, Is it your pleasure that I walk with Sir Henry St. Clair?" Upon which she laughed in his lordship's face, and told him that he gave himself great airs! 'Give me leave to say, madam, that I should feel very little interest in your society if I expressed no regret at seeing it squandered away upon the undeserving,' said his lordship. 'If you knew yourself,' said she, 'you would not feel that regret, if you knew me, you would take care not to express it: but, after all, what can I add to you by being with you, or take from you by being with another?' 'Yourself, madam,' said his lordship, 'which, like the significant figure, gives a cypher all its value.' 'I heard Mr. Lamsbroke say that when Julia, in a frolick, ran away from Mr. George Grove; after what you have said of him, I am surprised that you can condescend to borrow his wit, and contract a debt which you will never be able to pay.' 'It gives me very little satisfaction,' said his lordship, 'to hear you praise that young gentleman at all; and, though you may say what you please, I shall drop a hint in his ear that I will not hear him praised by you, madam, at my expense.' 'You are a very pleasant sort of person, though not a little fond of quarrelling, if you make one person's commendation the grounds of falling out with another: you are far enough, my lord, from being a wit yourself, it is true, but I did not know till this moment, that you had not good sense enough not to be displeased at it in another.'

‘To have neither wit nor good sense,’ said his lordship, ‘is certainly to be very much a fool, and your ladyship has done me a great deal of honour to tell me so to my face: but the very first moment that a woman finds a man to be her slave, she will not stick to call him a fool when he can so very easily find out the reason why he merits that title of distinction. But I must give that young gentleman, who has just left us, a little good advice about walking; for if he does not walk to please me, I will make him walk out with me where he will not be best pleased to go!’ added his lordship angrily. ‘This is very fine!’ said Lady Charlotte; ‘I, myself, asked Mr. Lamsbroke to walk with me to Oaken Grove, what he did was done at my instance; if I chose to take him instead of my footman, my lord, what have you to do with that?’ ‘What another man takes of your company, madam, I set down as a robbery upon myself.’ ‘A man must take what is your own property, my lord, before he can be said to rob you; my company is not quite that yet, and if I see much of these humours, is not like ever to be.’ ‘Delightful is!’ exclaimed his lordship, kneeling down in a puddle, and taking her ladyship’s hand, which she snatched from him in a moment, ‘if there can be any conditions upon which I could ever claim your sweet society for my own, name them, O name them, most lovely of thy sex, and not one change in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* shall be so sudden as mine from what you hate to what you love!’ ‘You had best go and get clean stockings, my lord, for you have kneeled in a very dirty place,’ said Lady Charlotte; ‘and then, I think, I shall like you a little better.’ ‘Am I ever to

be put off with some cruel jest?' said he; 'for heaven's sake, Lady Charlotte—' 'And for heaven's sake, Lord George,' said she, 'why will you kneel in a puddle?' 'O most divine of women!' exclaimed he, 'I would kneel in the middle of an ocean.' 'O most divine of men!' said Lady Charlotte, 'do you take me for a duck, that you fall to courting me in a pond of water?' 'I did not know where I was, or what I did,' said he—'what can I do? how act? what perform, to purchase me the smallest grace in that lovely bosom?' 'Why,' said her ladyship, 'in the first place, I lay my injunctions on you to be civil to Mr. Lamsbroke; I insist upon that, my lord, if he walks with me twenty miles in a day; and, now I think of it, I shall often ask him to walk with me, since you have made such a fuss about it, on purpose to try you: in the second place, I must insist upon it, that you send me no more letters, my window cannot stand open five minutes, without having one scrawl or other thrown in at it.' 'A man whose passion,' quoth his lordship, 'is so ardent as mine, whose soul would cease to think, if not of you, a bosom'—'Well,' said she, 'I have heard all this, twenty times over, my lord, and I have told you my mind upon the matter in such a way, that it is impossible to be misunderstood—I will not say that my mind will never change, or how things may be, when I see your lordship in clean stockings, but if you come down in the mud thus, it were better if you came a-courting in boots;' saying which, she ran into the house.

The irresistible influence of the charm had wrought such wonders in the constitution of the beautiful milk-maid, that she had picked up her

crabs, as they say of the chickens, and was now grown as plump as one of her father's barn-door fowls : the bans of marriage had been put up by Old Crab three times, in his church, and a month had now passed since that ceremony : Old Crab and Mr. Grove, had settled their plan of provision for their children, the lease of Dairy-Mead was drawn and signed, the workmen had already begun to build the cottage in it, and the little grove, famous for Julia's harbour, was to be walled in with the rest of the pleasure grounds : all this was to be done at Mr. Grove's expense, and the young couple to take up their abode at Hindermark until their house was ready to receive them : This became Mr. and Mrs. Grove's plaything, and they were always amusing themselves in Dairy-Mead when the weather permitted them. George Grove was chasing Julia one day in the shrubberies at Hindermark for a kiss, when Old Crab, coming to Mr. Grove's house, stepped behind a Portugal laurel, and saw what they had no mind should be seen ; Julia, to give her due, had run into one of the thickest shades she could find, to hide herself from George perhaps, when he caught the breathless fugitive close by the Portugal laurel that hid Old Crab, and had Julia in his arms, when the old gentleman popped out upon them : ' You jade ! ' quoth Old Crab, ' why did'nt you run into the house ? ' and caught her by the arm—George stole away—' Come,' said he, ' 'tis high time you fix your day, or I shall fix one for you, these are fine doings ! ' Julia panted and held her head down, to hide her blushes : name your day this moment, or this day three weeks shall be the day ; why don't you speak, wench ? ' ' If you

please, papa,' said she. 'Please, indeed!' quoth Old Crab; 'I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, romping about in this manner, as if you were mad! a fine idle hussey you are grown, and be hanged to ye, while I am forced to pay one to do all your work for you, you hoiden!' 'Indeed, papa, I should like to go a-milking again as I used to do, now I am got well again, and look to the dairy too—those were happy days, papa: but indeed, papa, I am very happy, very indeed, and very thankful too for all my happiness,' falling on her knees before Old Crab, with the tears running down her face: 'Happy,' quoth Old Crab, 'aye, I don't know what the plague should ail you else, romping about with a handsome young fellow! you shall come home and there stay, until the ceremony is over, and see no more of George, until he comes to bring you to church.' Julia looked behind her to see if George was in sight, but she saw no more of him for a long time, not indeed until her wedding-day.

Genevieve had taken it into her head that she should not have any the least objection to be married on the same day with Julia—indeed she set her heart upon it, and left no stone unturned in order to it: but, after some consideration, she found out that a woman could not well be married, unless a man could be found for her husband, and this was a lucky discovery, which thing might have escaped one less in a hurry than she: Now Genevieve was so far from getting married, that she had not got so much as an offer, from the man on whom she had fixed her heart, nor had she any reason soon to expect one, or, indeed, at all, unless she could court the philosopher in the shape of a Greek folio; she had a fine

Grecian face, indeed, and that was something in her favour. That she was in love with Acerbus was a thing as well known to him as if he had read it in Aristotle, for she courted him as far as she dared to do, and, as hot things are apt to communicate their heat, she had so far—But hold, proportion is one of the graces of architecture, a few bricks one way or the other are no great matter, a man may put them in his eye and see none the worse for them, he might grumble, perhaps, if he had a barge-load shot into it, and say they hurt his sight—we will therefore stop the trowel here, reader, and put the rest of our matter into the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER XI.

In Continuation.

WE have left a broken sentence, but we will build to it, and fill all holes in due time : we shall now proceed to say how love suited Genevieve's high stomach—it lay very hard upon it, reader—and, what was worse, she could not get rid of it any way—no, it stuck like a sponge and swelled there : finding this, how very wise it was in her to give up being mistress where she could not be master, and fall to obey where she could not command ! Love is vastly fond of bringing down a proud stomach : Genevieve had queened it over the men like a tyrant, but her reign was now over, and it was her turn to be a subject and to have her

crown cast to the ground : where she cast herself one warm day, and Lady Charlotte came to look at her, as it hath been said : yes, she lay at her full length on the grass under a green tree, fit posture for one so humbled, and confessed her passion to her friend : who, it may be remembered, kindly instructed her in the way to catch the philosopher : and she had now practised what her friend advised her with much patience and some success : she had become entomologist and studied insects, made collections, and, her purse giving her great advantages over the poor philosopher, she had bought foreign beetles, spiders, butterflies, and a variety of curious creeping things, and a grand compound microscope that cost her forty guineas : she fed caterpillars, toads, and lizards in boxes, and gave up her mind with all diligence to the propagation of diptera, hymenoptera, aptera, and coleoptera : After some time the philosopher got scent of these things by a side wind, and he followed her up stairs one day to her dressing-room which she had turned into a museum, the sight of which touched the philosopher's heart to the quick : ' What do you want, you great blockhead ? ' said she, turning round at her door and seeing him creeping up stairs after her, ' what d'ye hunt me about for ? ' saying which she put the key into the lock of the door inside and locked the philosopher out : She then took out her grand microscope, which was made of shining brass and highly finished, and set it out on a table directly opposite to the key-hole of the door and pretended to begin some exhibitions : The philosopher stood outside the same and put his eye into the key-hole, but in vain. Genevieve saw

that the brass tongue had fallen over it, and put it aside ; the philosopher tried again, and got a sight of the amorous Genevieve's whole apparatus ! He knew in a moment what it was, and fell into a rapture at the sight of it ! He knocked at her door, begged and prayed to be let in—but in vain ! so the poor philosopher was e'en forced to stand outside the door and see Genevieve and her microscope, through the key-hole. It grieved her heart to hear the poor man beg at her door, and she felt a sensation which she never had felt before at the prayers of any man : but she obeyed the artful Lady Charlotte's orders, and let him stand and peep and beg, and beg and peep for an hour. Poor Acerbus had long since been saving all the money he could scrape together to buy a microscope, and had not yet got enough to buy one of inferior excellence, but when he saw through the key-hole that Genevieve had got one of the very best that could possibly be bought for money, the sight of it made his heart leap within him. ' Pray, Jenny, let me see your microscope,' said he. ' Get along, you impertinent coxcomb,' said she, ' how do you know what I have got ?' She then took out a very fine case of outlandish insects, and held them so full before the key-hole as to give him a sight of a collection that had cost her twenty guineas. The philosopher was in agonies, and scarce knowing what he did, began to push the door. Do or say whatever he could, however, the cruel puss would not let him come in, but had the barbarity to run to her door and put the brass tongue down over the key-hole, and the philosopher could see no more. Upon which he took his book out of his pocket, sat him down



at her door and read till she came out at it, but she locked it after her. Now he grew extremely earnest with her to be shown her curiosities, but she put him off. The philosopher was always getting to her key-hole, and, what instructions the artful Lady Charlotte had given her friend in the management of her key-hole we cannot say, Genevieve, however, shewed the philosopher a great many odd things through it; and how could she tell, with a thick oak door before her eyes, when he was at her key-hole?—It was impossible, for her garter coming loose one day, she tied it, by some accident, just opposite to the key-hole, and showed the philosopher, amongst other curiosities, one of the most beautiful ankles in the world! His favourite pointer, Ponto, who was in Genevieve's dressing-room, jumped up at that moment, smelled his master, and ran to the door and whined. Genevieve caught the dog up in her arms, and, giving him half a dozen kisses, put him out at it, and said, 'Get along, you nasty toad! I can't think what it is that brings you here!' Acerbus saw her kiss the dog through the key-hole, and was not a little surprised at the difference of poor Ponto's treatment inside and outside the door, for he came out with a piece of sweet cake in his mouth. The philosopher now made a push, whether Genevieve's pretty ankle ran in his head or what, and got his body, no small one, between the door and the door-post, so that Genevieve could not shut it again. Now such a great strong creature as she was, might easily have pushed him out and shut her door, but, seeing him eager after something, she did not do it, and, though she called him an hundred blockheads, she would not have hurt him for the

world: she gave way and he came in, but there was nothing to be seen: he pressed her again, with more ardour than ever, to show him her collections of insects and her microscope, but alas, this was not what she wanted him to press her for! yet it pleased her too to have the man whom she so fondly loved press her for any thing. Now when one sees another fond of what oneself is fond of, one cannot help feeling a little fondness for that person whose likings suit our own: Genevieve's excessive beauty often attracted the eyes of the philosopher, but he always had contented himself with a look, but now a sigh escaped her, and there was a soft suffusion in her eyes which might have been more easily construed than a sentence in Aristotle. 'My dear Jenny,' said he, 'pray grant me one thing.' She asked him what it was, and for some reason, dropt her chin upon her neck and blushed. 'Nay, Jenny,' said he, 'it is nothing to blush at.'—She wished it had been!—He took her hand, but she did not box his ears as she had served others, but stood as still as a mouse and did nothing but blush. 'What do you want, you fool?' said she, gently twisting her hand as if she had no mind to take it away from him. 'Pray let me see your microscope, Jenny?' said Acerbus. 'What will you give me,' said she, half yielding, 'to show you it?' 'Dear Jenny,' said he eagerly, 'I will give you any thing—I will give you a kiss to let me see it!' Now this the philosopher had often done at meetings and at partings, and thought no more of it than what a little kindness came to, and Genevieve had often returned it, as a relation might do, without dreaming of a blush: but the philosopher was

now taught how one kiss differs from another, a difference which Porphyry hath not set down, and Aristotle himself no where mentions: now, instead of standing ready, as usual, to receive his kiss, Genevieve blushed and turned her face away, which thing put the philosopher to his enthymemes.—‘What’s the matter now my pretty Jenny?’ said he, holding her hand, which was twisted round in his as she turned her back upon him, ‘you and I have kissed before to day without making any blushing matter of it.’ ‘Get along, you great fool,’ said she, without taking her hand away, ‘I am not in any humour to be kissed now.’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘let me see your microscope, and it is no matter.’ Genevieve snatched her hand out of his in a moment, and bade him leave the room. ‘My dear Jenny,’ said he, ‘I am sorry to have offended you,’ and following her to the end of the room, kissed her cheek, but with some difficulty, as she did nothing but turn her back to him—yes, he kissed her cheek and brought away a tear upon his lips: now if he had kissed her mouth it might have watered, and the moisture been very well accounted for, but it came off her cheek and ran down from one of her pretty black eyes to meet the philosopher’s lip! The philosopher very well knew what ailed her, for he was perilous shrewd at the solving of problems, and a deep dog at the analysis of compounds into primitives. ‘I love you, my pretty Jenny,’ quoth he, ‘because you love what I love,’ and, although he had his arms round Genevieve’s waist, she never once knocked him down, as she served Lord Delamere, or Colonel Barret, no, nor boxed his ears, as she did little Cocky’s.

‘ Now, my pretty Jenny,’ said he, and kissed the other cheek—the devil must be in Genevieve to bear all this !—‘ Now, my pretty Jenny,’ said he, ‘ let me look at your microscope, and your foreign insects !’—Genevieve wished the insects and the microscope at the deuse, for she was wofully afraid that all this kissing came from the wrong end at last,—videlicet, curiosity. ‘ Let me go,’ said she, standing as still as a mouse, ‘ let me go, you great ass !’ and, if it had not been too cold, one would have thought she had been turned all into marble, her tongue excepted, which was the only thing about her she was able to move : no, she was not quite as cold as a stone, though she stood like a statue, for she burnt the philosopher through her clothes. Now the philosopher never had had a woman in his arms before, and, though he had tried a great many experiments in natural philosophy, had not a guess until that moment what an astonishing matter it was to have such fast hold of a fine woman : lizards, butterflies, moths, bats, toads, all the tribes of aptera, diptera, and coleoptera, and the grand compound microscope at their tails, all left his brains together, and he did nothing but stare at Genevieve’s beautiful face, and delightful person, as he held her in his arms : she tried to be very angry with him, but could not for her heart ; she tried to put on a frown but could not find one that would stick for a moment upon her brow !—no ! her eyes were as soft and as moist as the dewy stars of eve, and her heart fluttered like a leaf agitated by the breath of the zephyrs ! Indeed, reader, that is a very pretty sentence, we hope that you are ten times as much charmed with it as we are. But it is high time that the

philosopher should release Genevieve ; we think you must blush, fair reader, at the shocking situation in which she stands—no, no, don't blush now, sweet one, blush when your lover holds you just in the same manner as Acerbus held Genevieve, and that will make him hold you the faster. —But the imperious Genevieve begins to struggle for her liberty, and anger at last comes to her aid, she flung out of Acerbus's arms in a moment, threw herself upon a sofa, and wept : Now the philosopher ought to have sat down by her and cried too, but he had too little of Heraclitus in him for that ; it came into Genevieve's head that instead of buying a trap to catch Acerbus, she had laid out her money in buying nothing in the world but rivals, and that the philosopher was in love with her insects and her microscope instead of her, and so she grew angry first and then broke into tears. 'The philosopher looked at her awhile as she sat leaning her face upon her hand with her wet eyes cast down upon the floor. 'My lovely kinawoman,' said he, 'why weepest thou ? If I am the cause thereof the cause shall be removed, and the effect will cease : but answer me'. 'I'll answer no such fool,' said she. 'Well,' said he, 'but may not a fool sometimes ask a wise question ?' 'When you ask a wise question,' said she, 'you may expect an answer.' 'What is a wise question, Jenny ?' said he. 'Not that, you great ass,' said Genevieve. 'You used to love me, Jenny,' said Acerbus, 'do you love me now ?' 'Another fool's question,' said she. 'Am I not to believe it then, had not you rather wish I did ?' 'I have no wishes about such nonsense,' said she. 'You thought the question worth an answer, however,'

said he. 'I might not, and yet answer it,' said she. 'May not you love me, Jenny, and be angry with yourself for loving one that so little deserves to be loved?' 'What do you mean by love, you blockhead?' said Genevieve. 'An eager wish to possess some good thing,' said he. 'You have a fine opinion of yourself, Mr. Philosopher.' 'Nay,' said he, 'but may not you love me and mistake me to be what I am not, and cease to love when you know what I am? Is not Cupid painted blind?—Why, Jenny, what is it that makes you blush so much? I cannot talk to you now without putting you into a flutter: how comes this?—it had not used to be.' 'Get out of my room, sir, you have no business here,' said she. 'Would you have me do what you would rather have me not do?' said the philosopher, 'or not do what you would have me do by doing what you bid me do?' 'Get along, you great hobgoblin, and take your abominable paw off my shoulder—I will throw the table at your head!—get out of my room, I say, I have some experiments to make with my microscope—you grinning jack-a-napes.'—'Ah Jenny, Jenny, sweet, lovely, pretty Jenny—' 'You fawning fool,' said she, 'you shall not see my microscope.'—'Come, show me your microscope, Jenny, I will promise to touch nothing.—But it is no matter for your microscope if you will let me sit here and look at your pretty face.' Genevieve's cheek became scarlet at this; to hide her face she leaped off the sofa, and taking her microscope out of its case put it upon the table before the philosopher, who soon saw that she had bought a thing that she did not at all understand how to use. Acerbus was perfect master

of the whole apparatus, and Genevieve was astonished to find so much entertainment in a thing that she knew no more how to manage than a cow. After having made some curious exhibitions, for the instrument was very excellent, 'Jenny,' said he, 'you bought this thing on purpose to please me, and, but for pleasing yourself by pleasing me, it could not be to please yourself, forasmuch as you cannot be pleased with what you do not understand.' 'Come, teach me then,' said she; and they soon fell to prattling together. But as the philosopher said very little but what another man might say in his place, we shall not put his words down here, and add no more than that he came out of Genevieve's museum when the butler knocked at the door to call her to dinner, for neither of them heard the first or second bell, though the bell rang loud enough to be heard ten miles. It was a wonder, reader, was it not? that the philosopher came out of Genevieve's museum without broken bones. But after all she could scarce tell what to make of what he said about love, if to take it as a proposal, or the kindness of a cousin; and here she stood, poor woman, in cruel doubt, though he called her face a pretty one. She had so far warmed the philosopher, however, as to put him in the head of a wife, and he had some talk with his father and mother, and Old Crab, upon the subject, for there was not one eye in the whole family but saw how Genevieve doated upon Acerbus, for as to concealing her love for him she might just as well look to conceal a house on fire. Old Comical, who had a feeling heart, said one day to him, 'Ah Buzzy, you will let poor Beauty,' for so he

always called Genevieve, 'you will let poor Beauty die for love of you ; put Plato upon the shelf and take down old Ovid, he'll tell you what to do with a poor love-sick maiden—she'll make a delicious sweetheart, Buzzy.' 'John,' quoth the philosopher, 'the maiden shall not die.' A few days after, Genevieve, seeing Acerbus come into the garden reading the divine Plato as he walked, threw her glove in his way, and watched him behind a rose-tree: when the philosopher came to it he picked it up and put it into his pocket: walking on he presently met Lady Charlotte Orby, who had been gathering some strawberries for her mother.—She saw the glove hanging out of his pocket, and fell a-laughing. It were odds but he had passed her without knowing it, but her ladyship's laugh awakened him from his Platonick dream, for he was deep in the *Timæus*, when he lifted up his eyes, and beheld Lady Charlotte, who pointed at the glove and laughed as aforesaid. Genevieve, who had been watching them in the rose-bush, now came up. 'So,' said Lady Charlotte, 'our philosopher must certainly be in love, look, he walks about with ladies' gloves in his pockets!—I suppose his pockets are full, see, one hangs out for want of room—I can't think whose glove that is now.' Genevieve blushed. Upon which her ladyship had the boldness to twitch the glove away, and turning down the arm of it exhibited Genevieve's name written on the inside of it. 'I have long since had my suspicions,' said she, 'but when a lady gives a man her glove to play with, it is a sure sign he may have her hand too if he pleases: but you will be better company without me,' added she, running away, laughing



as she went ; a spiteful toad !—Genevieve and the philosopher were now left to themselves, and one looked blue, and one as red as fire. ‘I am come to look for my glove,’ said Genevieve, in a flutter. ‘There it lies,’ quoth the philosopher, pointing at it as it lay, for Lady Charlotte had thrown it between them on the walk. ‘How came you by it?’ said she. ‘I saw it lie on the walk and picked it up,’ said he. ‘Did you know it to be my glove?’ said she. ‘How could I choose,’ said he, ‘when your glove is bigger than any body’s glove that I know?’ ‘You might have let it alone, I think, and not made us look like two fools,’ said she. ‘Did I look like a fool?’ said he. ‘I felt as if I did,’ said she. ‘Is that any proof that I looked like a fool?’ said he; ‘cannot you look like a fool, Jenny, if you please, without my looking like a fool too for company? What was there in this thing to make you change countenance, and why did you put yourself into the rose-bush?’ ‘What d’ye mean by that, sir?’ said Genevieve in confusion.—‘Mean!’ quoth he, ‘why, I saw you throw your glove on the walk after you looked which way I was coming, and then hide yourself in the bush—now, prythee, my pretty cousin, what could you mean by this?’ Genevieve was in a pucker, and bit her lips till the blood dropt upon her bosom.—‘Well, well,’ continued he, ‘I will answer the question for you, my pretty kinswoman: you are willing to be my mate, and make signs of what you cannot speak: come, pretty Jenny, for indeed I think you pretty, you shall be my mate and I will be your mate, my pretty kinswoman, and we will be man and wife together. I have found out your love, and will give you love for love: I have broken

the matter to my father and my mother, and my good uncle Bartholomew, and my good aunt, and all think well of a wedding between us; and so my sweet pretty Jenny, I will kiss your sweet lips, if you please, upon the bargain.' Upon which he made a mark with his thumb-nail in Plato, lest he lose his place where he left off reading, and shutting up the folio, put it upon a little bench, then folding his arms round Genevieve's waist gave her a hearty kiss upon her lips; after which, taking up Plato, and opening the book, he walked off reading Greek, and left Genevieve to her meditations. Now if she had known what an impudent thing the philosopher was going to do, she certainly would have boxed the philosopher's ears like a fury, while he was marking his book with his thumb nail, and putting it down on the seat; but how could she know it? She could not help standing still to be kissed, when she did not know what it was that were coming. It were very well if every lady had so good an excuse for getting kissed as she had, for many get kissed without any excuse at all, and that is very indecent, sad toads!

Now it is no very easy thing to describe the odd way Genevieve was in when Acerbus left her, as aforesaid, to her meditations: in the first place her lips had never been kissed by any man before, so that was quite new to her, and the first thing she did was to fall into a great passion at the philosopher's impudence, and threaten him vehemently against the next time he should take such liberties with her august person: as soon as that passion was over, she fell into another with herself, for not falling into a passion with the philosopher sooner, which might have pre-

vented the said liberties ; as soon as that was over, she fell into another, and that was with herself too, for not being more angry than pleased to be kissed neck and heels in such a manner ; and then she fell to spitting and wiping her mouth with her handkerchief, as if she had touched poison ! She had not done yet, but still out of the frying-pan into the fire, she fell into another passion, because the philosopher had found out what she would rather have him know, and had taken all the pains in the world to tell him, and that was that she was violently in love with him : then she fell into a passion of laughing, and then into another of crying, and after some other falls of the like kind, she fell back into the passion of love, and, what with the heat of the day, for it was a very hot one, and all these hot passions put together, and the last, the hottest of all, Genevieve would have taken fire and been burnt to the ground, if she had not run down directly to the bathing-house and thrown herself into the lake. We must now put an end to this chapter—but hold, we promised in our bill of fare at the head of it to say something about Old Comical :—Now there was a lady in these days, named Madam Frances Funstall, who had a duke for her father and a dairy-maid for her mother, and lived at a neat little house in a village called Dillies Piddle : Her noble father, seeing she was not like to be a beauty, left her in his will a legacy of ten thousand pounds, part of which she had laid out in a purchase of a house and garden, and lived upon the interest of the remainder like a gentlewoman of figure : now this was very considerate in his grace, for a woman without beauty and without money may get up before sunrise

and look for a husband till 'tis dark, and then go to bed without one. As for beauty, Madam Funstall had not as much as she could cover with her hand, which was so small, and her fingers so short and thick that she could not shut it; she had the duke's nose only, all the rest belonged to the dairy wench, it was red and broad, and looked like a bit of sponge; furthermore it had maggots in it, for the flies always blowed it in the summer: her face was a black olive, as round as a cricket ball, her eyes black as pitch, her eyebrows very black and very broad, and covered three parts of her forehead; her hair as coarse as a horse's tail, which shewed the strength of her constitution; her body was short and in shape like a brick; her legs were also short, and her feet broad both like a duck's, and she was like a duck in another thing, she waddled as she walked; her bosom was extremely prominent and large, and when she suckled her first child she had milk enough to spare to make two pounds of butter a-week, which Old Comical carried to market, whom she married, as may be said; she was forty years of age when he came a-courting to Dillies Piddle, spirited thereto by his brother's death, and, not only coming in, as heir at law, to all his property, but lord of the manor also of Cock-a-doodle, which was enough to make Old Comical proud, but he hated pride, so he still served Old Crab as bailiff, kept his place as the clerk of the parish, and went to market with his master's corn and cattle as of old time, but would no longer take any wages: his master took him in when he was in rags, and he would not leave him, he said, because he had got a new coat upon his back, if his honour would let

him keep his old place, though he was now by far the richest man of the two : so he still held his place as bailiff and clerk of the parish, notwithstanding he were worth three thousand pounds a year, and lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Old Comical's first Visit at Dillies-Piddle—Further accounts of Lady Charlotte and her Lovers—Further accounts also of Genevieve and the Philosopher.—*Old Comical moves the quill.*

OLD Comical was smoking his pipe in the porch at the farm, as it was his custom after his day's work was done, and drinking his ale, when Julia came running to him, and said, 'John, papa wants you in the little parlour, he has got some very good news for you, he has, indeed ; you look as if you thought I told a story.' 'Why, Rosebud,' quoth Old Comical, 'you are grown to be so full of fun now you have got your old sweetheart again, that a plain man scarce knows where to have you.' 'If I were not happy and merry too, John,' said she, 'having so great cause to be both, I should not deserve to be either one or the other.' 'You begin to see how things go in this world, my sweet rose-bud,' quoth he, 'sun and cloud, sun and cloud make up our days here ; and, as for our nights, if a man can't sleep for the tooth-ache, or a maiden for thinking of her sweetheart, why, they must e'en

lie awake, or get up and hang themselves ! Ah, madam, you will be a great lady soon, and I must call you madam.' 'If I get proud at being a great lady,' said Julia, 'I shall soon grow to be a very little one—no John, no—no pride for me—and if I see you with a new face, I shall be very sorry ever to have liked your old one : you were so kind to me when I was in trouble, that I shall always love you for it ; but you must be what you used to be for me to love you as I always used to do : you won my heart when I was a little girl, John ; when you used to bring me pretty fairings from the fairs, ribands, and pretty beads, and gingerbread-nuts, and do or say what I could, always paid for them all out of your poor wages. I shall not love you, John, if you will not come to my fine house, and call me your rosebud as you used to do—no indeed, instead of being pleased, my heart will ache every time I see you, if you use me like a fine lady.' ' 'Sums my body,' quoth Old Comical, 'if I am much given to throw my waters out at window, but you have such an odd sort of a way with you, Rosy, that you make water come out at a man's eyes in spite of his heart ; but let us have this good news, Rosy, let us hear the good news!'—'I don't know what it is, John,' said Julia, 'but my papa said that it would turn your brains ! he did indeed.' 'Well,' quoth Old Comical, 'if a man's brains lie the wrong side uppermost, the sooner they are turned the better, Rosy ; where's master ? in the little parlour ?' 'Yes, John, he is just going to take his afternoon's nap—he has worked hard to-day—go directly—I am glad he has got some good news for you, because it will be good news for me too.' 'Ah

sweet, sweet Rosy,' quoth Old Comical, 'the next time I meet George I'll bid him give you half a dozen kisses for me—aye, and stand by and see it done too, and if he does not do it well I'll make him do it all over again: 'sume my body if it does not do my heart good, Rosy, to see you look so fat again—when you were so ill and looked so pale, 'sume my body if my heart did not feel just as if a man had it in a lemon-squeezer!' 'Come, come, John, do go—my papa will be out of patience.' Upon which Julia ran out into the cow-pastures to meet George Grove, and Old Comical knocked at Old Crab's little parlour door: 'Come in!' quoth Old Crab, 'who is to wait all night for you, ye chattering scoundrel! what d'ye stand gossiping with my wench for, when I send for you? Come in and shut the door, you rascal—d'ye know that you are grown to be a better man than your master? you will go mad, or to the devil, for your good luck will be worse than the gallows!' 'To run mad for good luck, your honour, will make a merry race of it: what's the matter?' 'Matter, you dog, why, your brother died last week while I was in Northamptonshire upon my aunt's business: I called at his house and found him at his last—he has made you his executor—there's the will—you come in for landed property to the amount of three thousand a-year. He asked me if I were coming home, and, putting his will into my hand, ordered me to give it to you; when he took leave of me, and the rest who were in the room, fell into one of his fits and died.' Old Comical turned pale at this intelligence, which was no little change for one who had such a red face, took his brother's will out of Old Crab's

hand, and ran out of the little parlour without speaking one word. Whereupon Old Crab took off his wig and hung her upon a candle branch; wrapt his head up in one of his wife's flannel petticoats, and forthwith took his afternoon's nap.

When a pardon is brought to a rogue at the foot of the gallows, a surgeon is usually sent along with it to let him blood upon it, lest the good news coming upon him all on a sudden, should prove as fatal to him one way as the halter would another: now Old Comical, it is true, was not going to be hanged, however he might deserve a bit of string for some of his old tricks—see what comes of letting a man alone in the world—who knows what turn a man may take? what if poor Old Comical had been nipped in his bud at the gallows! aye, just before his honesty began to bloom like a rose under the very nostril of the devil? there would have been a fine example lost of repentance, watery repentance, and reformation!—Old Satan would have snapd at him like a cat at a bit of bacon—yes—like a cat at a bit of bacon, if he had been hanged before his guardian angel pulled his ear and gave him a touch with his elbow, as much as to say, mind your P's and Q's, old man: no, no, Old Comical was not going to be hanged as we were a saying, and so far good news might be the less dangerous; it brought him trouble in his inward parts however, and what might have turned another man's brains turned Old Comical's stomach into confusion, uproar and astonishment. Adszoooks, what a rumbling and grumbling, what a piping, what a squalling of the bowels! what a quarreling and noise, what a piece of work there was in his inside! he felt as if he had swallowed



a great rebellion and they were fighting for a new constitution in his belly ! but he had no mind to run mad for all that ; for then he would have been put into a dark room and had his money taken away. ‘ Now,’ said he, shutting Old Crab’s garden door, ‘ I will see if I can get in time to be chief mourner at my brother’s funeral, but as for crying, every body knows how little water I have to spare that way ; folks will be disappointed if they take my eyes for a pair of water-squirts : what ! come into three thousand a-year, and put my finger in my eye ! A very small bottle will hold all my flittings. No,—as for weeping, we will leave all that to be done by all such as come in for nothing by the death of the departed, they may weep with a better grace, and never be suspected of hypocrisy : no, no,—no weeping, tears have nothing to do in the matter, for my brother is better off, and so am I ; then what occasion is there for crying, when there is no harm done on either side ? a good friend is gone, it is true, but when he has done us all the good he can do, and left a world of troubles for a better, he would call me a fool if he saw me fall a-crying, and tell me so to my face, if he could speak his mind.’—Upon which Old Comical shut Old Crab’s garden door, as aforesaid, put on his best suit, and sat off for the manor of Cock-a-doodle. Now having settled all matters to his mind, paid his legacies, settled the widow in her jointure house, and put a good tenant into Cock-a-doodle hall, he gat him forthwith into a post-chaise, and galloped into Old Crab’s farm-yard with four horses and two postilions, a tankard of strong beer in his hand, and a long pipe of tobacco

in his mouth, with the end thereof sticking out of the post-chaise window. Old Crab, hearing a great noise among the pigs, and a cracking of whips, as he sat in his little parlour, came forth at the moment Old Comical drove up to the backside of the house, for he had too much modesty to come up to the grand entrance. 'Why, you scoundrel!' quoth Old Crab, 'I expected you to run mad, but this is not the way to Bedlam, what the plague d'ye come here for?' Upon which Old Comical, pulling his head and shoulders out of the tankard, for it was a monstrous jug, big enough for a man to bathe in it, said, 'Look you, master, I am as much your humble servant to command as ever, for all I am lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle,' blowing a long pillar of smoke out of his mouth through the chaise window: 'you have been a noble master to me, took me in when I had nothing but rags upon my back and raw turnips in my belly, fed me and clothed me, and 'sume my body if I ever leave your farm as long as you will let me work for you! no, no,—you were my friend when I had not a sixpence in my pocket, and 'sume me if I ever forsake you now I have three thousand pounds a-year, and am lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle!'—Upon which Old Comical gave his tankard to the post-boys, and a crown a-piece to comfort their constitutions, on the road, as he told them, threw off his coat and waistcoat and went afield with the next empty waggon, for Old Crab was in the middle of his wheat harvest. And this brings us down, as it were by a regular flight of steps, to Old Comical's first-visit, as a lover, at Dillies Piddle: It was Sunday morning, and Madam Funstall sat tackled out in her best

apparel, at her breakfast table, when Old Comical rang at her gate with a calf's heart in his hand, a great skewer stuck in it, and the blood all trickling through his fingers : Madam Funstall cast her radiant eyes through her window, as she sat sipping her tea and brandy, saw, and knew him in a moment ; for Old Comical, long since her ardent lover, used to stick her pigs and singe her bacon, and never told his love : and how should he dare, when he was a day labourer on Old Crab's farm, at a shilling a day and his victuals ? He had been fain to hide till now the slow-consuming fire, till fortune smiled ; of these, her smiles, however, Madam Funstall of Dillies Piddle, as yet, knew nothing : Now Madam Funstall had a maid whose name was Keziah ; 'Cazy !' said she, 'go to John Mathers, he is at the gate, and tell him we never kill pigs o'Sundays :—we shall have a porker fit to stick on Wednesday next, bid him be with us at six o'clock in the morning ; stay, now I think of it, he was not paid for the last, here, take him his shilling and give him a horn of ale, I dare say he is come for his money.' During this talk, Old Comical, feeling a little indignant that a man of his appurtenances should be made to stand at the gate, gave the bell t'other touch, when out came Cazy, 'You had best pull the bell down, hadn't you, you hang-gallows rascal !' quoth she : 'what the plague d'ye come to dun people for your hog-money o' Sunday mornings ?—I have a good mind you should be beat off without your ale, though my mistress bade me draw a horn of the sixpenny, tearing at the bell, as if you were a lord or a duke, you frightful old plague !'—saying which she flung a shilling's-worth

of half-pence directly into Old Comical's face, some of which flew into his mouth, which was open to make answer, and some into the bosom of his shirt, whence they slid down into his breeches. 'Sume my body,' quoth Old Comical, 'I am come for no horns of ale, or any other horns, here!' spitting the half-pence out of his mouth—which he disdained to pick out of the dirt, where the saucy baggage had flung them in her passion; 'you, and your ale, and your hog-money may go to the devil for me, I came for neither the one nor the other, nor for ill words neither, and I'll teach you how you ought to talk to your betters presently, or kick you out of the bishop's jurisdiction!' 'My betters! who are you?' quoth Cazy—'my father's a leather breeches maker, and my mother sells black-puddings, tripe, and sausages, and pray, what ditch did you come out of, you hedgehog! The parish has put a new suit of clothes upon your back and turned your head upon your shoulders, I think.' 'Ah, you saucy slut,' quoth Old Comical, 'this comes of your mistress's trusting you with the key of the ale cellar; a man may stand at the gate, and ring his heart out, while you are swilling at the cock, with the spigot in your hand, and your mouth at the fosset! I remember when you first came into this house as lean as a ferret, and as hungry as a weasel, when your father and mother kept you upon old leather breeches and the skins of black puddings, and sent you to the horse-pond to wash down your dinner! then you were thin and civil, and now, after a year's keeping under Madam Funstall's dripping-pan, you are got as fat as a ball of grease, and as saucy as the devil!' 'I dine upon old leather breeches! I

eat the skins of black-puddings!’ quoth Cazy : ‘ what d’ye mean by that, you lying old ballad-singing rogue ? what have you picked up at the parson’s ? Ha ? what did you bring to his doors besides a bag of bones ; and ballads, and a three legged stool ? Ha ? what had you upon your back but a bundle of rags, and what in your belly but turnip-tops, rotten apples, cabbage-stalks and wind ? ’ ‘ You prating young minx,’ quoth Old Comical, pulling his quid of tobacco out of his mouth and putting it upon the gate post, ‘ have you forgot that I can speak the English tongue as well as you ? If you have, I will put you in mind of it presently, in a gentle whisper, sweet as the breath of eve, that holds soft dalliance with the summer rose, you termagant young draggletailed gipsy ! rags upon my back ! yes, I had, and ’tis more than you had when you came to Madam Funstall’s kitchen fire ! Had you a rag on your back when you came in, as naked as a worm, and as hungry as a kite in a hard frost, to lick Madam Funstall’s greasy plates and dishes ? Ha, breeches-maker’s daughter ? answer me that ! Who clothed your carcass, washed your face, filled your belly, and killed your vermin, ha ! answer me that, my lady ! How many hundred thousand did Madam Funstall hire at once when she took you, and your lice, into her hog-sty to serve the pigs, scour her yard, wash her forecourt and backside,\* answer me that, cows-tripe and chitterlings ! I remember when you ran about

\* SCHOLIUM.

Backside.]—Applied, with decency, to the posterior of an human creature : figuratively, a yard or court behind a house.—RIDER’S DICTIONARY. The word is used by the author in the last sense.

her house as rough as a rag-mop and as lean as a broomstick, when the cook could scarce keep your head out of the porridge pot with the kitchen poker, when you dashed at the mutton fat and beef dripping, as hungry as a hound after a day's stag-hunting, when you would seize the meat on the spit before it was half roasted, as ravenous as a starved savage, and not content with that, sopped the cook in the pan and eat her clothes and all!'—'I eat the cook! 'tis a blazing lie!' quoth Cazy, 'I never ate a cook in my life, I'll take my oath on't!' 'Ah, ye false young baggage, you eat Mrs. Veal, and Madam Funstall, hearing her roar, ran out to see what was the matter, and found nothing left but a piece of her checked apron hanging out of your mouth; when will you leave this sad trick of telling lies, you young jade?'—'If I did I am a murderer, and deserve to be hanged,' quoth Cazy, bursting into tears: upon which Madam Funstall, who stood listening and laughing at her window, tossed up the sash and asked Old Comical what he wanted? 'Madam,' quoth Old Comical, pulling off his hat to shew his respect at once and his new wig, and bending his body to the earth, 'I am come to speak a few words to your delicacy, should you but vouchsafe to lend an ear, Madam, sweet Madam Funstall, to the voice of your admirer, slave, and servant.' Madam Funstall, well enough acquainted with Old Comical's oddities, bade him go and sit down in the kitchen, and said she would make an end of her breakfast, and come to him there, and repeated her orders to Cazy to draw him a horn of ale. 'I had as lief draw him a horn of poison,' muttered Cazy, as she marched towards the tap; 'I eat Mrs. Veal, indeed! a

lying old rogue!'—So the lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle was e'en forced to take his old place in the kitchen and drink his ale, notwithstanding he was an esquire and worth upwards of three thousand pounds a-year.

Old Comical, it is true, was often invited by Mr. Decastro to dine at the castle, and that too at his own table, not only for the sake of his oddities, but upon the consideration of his family, which was certainly one of the first class and connected with many of the first rank; but, however this might be, others made him know his distance notwithstanding he was a gentleman's son, and had been bred at an university; for the honour and respect of the world is drawn by gold as iron by a magnet, and this accounts for Madam Funstall, who was as proud as a peacock, putting Old Comical into the kitchen, and there he sat in the settle, drinking his ale, and spitting brimstone at Cazy, when Madam Funstall came into it with her nose between her fingers, a custom with her when she came into such filthy places to speak to filthy people: Upon her entrance Old Comical rose up out of the settle, and presenting Madam Funstall with the bloody heart aforesaid, pierced through with a large skewer, spake as followeth: 'Madam,' quoth he, 'I am come to offer you my heart, pierced as you see, with a dart, and dripping with blood to raise your tender pity!—this bleeding heart, which is a calf's heart, is an emblem of my own, pierced too, and bleeding too like this!—behold this iron skewer, it is an emblem of Cupid's arrow, with which my heart is smitten and its tender substance divided!' Old Comical then flung his wig upon the bricks, and kneeling down upon it with one knee, poured out his soul at Madam Funstall's foot. 'Cazy,'

quoth she, 'what beer have you drawn for John Mathers?' 'A horn of the sixpenny, Madam,' quoth Cazy. 'Which horn? the great horn?' 'No, madam, the little pint.' 'John,' quoth Madam Funstall, talking in her nose which she still held fast between her finger and thumb, 'are you not ashamed to get drunk on Sunday morning?' 'Radiant star!' quoth Old Comical, 'put your longest spit into my body if I am drunk, or half drunk!' and gave her a look that made her doubt if he were in his right mind; 'Madam,' continued he, 'in whom all virtues and all good things are mixed up, like saet, floor, brandy, plums, and sugar in a pudding; I am come this morning to unbutton my waistcoat before you upon a certain matter, and lay my bosom open, spicy sweetness, to your view: there you sit, have sat, and ever will sit like a lady in a lobster, heavenly queen, enthroned, commanding all that is within this body and without it too, my liver and my spleen, my midriff, sweetbreads, pancreas, guts and heart! O Madam Frances Funstall! apple of this world's eye! O fruit of Heaven! the very gold on this world's gingerbread! butter of Paradise! angel in woman's flesh and petticoats, hear my prayer!'—'Why, John,' quoth she, holding her nose over him as he knelt on his wig at her feet, 'are you mad?' 'Not mad,' quoth he. 'What then?' quoth she. 'In love,' quoth he. 'With me?' quoth she. 'With thee,' quoth he; and forthwith laid his bald pate upon her foot, and groaned. 'Hey-day!' quoth Madam Funstall, 'you have stuck my pigs to a fine purpose, but you shall stick nothing more in my house, I'll warrant you!—you dare to make love to me that work for parson Decastro for twelve-pence a-day and your victuals!—



Cazy, go this moment and fetch the constable and half a dozen stout fellows directly, we'll have him ducked in the first horse-pond, and set up in the stocks to dry!' 'What!' quoth Old Comical, leaping up, 'will you duck the lord of the manor of Cock-a-doodle in a horse-pond? Read that, madam,' added he, putting his brother's will into her hand, 'and then say if a man of my person, kidney, and appurtenances, does not deserve to be washed in better waters than the stale of a horse!' Madam Funstall took the will, and presently her thumb and finger from her nose, for Old Comical soon became as sweet as a roll of pomatum, accepted his present of the calf's heart, which she ordered the cook, in Old Comical's hearing, to boil in cream and spices for her dinner.

## CHAPTER XII.

Continued.

OLD Comical returned to the farm as gay as a lark, and soaring quite as high upon the reception of his heart, and his successes at Dillies Piddle. Passing by Hindermark on his way home, he met Lady Charlotte Orby, screaming and crying out for help, as if some sad thing were the matter. 'O, Mr. Mathers,' said she, wringing her hands in agony, 'run into that shrubbery, they will kill Mr. Lamsbroke! Oh run, run!'—saying which she fell down in a fit upon the grass. Old Com-

ical, who had got his crab-sick in his hand to go a-courting to Madam Funstall, ran immediately, without seeing what happened to her ladyship, into the little wood, as he was directed, and found Lord George E. and the baronet, each with a stick in his hand, beating poor Harry Lamsbroke without mercy, who lay on the ground at their feet. Old Comical, who was a rough sturdy fellow, as soon as he saw what was the matter, spit in his right hand, and, grasping his cudgel in it, gave the baronet a touch therewithal across his shoulders, which laid him at his full length on the ground, and, straddling over Harry's body, was in the act of offering his lordship too a taste of his stick liquorice, but he wisely ran from the crabstick, while it yet hung in the air. It is surprising to see how a man will run away from a good thing sometimes. Honest Mathers, having cleared the ground of his enemies, sat down, like a conqueror, upon the stump of a laurel, and, taking poor Harry upon his knee, began to rue his back, which had received the fury of this storm; when Lady Charlotte, who was recovered from her fit, came into the shrubbery, not a little glad to see her lover in such safe hands; he had, however, been very severely beaten by his two rivals, and was so lamed by a blow which he had received on his knee, that Old Comical was forced to put him into a wheel-barrow and wheel him away. When he came to the castle Dr. Grosvenor was sent for to look to his wounds and bruises; and no two blacksmiths ever hammered a horse-shoe with more fury, or less remorse.

The proverb saith, 'After sweet meat comes sour sauce:' this will now be seen in the account of this matter: Lady Charlotte had so managed

affairs with Lord George and the amorous baronet, that they not only did not suspect her of any partiality for Harry, but were led to think that she really disliked him, for she made him her jest and her scorn in publick, and carried matters so far as to induce them even to take his part, which they both often did, when they thought her raillery bore too hard upon him: she told them that he had taken the confidence to make her an offer, and treated Harry with such derision upon it, that Lord George one day said he thought she used him very ill, and that her conduct towards a man who had confessed a regard for her was really barbarous; and, although he was of a temper to bear a rival as ill as any man, yet he must needs say, that a civil refusal were enough, and added, that he did not like to see a man that had even paid his addresses to the woman whom he loved himself, treated with cruelty; and in this the baronet joined him, jealous, perhaps, that his lordship should carry all the honours of a man of fine feelings and generosity. ‘I think, my lord,’ said Lady Charlotte, ‘you speak as much like a philosopher as it is possible for a man to do, who is none at all, and certainly like one who has great command over his passions as long as they do not dispute the point with him: as for this girl in boy’s clothes, (meaning Harry,) to tell you the truth, he is a very great favourite of mine, and I only laugh at him in publick to cover my designs upon him and deceive others: you may think me in jest, and think Mr. Lamsbroke ill used, and since you call for quarter for him, I will make my advantage of it, and Mr. Lamsbroke shall walk with me to the castle to-morrow morning, and attend me to church, and

we will go by ourselves, too, and then we shall have a better opportunity of saying tender things to each other :’ upon which her ladyship put her hand kindly on Harry’s arm, and, giving him a very fond look, which was not understood by any person present except himself, for every body thought she was laughing at the poor fellow, said, ‘Will you walk with me to the castle to breakfast to-morrow, and go with me to my uncle’s church ? Nay, Mr. Lamsbroke, you look as if you thought me in jest, I am in earnest now, I am indeed ; his lordship and the worthy baronet, think I have used you ill, and I am willing to make you some amends ; I have a giddy way with me, but I am really sorry if I have said or done any thing to offend you.’ Harry bowed, and looked serious, like one who had been made a jest of too often not to suspect one here. ‘Well, sir,’ said Lady Charlotte, ‘I am sure the pleasure you have in going to church will, if nothing else can, induce you to walk with me : I have not the vanity to reckon any thing upon the attractions of my company without so strong a motive, I might be more happy, than you imagine, if I could do it without any.’ Harry bowed again, and said he would go with her ; upon which the ladies retired into the drawing-room, this talk having taken place after dinner, at Hindermark. As soon as the ladies were gone, every body took Harry’s part, and condemned Lady Charlotte’s conduct towards him unanimously. ‘Upon my soul, Lamsbroke,’ said Lord George, ‘you must be a fellow of no spirit, to bear such usage from an angel, and, if there ever was an angel on earth, she is one : you are my rival here, it is true, and, though Sir Harry and I have entered into an

agreement to keep the peace with each other, I would challenge any man besides him, whom I suspected to have the smallest prospect of success with her ; yet, upon my honour, I must say, that I think her treatment of you is unpardonable.' 'The least that a woman could do,' said Sir Harry St. Clair, 'is to use a man with civility, at all events, who has offered her the civilest thing he can offer on his part : I am astonished, Lamsbroke, that you will come to be insulted in this manner ; she has rejected you, it is true, and laughed at you into the bargain, but she is willing to keep you in her train, by the lure she flung out before she left the room.'— 'She is full of these accursed snares,' said Lord George ; 'what a pity it is, that so much wit and beauty, should be put into the hands of such a lovely inhuman creature !' 'I do not think she means any ill thing by what she says,' said Harry Lamsbroke ; 'but one might, I confess, construe something in one's favour out of what she said last.'— 'Speak not of favour,' replied Lord George, 'for, upon my soul, sir, from the moment Lady Charlotte Orby only shows you the least, she makes you and me the greatest enemies on earth, or on fifty earths : thus much is due to my passion for her ; still, sir, I will say, that she uses you extremely ill, to hold out hope to make you more a jest, as she did when she left the room.' 'I don't think,' said Mr. Grove, in a whisper, 'that her ladyship has now any wish to change her situation, if she had, she would not do any thing that would make a man afraid to marry her ; for what must a man expect, who marries a woman of wit, whose malice is at least equal to her abilities to gratify it ?' 'A great

deal would depend upon the temper and management of her husband, said his lordship. 'As to management,' whispered Mr. Grove, 'I don't think her ladyship would allow her husband to take much the trouble of that: I, for my part, would not marry such a tongue, unless I had a mind to show with what patience I could bear to be flayed alive; I think I had rather marry Miss De Roma of the two, for, if we disagreed, she would knock my brains out at once, and put an end to my miseries upon the spot.' 'It is well laid out in Miss De Roma to set her cap at the philosopher,' said Sir Harry; 'she may knock him down without his knowing any thing at all about the matter,' looking at Acerbus, who sat next him in a brown study. Harry touched his friend on the shoulder, and asked him if he heard what the baronet had said? The philosopher started, and replied, 'The baronet must either have spoken well or ill, or neither: if well, it was so much the better for him, if ill, it was so much the better for me, who did not hear him, and there was no harm done, if he spoke neither the one nor the other,' saying which, the philosopher shut up his eyes again, and returned to his brown study. Tea and coffee were now carried into the drawing-room, upon which Mrs. Grove, who never spoke a word if she could help it, erected a finger to the butler, her usual sign to him to call in the gentlemen, who immediately left their wine with great gallantry, and came when they were bid; and it would be well for them if they always did so, for the world would not be so bad as it is, if the ladies had the management of it; but this is a great secret.

While they were at tea Genevieve, who had lost the philosopher, galloped to the gate on horseback, and was very glad to find him safe at Mr. Grove's, sitting in a corner, with his eyes shut, as usual. But not to digress, Lady Charlotte, upon Harry's coming into the room, called him to her; and bade him sit next her; 'She had a mind,' she said, 'to recover her character, and would not be called cruel when, in her heart, she loved Mr. Lamsbroke.' Upon which she said and did a great many kind things, which certainly would have enraged the jealousy of Lord George and the baronet, if all had not been taken for a jest: so that she and Harry made love to each other in good earnest in the face of all, without being, in the least, suspected by any; and her ladyship carried matters so far as to give Harry her hand to kiss, and told him she would teach him how to make love. Upon which Lord George said, warmly, 'her favours must be held very cheap indeed by him, if he shewed no emotion at that being given to another which he might beg and pray for in vain,' and, thrusting himself between her and Harry, brought his chair in after him, which wedged Harry off to some distance. 'Never mind that, Mr. Lamsbroke,' said she, 'to be forced apart will but increase our love.' 'You may crack your jokes as long as you please,' said his lordship, 'but no man shall take what I am refused as long as I set any value on your favours,' and, offering to kiss her hand, he got a box on the ear, which did a thing which no box on the ear ever did before, perhaps; behold, it turned his lordship's hair into a wig all on a sudden, and it fell at his foot on the carpet, for none had a guess that his lord-

ship put off another's hair for his own. His lordship was very angry and greatly confounded at this discovery, for his head was as bald as a wig-block ; he picked up his wig and went to the other side of the room in a loud laugh, in which every body joined, except Acerbus, the philosopher, who sat in a deep reverie, with the lovely Genevieve at his side, who could not live out of his sight, and had come to Hindermark on purpose to be with him : Acerbus was a very odd mortal, but, in addition to a very fine person, was a good and worthy man.

It would be well if historians, as it would if others, would do their duty, and they are apt enough to neglect it, and therefore we think fit to give our brethren a jog in this place, not such a jog as Old Comical gave a man one day who knocked him down to put him in mind of a thing he were like to forget :—no—a touch on the elbow, to press the moral of things on their readers, as they push the pen along, as we shall now do in regard to his lordship and his wig ; his shame and confusion came, you see, reader, from his attempt to deceive others : now, look you, reader, if you have a false nose, a leg which is not of the growth of your own proper body, or a wig, pull them off at once and show them to every body, and then, if you have the chance to drop a nose, or a wig, it will beget pity and commiseration, and not, as in his lordship's case, contempt and laughter.

To return : Genevieve and the philosopher must needs be thrusting in their heads, but we cannot attend to them at present ; we have got Lady Charlotte Orby in our hands, and must proceed with her :—she thought fit to make an



apology to Lord George E. for smiting off his peruke, and his lordship bowed, but was a little too angry to speak : after which, there was a great deal said about wigs, and knocks on the pate, which was all very pretty, and some extremely sublime, quite equal to the highest flights of the historick muse, but we must beg leave to let the matter pass.

The next morning, which was a very fine one, the 23d of August, new style, Harry Lamsbroke arose and put himself in readiness to attend Lady Charlotte on her way to the castle ; she ran down stairs with her cheeks glowing like the rose to meet her love, and they sat off together : whether Lady Charlotte put her clogs on, or not, we cannot find ; some say she was in too great a hurry, and got wet in the feet, while others, again, assert, that she not only put on her clogs, but drew a pair of water-proof boots on over them, which she borrowed of one Charles Cabbagestalk, Mr. Grove's gardener :—But as in other histories, so in this, matters of the greatest importance must, at times, be left in doubt for want of documents.

To proceed : many private meetings having taken place between Harry and Lady Charlotte since we gave an account of their conversation in the meadow, fear and reserve had fled at the approach of love, and all those cold forms and ceremonies which keep ladies and gentlemen at a distance from each other, were discarded by Lady Charlotte and her Harry, but yet it was 'Sir,' and 'My lady,' in publick and before folks, while dear Harry, and dear Charlotte, were whispered in the private meadow or the lonely grove. The lovers had now come to a

little shrubbery in their walk, that bounded Mr. Grove's plantations, which ran on towards the lake and the ferry, when Lady Charlotte, for some reason, sat herself down upon a little mole-hill—she could not be tired so soon—but, however, not to make a fuss about it, she sat down upon a mole-hill, and Harry, not to miss a good example, sat down close at her side upon another, which the moles had made on purpose, close to it : Harry then took her hand, a pretty little toy which he now used to play with, and began pulling her rings off and putting them on again, and presently he put one of them upon a certain finger, which made her ladyship blush and sigh at the same time ; ' My dearest Charlotte,' said he, putting his arms round her waist, and fixing his eyes upon her glowing face, ' how long must we keep our love a secret thus ? Your father has consented, by letter, to our union, and your mother, though a little reluctantly, has now given her consent, notwithstanding Lord George E. is so much her favourite.'—' Your safety, my dear Harry,' said she, fondly smiling in his eyes, ' is the only thing that remains to be consulted in this matter ; you have two very dangerous rivals who will stick at nothing to take your life as soon as they know how much I love you.'—' But my dearest of all dear things on earth, even my life itself not excepted,' said he, ' they must know this or we remain unhappy :—let us see if this cannot be contrived ; let us sit here a little and consult about it, we are come a good way on our walk, and have some time to spare ; if we can keep our love a secret, why may we not keep our union a secret too ?' A thought came into Lady Charlotte's mind, which painted her lovely

face and neck all over with vermillion :—‘ What impediment remains ? ’ continued he ; ‘ my father, since you have contrived to give him an insight into the ruinous state of Lord George’s affairs, no longer stands up for his friend with you, and, upon that ground, has given me his consent to marry you—come, my dearest love, let us take this advice ; I know a friend who will, upon proper testimonials of the consent of all parties, unite us secretly—and, the ceremony once over, my enemies may make the best of it—O my sweetest love,’ said he, ‘ say it shall be so,’ and clasping her in his arms, kissed her two or three times, we cannot say which, but it is like he kissed her as long as she would suffer such barbarous usage.—At that moment, Lord George and the baronet, who had dogged the lovers, and, concealing themselves in a bush at hand, overheard their conversation, rushed out, and fell upon poor Harry with their sticks, without mercy, and it were odds they had left him dead upon the spot, if Old Comical, hearing Lady Charlotte’s cries, had not come in with his crabstick in time to save his life.

Now some may object to this history, that there is too much kissing in it, but if men and women will do such things, who can help it ? When a love story is a-telling, what will the ladies say to us if we do not come to particulars ? What brings them into court to hear trials for adultery, if they do not wish rather to be squeezed to death than not come to particulars ? If the ladies think a kiss is a good thing, will they not say, ‘ Dear me ! what a pity it is that a good thing should be lost ! ’ If they knew that no more kissing were to come in it, would they not throw our history down and read no more of it ?

‘Well,’ say the ladies, ‘if there is any harm in kissing, why do such grave folks as bishops and archbishops marry pretty women? If they only married ladies to put them into sermon-cases, lawn sleeves would not be quite so much to their liking.—Stuff and nonsense! An archbishop may take a lady in his arms with his lawn sleeves on and kiss her, and no harm done—if she be his own wife.

To return, and travellers must step aside if need calls, Harry Lamsbroke, to give him his due, when he saw Lord George E. rushing upon him with his stick raised, ran in to him, and would have wrested it out of his hand, if the baronet had not come behind him and struck him to the ground with a blow from a loaded cane—he then, poor fellow, lay stunned at their mercy, and was e’en forced to take what they pleased to give him, which amounted to a very severe beating, before Old Comical came in and diverted the gentlemen with his crabstick; and a little of it went a great way, according to the custom of very good things. Now as soon as Old Comical had cleared the ground, Lady Charlotte ran to poor Harry’s assistance, and found him stretched out upon the grass sadly bruised from head to foot: this sad affair befel at a little distance from Genevieve’s cottage, where Old Comical got a comfortable wheel-barrow, laid Harry upon some straw, and wheeled him away, for so he desired the thing to be, wheeled him away to the castle: and it was very wisely done, for there he knew his enemies could not get at him, for when Lady Charlotte was there Mr. Decastro had refused them admittance. But they were not like to give Harry any further

trouble at present, here or any where else as will be seen.

Now it came to pass, as the route lay through Old Crab's grounds, Old Crab met the procession. 'What the devil have you got in the wheel-barrow, John?' quoth he. Upon which Lady Charlotte, who was walking in tears by the side of poor Harry's litter, told the story. 'This comes of telling lies, you young jade,' quoth Old Crab.—'Telling lies, uncle!' said she.—'Telling lies, uncle!' sung Old Crab through his nose—'yes, telling lies, you hussy!' 'Telling what lies, uncle?' said she. 'You're a crafty slut,' quoth Old Crab, 'and deserve to be hanged; if they had beaten his brains out it would have been your fault; you have been playing a pretty game, ye young toad, and they would have served you right if they had broken your bones for your pains; what business had you, ye young minx, to keep two fools at your tail for your sport, and be hanged to you? what could you expect when they found out the cheat but to get Harry's bones broken? I have stood by and looked at this game, and expected how it would end: I wish they had laid the cudgel on the right back; but perhaps you are worse hurt than if they had banged your body instead of Harry's.' Lady Charlotte had not a word to say, for she found Old Crab to be in the secret; so she stood one side of the wheel-barrow and cried. 'The devil owed you a shame and I am glad 'tis come, you deceitful young gipsy; if my wench had played such pranks, I would have cut her head off.' Upon which Old Crab dropt his eye into the barrow, and seeing poor Harry bleed sadly, he bade Old Comical make the best

of his way to the castle ; and, mounting old Crop, rode away to fetch Dr. Grosvenor.—Upon the doctor's arrival at the castle, he found Harry in a fainting fit occasioned by the loss of blood, his head being cut open in a terrible manner.—Genevieve soon heard the matter, and came instantly to the castle to comfort Lady Charlotte, who, upon finding Harry to be in danger, fell into a great trouble. Old Crab called at Mr. Grove's house on his way as he returned, and told the story, though he had not much time for talking, for it may be remembered that it was Sunday morning, so away went old Crop with Old Crab upon her back, and a sermon full of weighty matter in his pocket. As soon as Lord George saw Sir Harry knocked down by Old Comical, he took to his heels and ran for his life : and it came to pass, that when he could run no farther he stopt—what are another's bones to a man when his own are in any danger ? Not a straw—a man cannot get broken bones mended for nothing—it is devilish dear work—and 'tis best to take care of them : so Sir Harry thought, who crawled away as fast as he could upon his hands and knees, for Old Comical made a quadruped of him ; yes, crawled away into a great wood of stinging nettles, for he expected that Old Comical's clapper would strike more than one upon his bell-metal : but as good luck would have it he was too much taken up with poor Harry to look to any thing further than clearing the ground of his enemies. After lying by at least an hour, Lord George had the bravery to return to the field of battle, and poking his nose out of a thick holly-bush to see if the enemy held possession of it, the coast being clear, he came on to look for the

baronet's body, whom he supposed to be dead from the great thump he heard given upon his carcass. He presently found his hat, which was a sign that the enemy did not look for plunder, and presently saw the head that belonged to it raised above the stinging nettles to see if the foe were returned to the field, and found a friend instead come to look for the wounded ; and in good time, for he could not rise without help, hardly indeed with it : not knowing what might come of the beating which they had given Harry, they called a council of war, and agreed upon a speedy retreat : leaving a spy upon the enemy's ground to bring in intelligence how matters were like to be, they fell back to an inn on the publick road, and lay by till he brought them some account of Harry's situation which frightened them out of the north of England. They were forced to halt, however, in the first town they came to, and get a surgeon to look to the baronet's body, who laid him upon his face and rubbed as much rare stuff into it as came to five and twenty shillings, which some may think was more than the carrion he had about him was worth altogether. The baronet said he never had such a blow in his life, and if it had fallen on his head he would have kept that a secret ; for to knock a man's brains out is one way to stop his tattling. Lord George escaped for the present, but he had a bill to pay, which, like many others, he did not expect to pay. In regard to Lady Charlotte Orby, Genevieve said, she could very well excuse any trick being put upon such a couple of coxcombs who both pretended to be friends, and yet both pretended to be in love with her ; she had no doubt, she

said, that her ladyship's money was their object, and that they had formed a conspiracy to plunder her between them ; be that, however, as it might, her friend she could not but say was in fault to bring an innocent person, and one whom she really had a regard for, into such danger. Old Crab stormed at her scandalous artifices, fraud, and deceit, and said that a lie in conduct was worse than a lie in speech. Genevieve, however, hurried away, and so did Old Crab, for he scarce got back to his church in time, though he never put poor old Crop into such a perspiration in her life : but the old mare happened for once not to be in a family way, which was a rare case with her, and she carried Old Crab over the country as if he were galloping after a stag. Genevieve was quite in as great a hurry as Old Crab for his heart, and when she came to the castle found Lady Charlotte in a sad situation. Dr. Grosvenor had said that Harry could not live, the skull was certainly not fractured, but the symptoms in the head were very bad, and certainly proved that the brain had suffered a dreadful concussion. This intelligence was brought to Lord George and the baronet by a person employed for that purpose, and they made all speed out of that part of the world, and all other parts that were within a hundred miles of it. Poor Lady Charlotte had been on the watch too, and picked up the sad news at Harry's door, where she placed herself to hear the doctor's opinion of Harry's condition : but her heart was too full to stay there any longer, and she ran into her apartment, where Genevieve found her when she came to look for her : the door of it was locked, as usual, when she came to it, and Genevieve knocked and called, and called



again, but was neither admitted nor so much as answered. When the doctor came to visit Harry in the evening, Genevieve told him that Lady Charlotte had locked herself into her room, would admit no person, and had neither eaten nor drank the whole day. The doctor said she must be attended to, and her door must be forced if she refused people admittance; upon which, as soon as he had done with his patient, he and Genevieve went to her room, but all knocking and calling were in vain; he ordered the door to be forced, when Genevieve set one of her vast shoulders against it, and sent it at one push into the room, and its lock and hinges along with it. Now the first thing they did when they came in was to look for Lady Charlotte; Genevieve undrew the bed curtains and found the bed in great disorder, but no Lady Charlotte! Poor girl! there lay her hat torn in two pieces on the bed, and several large locks of her pretty hair, which she had pulled off her head in her distress! blood, too, was found upon the bed clothes, the sight of which turned Genevieve pale: almost every part of the room was searched which could conceal a mouse, but in vain, and the doctor, suspecting the worst, opened the window to see if she had thrown herself out at it, not thinking, at the moment, if she had that she might not be able to come back to shut it. Mr. and Mrs. Decastro, Julia, and Lady Budemere now came into the room, when Julia, after much wonder had been expressed at her getting out of the room and leaving the door locked, turned the door over as it lay on the floor to look, which the others did not think of, if the key were inside the lock, and to their greater astonishment, it was found to be

there : upon this they all stood staring at each other without speaking one word : Now Genevieve, who stood at the foot of the bed, which was a very large one, and had curtains on it large enough for the main-sail of a seventy-four, chanced to take a step back and felt something large through the curtain, which she immediately pulled aside and discovered poor Lady Charlotte clinging in a half senseless state to one of the bed posts : her eyes were fixed, her face was pale, her hair in disorder, and her bosom bare : her neck and her arms and her clothes were spotted with blood—she took no notice of those who stood round her : the ladies, hurried out of the room in terror, all except Genevieve, attended by Mr. Decastro—when Dr. Grosvenor attempted, with Genevieve's assistance, whose tears ran down fast into her bosom, to get Lady Charlotte away from the bed-post : Genevieve used some force, but desisted through tenderness. It was in vain to speak to her, she took no notice at all of any thing they could say, and appeared to be in a kind of stupor : Dr. Grosvenor said that she must be taken away, when Genevieve unclasped her arms by main force and she made no further resistance, but suffered them to place her in a chair, and the doctor endeavoured to get a flood of tears from her, which he said must be done if possible : she remained, however, unmoved ; Genevieve wept over her and said, she was sure she had lost her senses. The doctor agreed that she was in a dangerous way, and, begging Genevieve to stay with her till he returned, left the room : In the doctor's absence she took all the means which the doctor suggested to bring her to weep, but in vain ; she raised her gently

from the chair, and carried her about the room, and felt as if she had a dead lump rather than a living creature in her arms: she then tried if she could get her to walk, which she did slowly, but she soon ceased and hung upon Genevieve. The doctor now came into the room, and taking Lady Charlotte's bloody gown off put another on her, and after Genevieve, by his order, had gathered up her hair, composed her dress, and washed the spots of blood off her face and neck, both of which she had wounded with her nails, her breast especially, the doctor said she must be brought into Harry's room, who was grown a great deal better than he had expected to find him: Upon which, Genevieve, knowing Lady Charlotte's temper, said she had best be carried there and left alone with Harry: of which the doctor approved, and Genevieve took her into her arms and carried her into Harry's apartment: As soon as she came into it, the doctor, who narrowly watched her, took notice that she moved her eyes, which she had not yet done, as if to look for something: the doctor said it was a good sign, and presently, seeing Harry hold out his hand to her as he lay on a sofa, she gave a faint scream and cried out 'He's alive! he's alive!' and dropped her head on Genevieve's shoulder: poor Genevieve had a sad time of it, for she wept as if she would break her heart: Harry and the doctor did all they could to comfort her, when Lady Charlotte raised her head off Genevieve's shoulder and turned it quite round, as if to search for Harry: the doctor then bade Genevieve put her upon the sofa near Harry and left the room: but Genevieve, instead of going out with Dr. Grosvenor, slitp

behind the bed curtains to be upon the watch. Harry, who was a good deal recovered, not knowing any one to be in his room but themselves, put his arm round Lady Charlotte's neck—he had but one he could use, poor fellow, and she fixed her eyes in a sort of dead stare on his face: Harry then kissed her lips, which seemed to rouse her like an electric shock, for she cried out, 'O my love! my love!' and broke into a flood of tears on his bosom. Poor Genevieve sobbed quite loud enough to be heard by any person in the room, and do what she could, she could not restrain herself; she found that they did not perceive it, however, and still lay on the watch, glad to find Lady Charlotte shed tears, which she now did very plentifully: Harry, who was the only person in the world at all like to comfort her, said he was a great deal better, and thought he should come down stairs and breakfast with her the next day:—there was a glass with some egg and wine near him, which he persuaded her to drink; she seemed to be thirsty, for she drank it all—it was the only nourishment she had taken the whole day—when she had taken it she came close to Harry, and leaning her head on his shoulder, received and returned his kisses with tenderness and rapture. Genevieve could stand her ground no longer, but stole unperceived out of the room, and told Dr. Grosvenor not all she had seen and heard, but as much as he wanted to know. The doctor now came and knocked at the door, Harry called him in, when he found Lady Charlotte reclining on the opposite end of the sofa, quite overcome by the wine and egg which she had taken. Upon Harry telling her she should come again the next morning, she wil-

lingly left the room, when Julia assisted Genevieve to put her to bed; the doctor followed to leave his instructions. Lady Charlotte owed a great deal of her agonies to her odd temper; she had piqued herself upon concealing her affection for this beautiful youth, whom she loved with all the passion and tenderness that the fondest of all female bosoms was capable of, and the discovery of the cheat, which she had carried so well, stung her to the quick; this, added to the shame she were like to owe upon it, and her terror for poor Harry's safety, were bringing her apace to a phrensy: the doctor said she had a narrow escape—forbade the subject, or any the least allusion to it, to be touched upon in her hearing, and gave hopes that all would be well in a short time with both of them, when they ought to be united, if possible, immediately. As the doctor said, so it befel; in three weeks time all was well again, but the bruises which Lady Charlotte had given her bosom, required the doctor's attention almost as much as poor Harry's wounds. Now we are on this subject we will add, that as soon as Harry and Lady Charlotte were well, they both stole away in the night, and not a soul could tell or guess which way or whither they were gone: her ladyship had put on great reserve, talked but little to any but her Harry, and seemed to have something more than common on her mind:—on being called one morning to come to breakfast, she, Harry Lamsbroke, and her ladyship's maid were not to be found! Genevieve said she was a very odd girl, and this escape was quite of a piece with the rest of her eccentric conduct: it was supposed that they would go and get married, and appear again one day or another.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Genevieve and the Philosopher come again on the Stage—  
an Eye had to their matters.

THE sad effects of deceit appear too plainly in the last chapter to need any further illustration in this.—We shall now turn our style to another love affair—surely the ladies will have enough of it:—one word to keep the dogs from barking—it is no disgrace, but an honour to the most modest woman in the world to be in love, and to be pleased with love, N. B. as long as it is innocent.

The philosopher could see that Genevieve was much in love with him without so much as one eye open, and he broke the matter to his father and mother and Old Crab one day as they sat together. ‘Buzzy,’ said Mr. Decastro, for so he used to call Acerbus, ‘we do not at all wonder that you have seen this thing with your eyes shut, it has long since been visible enough to us whose eyes are open, and, to tell you the truth, we have just been talking about it before you came into the room; and brother Bat says, it is high time his ward was settled in the world, for he tells me, which I could scarce believe, but time steals away, that Jenny is now three-and-twenty years of age; she has had a great many lovers, drawn, as she needs will have it, rather by the effluvia of her gold than the smell of her merits, and now declares, that unless she can find one to whom money is no temptation, she will never marry: as this is the case, I think she

will scarce get lover to her mind, unless a philosopher takes a liking to her.' 'You have found out at last,' said Mrs. Decastro, 'that she is in love with you, have you, Buzzy?' 'Mother,' quoth he, 'in good truth I have.' 'Well,' quoth she, 'but how do you stand affected towards her?' 'Verily,' quoth the philosopher, 'I love pretty Jenny.' 'Come,' said Mr. Decastro, 'so far all goes well—what d'ye think of this, brother Bat?' 'Why,' quoth Old Crab, 'I think the jade wants a husband, but she's a turbulent toad, I can hardly recommend her—Buzzy, you will get your brains knocked out.' 'Well,' quoth the philosopher, 'I am come for your advice, and will act under your directions; if you think ill of this matter I will return to the University; if well, I will tell pretty Jenny my mind with a loving kiss the first time we meet: what do you think of this matter, uncle? speak.' 'You dog,' quoth Old Crab, 'you will get your bones broken!—canst relish matrimony, dost think, with a cudgel by way of sauce to it? ha, Buzzy?' 'If so it be,' quoth the philosopher, 'that pretty Jenny will give broken bones and the knocking out of brains by way of proofs of her love for a man, I will tell her, at first hand, that I will take her love for granted, without putting her upon the trouble of giving any such testimony of the matter: it will be time when I ask Jenny if she loves me, as if I doubted it, for her to come in with her proofs, and break my bones in order to convince me of her affection; but when a man admits a thing to be thus, or thus, there will be no need of any argument to enforce the belief of that which is already granted.—But, if it so be, that I am called upon for mine objections to

pretty Jenny, my main objection is her money.' Old Crab sucked up his cheeks at this, and Mr. and Mrs. Decastro fell a-laughing. 'Very good, very good, and mighty well,' quoth the philosopher; 'but answer me, honoured sir: can that be a good thing that puts a worse thing in the place of a better thing, and turns out a good thing to make way for a bad thing?' 'No, certainly,' quoth Mr. Decastro. 'It is well,' quoth the philosopher, 'it is very well:—but answer me, if a man be a good thing is it a bad thing if he be taken for other than a good thing?' 'Certainly a bad thing,' said Mr. Decastro. 'Is a good thing turned out to make way for a bad thing if a bad thing be put in the place of a good thing?' quoth Acerbus. 'If the good thing be put out,' said Mr. Decastro. 'Is any thing better than life?' quoth Acerbus. 'No,' said Mr. Decastro. 'Is that which is a dearer thing a better thing?' quoth Acerbus. 'Certainly,' said Mr. Decastro. 'Is honour dearer than life?' quoth the philosopher. 'It is,' quoth Mr. Decastro. 'Then if what is dearer than life is better than life, there is something better than life,' said the philosopher. 'Brother John,' quoth Old Crab, 'thou'rt an ass.' 'Come, I confess it,' said Mr. Decastro; 'Buzzy has such a twisting way with him—but what's all this to the purpose?' 'Is honour a better thing than money,' said the philosopher, 'or is money a better thing than honour?' 'Honour must needs be best,' it was answered. 'Then if money come in and turn honour out, a worse thing puts out and takes place of a better thing even than life, or how?' 'So it appears,' said Mr. Decastro, 'from what has been granted.' 'If honour be a good thing,



what brings hurt to honour must be a bad thing—is that true?" said the philosopher. "It is very true," said Mr. Decastro. "How!" said the philosopher, is money a bad thing?" Mr. Decastro stared, and said, 'No.' "Can any love be good love which hath any other than a good thing for its object?" said Acerbus. "Certainly not," said Mr. Decastro. "Is that a bad thing or a good thing that brings the motive for a man's love in question?" said the philosopher. "It is a bad thing, surely," said Mr. Decastro. "Will not money do this?" said Acerbus. "In a marriage suit it certainly will," said Mr. Decastro. "Then money is not a good thing but a bad thing," said the philosopher, "but we this moment denied it to be a bad thing."—"So far, so far," quoth Mr. Decastro, rubbing his forehead—but, but, but—"You look to be in doubt," said the philosopher; "let us see what can be done for you: can a good thing be a bad thing and a good thing at the same time?" "Why, no," said Mr. Decastro, "I will swear to that." "How!" said Acerbus, "is not money food to one and poison to another? and that, too, at one and the same time?" "Why, that's true again," said Mr. Decastro; "faith I did not think of that." "True!" said the philosopher, "how can that be?" putting a guinea down upon the table—"what is that, food, poison, or a guinea?" Old Crab gave Acerbus a look, upon which he said he meant no light thing, but to show the consequences of unconditional answers. "You are laughing at your father, you dog," quoth Old Crab, "d'ye call that no light thing? If you are wise your father will be; but if a son hath a fool for his father, he is the greatest fool of the two if he

proves it to his face.' 'Come, come,' said Mr. Decastro, 'I know Buzzy's a good boy, and I love to hear him chop logick, though, I own it, I know nothing at all about the matter: but, I don't know how it is, he always makes me as giddy as a goose. Come, Buzzy, what has Jenny to do with all this?' 'Why, sir, I said, to take a step back, her money was my objection to her, for what brings a good thing into doubt must needs be so far a bad thing, and put out a good thing to make way for a bad thing, for it puts out credit to make room for suspicion, for who takes a rich wife that will be thought to dislike her money? and who that takes a poor one, will be thought to tell a lie at the altar? and who will not put a large fortune among the just causes and impediments why two persons should not be joined together, if a man must needs purchase a wife at the expense of his honour? I know pretty Jenny loves me, and I can love pretty Jenny; but what can we do with all this money?' 'Come, Buzzy,' quoth Old Crab, 'take it as the old philosopher took it when it was offered him—"not for myself," said he, "but to shew folks the right use of it."' 'Verily, uncle Bat,' quoth the philosopher, 'you are afraid that Jenny should die before she is married, and all her money come to you, for so it stands in her father's will, you say.' 'A plague upon her money!' quoth Old Crab, 'I'll have none of it—I have as much as I want—I wish the toad were married once, though I don't want to see a poor fellow's head knocked off his shoulders.' 'She would not have had so much money if you had held

your hand, uncle Bat ; you made it more than it was at first,' said Acerbus. ' Well,' said Mrs. Decastro, ' this is the first time any lover objected to his mistress because she had one hundred thousand pounds to her fortune.' ' As I live,' quoth the philosopher, ' few people know that more ill than good comes of much money ; and this I could prove by a variety of deductions, but I am loath to spend your time.'—' Brother Bat,' quoth Mr. Decastro, ' what can be done in this case ?'—' Why,' quoth Old Crab, ' Buzzy must let the jade alone if he will not take her and her money for better for worse : then if she dies I shall be plagued with it—and some may think I keep her unmarried with an eye to it—Come, Buzzy, if you like the woman, take her, and we will see if we can tie her money up.'—' Uncle Bat,' quoth the philosopher, ' I will have nothing to do with it, my father allows me plenty.'—' Well,' quoth Old Crab, ' suppose we tie up the money in her own apron, if she hath no objection—and she will not stick out 'tis like :—there are few women but are glad enough to get the command of the purse ; she will not quarrel with any upon that score ; it is what the sex will be eternally clawing for, though their husband's eyes lie in their way to it.'—' Well, well,' quoth the philosopher, ' if you can keep me out of the way of it, that is all I want.' ' It can be done as I say, and left under her direction and appointment,' quoth Old Crab. ' My dear,' quoth Mr. Decastro to his wife, ' Jenny is in the library, waiting for Buzzy there, for I saw her go into it after she hunted all over the garden for him ; I have been much amused with watching her—go to her and tell her there is a young man ready to pay

his addresses to her, if her money can be tied up so as not to bite him : go and sound her, but name no names.' Genevieve at that moment came into the room, for the tea and coffee were brought in, and blushed at the sight of the philosopher. 'Come here, you jade,' quoth Old Crab; 'have you a mind to be married if you can find a man you could be glad to eat up at a mouthful?' 'I am as like to eat a man as to marry one,' said she, 'as far as my mind goes in the matter.' 'Why,' quoth Old Crab, 'there is a man whom you could be glad to swallow, shoes and all, I know, if you could get a fair gulp at him!' 'O my dear uncle,' said she, crimsoned over head and ears, 'how you talk—Lord'——'Lord! aye, Lord indeed,' sung Old Crab through the nose, 'if you aren't in love I'll be hanged: come, I can find you a husband if you can agree to keep all your money to yourself.'—'Aye,' said she, 'that's the trash they are all after'——'You hasty slut,' quoth Old Crab, 'hear a man speak and be hanged!—he would have your money'——'Then he shall not have it, nor will I have him, uncle,' said she, 'and so I will save you further talking.' 'Ah, ye chattering baggage!' quoth Old Crab, 'will you hear what I have got to say or wo'nt ye? The man would have your money put out of his reach, that he may save his credit in making such a rich gipsy an offer: what d'ye think of that? chained up, for he hates money as he hates the devil, and would speak his mind if your great bag did not hang in the way.' Genevieve very well knew the philosopher's mind about money, which was one thing that made her so fond of him; she had the audacity to cast an eye at him as he sat

opposite to her, but his eyes were shut, and his spirit was walking in the groves of Academus. 'Uncle,' said she, 'this is strange news—and if it came from another I should take it for a jest.' 'Do you consent?' said Old Crab. 'Pray, my dear uncle,' said she, 'who can this be?' 'Let him name himself,' quoth Old Crab, 'when you see him, and if you don't see him, it will not be for want of looking after him, you slut, you make good use of your eyes that way.' Upon which Genevieve handed the philosopher a cup of coffee, jogging his elbow at the same time to call his senses up, that were most of them fast asleep. As soon as Acerbus opened his eyes she darted her own bright stars directly into them with one of the sweetest smiles that ever charmed a man's heart. 'Aha, Jenny,' quoth he, 'how long have you been here, we have been talking about you.'—Genevieve's face was as red as scarlet, for she took it into her head that it might just be possible that the philosopher was the man: this put her into a flutter, and she spilt some of the coffee upon his hand.—It is supposed when folks are in a flutter that the animal spirits dash through their pipes into the muscles by sprints and jerks which breed those irregular motions that make people spill coffee upon the flesh of others that lie in the way of that very terrible liquor, as it now happened—forasmuch as the philosopher got the back side of his hand scalded: she might have kissed his hand and made it well, but she was too proud for that.—One reason why pride is called a vice is because it keeps women from doing impudent things, and that is a pity. 'What an awkward two-handed jade it is,' quoth Old Crab; 'who's to buy carpets for you to spoil?'

‘My dear uncle,’ said she, ‘an accident may happen to the Graces.’—‘I never heard of their spoiling people’s carpets,’ quoth Old Crab, ‘not I, or brought in as a saving clause for a clumsy cow.’—Old Crab was in a pleasant humour this evening. The philosopher arose with great dignity, and taking a folio edition of Plato’s works by Marsilius Ficinus, walked into the shrubbery. ‘My dear aunt,’ said Genevieve to Mrs. Decastro, ‘I vow I have quite forgot to gather your roses, I will go and get them while I think of it,’ and out she ran after Plato and the Philosopher. And now the ambuscado in the rose-bushes was laid, and the glove thrown in the walk with the hope that the philosopher might pick it up and eat it: this was a trap; it was but a glove: very true, it was only a glove: it was a great pity she did not pull off one of her stockings and throw it in the way: but of this thus far.—Hereafter Acerbus paid his addresses, as we have said, and made Genevieve so hot that she ran into the water, as hath likewise been said—so far this matter is topped up: very good—yes, topped up so far, but we must leave the rick to settle, it will take another load by-and-by.

Genevieve, on her way to the bathing-house, overtook Julia, who loved water like a fish, and was going to get a dip:—so she told the pretty milk-maid that she had a proposal from the philosopher, and said she should like vastly to be married the same day with her, but did not know how to bring the thing about. ‘My day draws very near, Jenny,’ said Julia, ‘and I am frightened out of my wits whenever I think of it; it will be a terrible day, Jenny, don’t you think so? and yet I look for great happiness in it; for

it will make my dear George my own for ever.'—'I believe it will your George; for Acerbus says, whom now, Julia, I will call my Acerbus, (I am the happiest woman in the world; I will not even except you, and I think you must be as happy as any, indeed I do.)—'Well, Jenny, but you don't tell me what it is that Acerbus says of my honey—sweet George?'—'Oh, I had forgot;—why,' said Genevieve, 'he says that George is a very good young man in a moral and religious sense, and that is the surest ground for a woman, by marriage, to make her George her own for ever; for there are a great many Georges, my dear Julia, that marriage will not make a woman's own, as you call it, but every woman's Georges that will have them.'—'My dear Jenny,' said Julia, 'how can that be, when my papa says, that if a man marries two women he will be hanged, if one do not die before he marries another?'—'Ah, my dear Julia,' said Genevieve, 'the thing is too shocking to be explained; I wish I did not know half that I know of the world; and that you may never know a fiftieth part of the ill that is in it.'—'But, my dear Jenny,' said Julia, 'tell me how this thing can be, will you?'—'No, no, Julia, it is too bad: wait till you are married and ask your husband.' 'If there is any thing very bad in it, I don't think he will be able to tell me,' said Julia. 'Why,' said Genevieve, 'it is good to know what ill is, in some sense; but yet I think it is best to know nothing of it. I wish I knew as little of it as you know of it, Julia, and had lived, as you have lived, among the sheep and cows, whose innocent lives put man to the blush, and raise the beast above humanity: I sincerely thank heaven for

the escapes which I have had by its kind help since I have been made a show of in the world : I have ever wished, Julia, to be married ; woman is made to be married ; but of all the rubbish of the creation, viz. men of fashion, as they are called, that have made me offers, not one came forward but added a cartload, in his turn, to my detestation of the sex !—I must ever except poor Smith, but I have told you his sad story :—at last my dear Acerbus makes me amends for all ;—Oh, Julia, I ever loved him—I will put my soul into his hand ; he, I am sure, will make it eternally happy.’ ‘ My cousin is a handsome young man, Jenny.’—‘ It is nonsense, Julia ; beauty is but a shadow—if you love George because he is handsome only, you build your house upon the sand.’ ‘ I do not,’ said she ; ‘ but when George comes to marry me, I could be glad to see him bring his beauty along with him too : our beauty, Jenny, will be something for George and I to play with while we are young, and when we grow old we will come to our stores :—Ah, Jenny, you think so, as well as I, I know very well.’ Genevieve said, with a fine blush, ‘ Why, Julia, I do not think the worse of my Acerbus because he is a handsome man ; I like him all the better.’—‘ Ah, Jenny !’ said Julia, and laughed. ‘ I’ll drown you, you toad, I will,’ said Genevieve, and, taking Julia in her arms, for they were in the water, taking Julia in her arms, gave her a good ducking.



## CHAPTER XIV.

**The Earl of Budemere's Return to England—takes a House near Hindermark—his sudden Death.**

IT would not be, perhaps, worth our while, if we had time, to inquire how it is that men of large estates come to be, for the most part, sad profligates?—Well, but who should be, if those very people are not who have it the most in their power to be? Are they not educated with great fuss and very little pains? Are not all the school-masters in the world afraid of them? Who dares flog them when they are boys, and who dares to correct them when they come to be men? We, ourselves, bring the character of the Earl of Budemere with fear and trembling before the publick, in order to be a warning to men, who, like him, walk upon the quarter-deck of the world, lest they, like him, make a false step, and tumble overboard, neck and heels, as he did, fished up, indeed, by Old Crab, but almost drowned.—So, my lord, if you chance to read this, our history, take no such whim into your pate, as that we hate great folks, and at the very moment, too, when we are doing them the best turn we can.—Pray, why are a great man's tutors and masters paid to be quiet, and let him have his head? If they check him, why are they turned out, and others of better tempers, and more willing to put their pay into their pockets, and give themselves and their pupil no further trouble, put into their places? Thus it is, the young gentleman gets ruined, and who can help it, if the gardener is

afraid to pull up a weed, lest he get turned out of his garden? The Earl of Budemere, of whom we are now to speak, was bred in this way; he came into a fortune of forty thousand pounds a-year, at the old lord's death, and took all his father's honours when his father could keep them no longer: he had a good constitution, and thought that one of the last things he should want would be health: he had a good estate, and thought that one of the last things he should want would be money: so he laid about him, until he found he was mistaken in both cases. When he was one-and-twenty, he had a woman stuck into his bosom by his friends, because they thought it fitting that he should marry, and knew, better than he did, whom he ought to choose, and this lady was one of Mr. Decastro's sisters: he was civil to her, and she was civil to him, and that was something; but they never loved each other, and would have been the last people on earth, perhaps, that would have come together, if they had been left to choose for themselves: now, when Lord Budemere could not find a woman in his own house whom he liked, he looked for one in another, which was likely enough, and not at all unnatural, and his lordship, to give him his due, was a good deal upon the look-out in this way, as, we think, hath already been pretty well shown: he never had more than one child by Lady Budemere, the beautiful Lady Charlotte Orby, of whom much hath been already said, and much more may be said: if he had had more, perhaps, he would have been less extravagant; as matters fell out, however, he came to be forty years of age before he had quite ruined himself, and there was some economy in that, when he

had brought his affairs into such confusion, that he really did not know what he could call his own. His lordship's matters being in such a sickly state, it was high time to call in the physician, and Old Crab, whose professional skill was well known, was applied to in this case, as we have said ; which, indeed, differed so little from Mr. Decastro's, that we need not come to particulars, any further than to say, that Old Crab, who spoke well of nobody and did good to every body, after a torrent of abuse, undertook his lordship's case ; but when he came to look into his affairs he found a very desperate case, indeed ; if money could be got, it was taken on any terms ; he found estates mortgaged for as much as they were worth, leases sold, timber cut down and disposed of at any price, strip and spoil on all hands, money borrowed in every way, and in the worst of every possible way ; in short, no stone left unturned if a sixpence could be found, or could be expected to be found under it ! Old Crab got into an ocean of hot water in this business, and came to such a quarrel with Sir John Lamsbroke, Harry's father, about a Newmarket debt, which fell due upon some horse-race, that, upon being struck by the baronet with a whip, Old Crab took him off the ground, flung him down a stair-case, and broke his arm. If Old Crab, indeed, had paid all that was demanded, Lord and Lady Budemere might have come to the parish for their bread, if they could have made out a settlement ; Old Crab, however, fought most nobly in the breach, and what by making large deductions from some demands, wholly refusing others, ploughing up two fine parks, turning them into farms, and letting

them at good rents, pulling down great houses for which he could get no tenants, building less, and letting them to the best advantage, and other the like measures of prudence, fifteen thousand pounds a-year were saved out of the wreck of this noble property, and the family disentangled from the world. When he looked into matters he was not a little astonished to find Lady Charlotte's fortune not a-board ship when matters were in a sinking condition; for Old Crab knew that Lord Budemere had the care of her money. But Lady Charlotte was a cunning baggage, and, like a rat, ran out of a falling house, and took her cash along with her, for some reasons best known to herself; and, as good luck would have it, she came of age just in time: the money stuck in his lordship's hand like pitch, but she brought soap and sand, and a lawyer by way of scrubbing-brush, scoured out every penny, and left his lordship's hands as white as snow:—what a nice thing it is to have clean hands!—‘My father don't want money, sir,’ said her ladyship to one of his creditors, whom teeth and nails could not tear out of the house; ‘he has just paid me fifty thousand pounds:—Mr. Petticraft,’ said she, to her lawyer, ‘shew this gentleman the letter of attorney: if you are wise,’ added she, ‘you will be civil and leave the house.’ This was one of the conditions between the sly puss and her father: Mr. Petticraft knew his cue, and told the afore-said gentleman as much as made for his purpose, who seemed to think that a man must be rich who could pay fifty thousand pounds, and was so civil as to leave the house for fear of offending his lordship, who grew to be a very terrible man on a sudden. Lady Charlotte was certainly in the

right to get hold of her fortune, but not quite so right, some may think, in the means she took to do so. Money is the saliva of the devil.—After a great deal of trouble, and a great deal of quarrelling, Old Crab did much more than any one ever looked to be done for him, indeed he risked his life in his lordship's service; for, as he was returning to London out of Berkshire, he was way-laid, and shot at by one of the creditors, whom he killed on the spot with a blow struck with his fist upon the man's heart; a bullet went through Old Crab's wig, and carried half his ear along with it. Upon his return into the North, after he had paid all, and counted what money was left in the bag, he said to Lady Budemere, one day after dinner at the castle, 'You may send a letter, if you will, to your husband, and tell him we have a bit of bread left for him if he hath a mind to come back to England and eat it.' Upon this he slung a scroll of paper into her lap as she sat opposite to him, that contained the totals of receipts and expenditures, with the balance left in their favour, which appeared to be fifteen thousand pounds a-year. As soon as Lady Budemere saw it, she kissed the paper and wept.—Upon getting a little self-command she began to pour out abundance of gratitude and thanks:—'Aye, aye,' quoth Old Crab, interrupting her, 'that will do, that will do, the less you say about it I shall be the more pleased:—there, get along and write to your husband, if you think him worth the trouble;—don't stay here and set all the women a-snivelling;' which, indeed, was very much the case, for Mrs. Decastro, and Mrs. B. Decastro, Julia, and Mrs. Grove who were pre-

sent, Genevieve had left the room to walk with Aristotle and the philosopher, came down with a great deal of salt water upon the occasion, and shed tears enough, if all had been put in a pond together, to swim a brood of ducks.

Lord Budemere was then at Paris, and, upon the receipt of his wife's letters, came immediately to England, and joined the party at the castle, took a house, belonging to Mr. Grove, near Hindermark, and, in imitation of Mr. Decastro, had a mind to live retired from the world ; but, while the house was getting ready for him, he retired from the world in a way he did not expect, for his lordship died of an apoplectick fit, occasioned, as Dr. Grosvenor said, who was called in when he might as well have been called to York, by the excessive joy he felt upon the news of his affairs being so well settled, and himself and all his concerns disembroiled from the world. We are running a little before the time here, but must say a few words, and beg the reader to excuse their coming a little out of order, upon the meeting between his lordship and Mr. Grove. The Hindermark family were on a visit at the castle, when Lord Budemere, who came from Paris as soon as he got the better of an illness, which held him there several months, arrived, not unexpected, for he had named his day, when the first person he fixed his eyes on, coming into the room, was Mr. Grove. People who have been bred in courts will meet the devil himself without a sign of any emotion ; his lordship paid his respects to all persons present with that ease and elegance which good breeding gives a man, and coming to Mr. Grove he offered him his hand, which Mr. Grove refused, making his lordship a

bow in silence. 'I think, sir,' said his lordship, a little angry, 'after what happened at Bath, the least you could expect was any offer of civility on my part; the moment I saw you I came to a resolution to be silent upon it, and take, perhaps, a fitter opportunity to get your unaccountable behaviour there explained to me; but I confess that, for some reasons, I am not sufficiently master of myself to wait for such explanation beyond the present moment, explain your abrupt departure, sir, and your ill usage of me and my family!'—Upon which Mr. Grove was carrying his nose, as his custom was, up to his lordship's ear, in order to deliver a little whisper into it, when Lord Budemere stepped back; for when a man is angry with another he has no mind to come near him, unless he means to knock him down—'Speak out, sir, that all may hear that apology which, I am sure, there is nobody present but must needs expect me to call for.' 'Did your lordship see Mr. Petticraft,' said Mr. Grove in a low voice, which was little else than a whisper, 'before you left Bath?'—'what if I did not,' said the peer.—'Then, my lord,' resumed Mr. Grove in a whisper,—'Speak aloud, sir,' interrupted Lord Budemere;—'Perhaps, my lord,' continued Mr. Grove, still whispering, 'your lordship may think even a whisper a little too loud, should I communicate the contents of that paper,' putting Lady Charlotte's anonymous letter into his lordship's hand, in the lowest whisper man ever gave breath to.—Lord Budemere read the letter, and turned as pale as death:—he immediately made some excuse to speak to his servant, and left the room.—Every body present was anxious to know the contents of the

paper ; but Mr. Grove said, in a whisper, ' it was some secret matter between Lord Budemere and himself,' and put the paper very coolly into his pocket. The butler presently came in with a message from Lord Budemere to Mr. Grove, who immediately left the room ; what passed between Mr. Grove and his lordship we never could find, any further than that Mr. Grove promised him not to reveal the contents of the letter ; and his lordship could not have found a man, if he had picked out one dumb from his mother's womb, who could keep a secret better. His lordship and Mr. Grove presently returned with easy faces, and the rest of the party, coming from their dressing-rooms, all walked into the dining-room, and sat down very sociably to dinner.—But these things befel some months after the present time, to which we must now return.

We fear that we shall be deemed inexcusable by some, while we shall, perhaps, get heartily thanked by others, for omitting some very pretty love scenes between Genevieve and Acerbus, and some sweet love letters between George and Julia, who were cruelly parted by Old Crab for romping together, and only allowed to write to one another until the day came to be married, when memorandums of the former, and copies of the latter now lie spread before us ; but as the letters would fill a world of paper, and the memorandums another, we earnestly beg to be excused bringing them all in here, notwithstanding they are very full of kisses and other sweet things. Should they be very eagerly called for, however, we will keep them safe under lock and key, and publish them all in two volumes, or twenty-two, if they hold out, by way of appendix to this our history.



Genevieve, after she had tumbled about in the water till she was cool, dressed herself and left the bathing-house; but, instead of returning to the castle, where her old apartment was always kept for her use, instead of returning to the castle where she would be sure to meet Acerbus, she bent her steps to the ferry, and, passing over, walked home, meditating upon what had befallen. The coldness of the water, and lapse of a few hours had now, in some degree, allayed the tumult which the philosopher's unexpected attack had occasioned, and, after a little fluttering upon it, she brought herself to a mind to let him marry her as soon as he would, but was not without her fears that he would be very slow in his approaches, and in some alarm too lest he, by the next day, might forget all about his offer. She went to bed in such an odd way that neither Lucy, nor her old nurse, could tell what to make of her, and sometimes thought she must have had a quarrel at the castle where she had dined that day. Lucy asked her if she had got the colick, and Old Nurse watched her eyes to find if she were going mad. Whatever were the matter with her, however, they were sure she had not lost her appetite, for she ate up two cold chickens, with four plates of ham, and drank a quart of strong beer before she went to bed. The next morning she arose very merry, and sung all the while Lucy dressed her; as soon as she had done, like one who was out of her wits for joy, she took Lucy by her waist and kissed her cheek, and told her she was a good girl, for she had not stuck above half-a-dozen pins into her all the time she was dressing her; and, to say the truth, Lucy's hands shook so at seeing

her mistress in such an odd taking, that she did nothing but prick her all the while she dressed her.—She had no sooner sat down to her breakfast and put the first dish of tea to her lips, when the bell rang, and in came the philosopher to pay her his first visit.—‘ Ah, my pretty Jenny,’ said he, ‘ my sweet, sweet, sweet sweet-heart, I need not ask, when I see those roses, how you do.’—Saying which, he would have kissed her ; but Genevieve, what could ail her ? gave him a great push which laid the philosopher at his full length on the carpet.—The philosopher, however, jumped up, and never stood to rub his elbows, which were the first things that came to the ground, but re-attacked her with great spirit, upon which she called him an impudent coxcomb, and asked him to sit down and breakfast with her : he told her he had already breakfasted, and, as he could not stay long, would tell her his errand in few words ; and, taking her hand, said, ‘ My pretty sweet Jenny, will you marry me on Saturday next ? ’ Genevieve dropped her face upon her bosom and blushed ; raising it presently she gave him a kind look, and said, ‘ that is Julia’s wedding day.’—‘ I have got a ring and a license,’ quoth the philosopher, putting them down upon the table ; ‘ come, we four will make one day of it : say the word, my sweet Jenny, will you marry me on Saturday ? ’—‘ I will,’ said she :—‘ then thus,’ quoth the philosopher, ‘ I claim you for my wife,’ and put the ring upon her finger to see if it fitted the pretty thing it was made for, and it made it tingle just as if a nettle had stung it. Now when two people, who are going the same way together, happen both to be in a hurry, it

falls out well enough : this day was Saturday, so one week brought the two weddings together. Our philosopher, who differed from every body else, in every thing else, differed from other folks in this thing amongst others ; for, whereas, most men court a woman first, and then get her consent to be married afterwards : the philosopher made surer work of it ; he got her consent to be married first, and courted her afterwards, which, having read in old books how changeable a thing a woman is, may be the best way. There was no fear of Genevieve, however, whose mind the philosopher knew very well already. Now, reader, we would give a penny to know whether you would choose rather to stay and dine with Genevieve and her eccentric lover, or walk with us to the farm, and see with how much grace the sweet Julia bore her lover's banishment, or run after Lady Charlotte and Harry Lamsbroke, and see what amends she made her lover for all the hard rubs he had suffered for her sake ; but we must let them run where they please, and do what they please, and say nothing more about them, at least at present ; and, indeed, any reader of common sagacity may guess what it was that they ran away for : they owed one another a spite, and were willing to be revenged, and, when they returned to the castle, they brought a pretty little boy with them as a proof of it. But Sir John Lamsbroke, Harry's father, getting intelligence of the affair between Lord George E. and his son, came to a quarrel with him upon it, when a duel was the consequence, in which Lord George was shot through the heart. Sir John stood his trial upon the matter and was acquitted : hearing that some

clown, who worked on Old Crab's farm, had as good as saved his son's life, he sent Old Comical a present of a hundred guineas, which Old Comical however returned, with his best compliments, giving Sir John to understand, at the same time, that he was not the man which Sir John Lamabroke took him for.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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